WEEK ENDING MAR. 13, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this issue: **The Berlin-Mackay Romance *and* *the* QUESTION OF INTERMARRIAGE**

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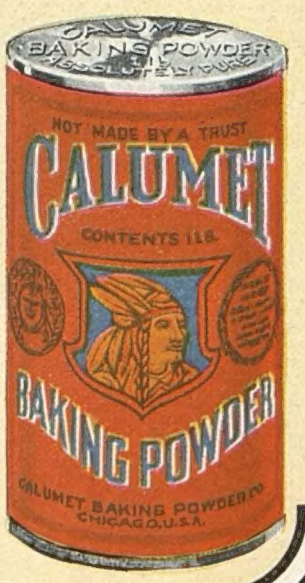

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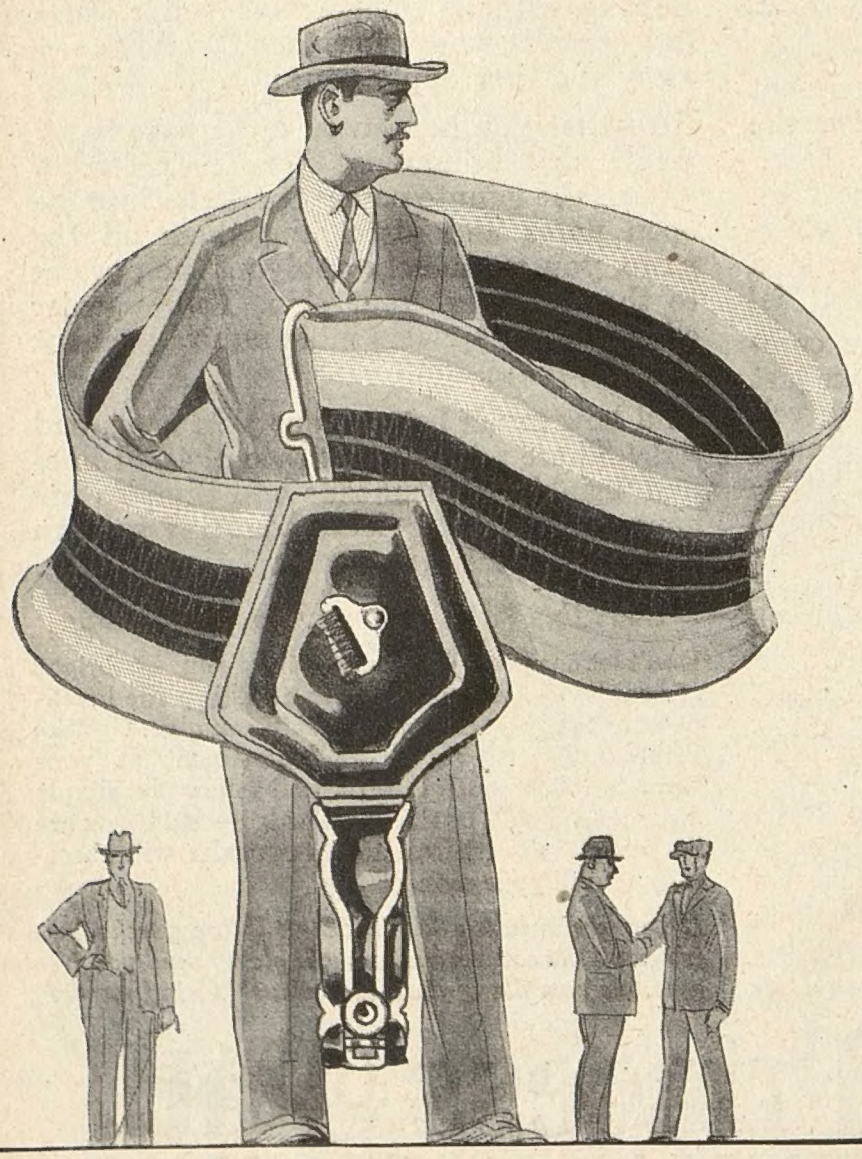

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"What folly to endure coarse pores"

WHEN IT'S SO EASY TO REFINE THEM

This delightful "Twin Cream" Treatment brings you the smooth, fine-textured skin that everyone loves

YOU hear a lot about coarse pores these days. Women everywhere are beginning to realize that there can be no true beauty without a satiny, fine-textured skin.

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And stranger still—that so many women, under the guise of "beauty methods," are constantly doing the very things that enlarge and distend their pores all the more!

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Now that you have used a *complete* treatment, what a difference there is! Instead of forcing the minute powder particles into the open pores and distending them all the more, you are merely applying the powder to the *surface* of your skin. Your powder clings better, appears more natural; cannot clog the pores.

And how much better your skin looks and *feels!* There need be no trace of tired lines and wrinkles; blackheads and pimples are gone, complexion is clear and satiny-smooth and your make-up stays on twice as long.

Start this "Twin Cream" method to-day

Don't let coarse pores keep you from your birthright of beauty. Begin today to win and keep the loveliness that only a fine-textured skin can give. Get the Princess Pat "Twin Cream" treatment at your favorite toilet goods counter and follow the simple directions. You'll be richly rewarded—and if you are not delighted with results, your dealer will cheerfully refund your money.

If you prefer to try this treatment before purchasing, just mail the coupon and we will gladly send you free generous samples of these marvelous "Twin Creams."

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MARCH 13, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE CLOCK OF LIFE—*An Editorial*

Business and industrial experts agree that the worker who watches the clock seldom succeeds. They might add that he also misses many an appointment. It is true that the worker who is interested in his work does not think of quitting time, and that the one who is not, and who watches the hands move in order to quit on time, really lengthens his day's toil and usually hastens his permanent quitting.

There is another clock that a great many persons watch: the clock of life. It remained for a Columbia University psychologist to discover that watching the hands of the clock of life move slowly toward human quitting time is a certain indication of approaching death. He likens the obituary columns of newspapers to the clock of a factory and says men and women who read the obituary columns, who always know of deaths among friends and acquaintances, and who fall into the habit of attending funerals, are hastening their own deaths.

Human beings as they grow older are inclined to think more and more about death. The fact that this tendency among the elderly is decreasing and that the time at which human beings begin to think seriously of dying is now beyond what used to be called "middle age" are contributory causes to the increasing length of life of the race—especially of Americans.

Recently there was a death that illustrated the truth of the psychologist's statement. A man died at the age of fifty-eight years. He was the last of six brothers. The "news interest" in his death was the fact that each one of his brothers had died upon reaching the age of fifty-eight. He, the last, had talked, thought, and planned for several years to die at that age. The result was that he did. Doctors declared he might have lived much longer but for his belief that his "time had come."

An undertaker remarked recently: "Our friend Jackson is not going to live long."

"What is the matter?" inquired a surprised friend.

"Nothing. He is perfectly healthy. He will live fifteen years more if he will let himself. But he was in today wanting to make arrangements for his funeral.

"I can tell every time," added the undertaker. "Jackson, for instance, started by glancing at the obituary columns. Then he read them every day and started attending funerals of people he scarcely knew. He got to thinking about death. Now he wants to arrange for his funeral.

"I advised him to start reading the sport news, theatrical gossip, and to talk about what fun he had when he was a boy and told him if he did that he would save me the bother of burying him. If he keeps on reading about death he is running to meet it."

Both psychologist and undertaker are correct. Constant thinking of death, brooding over those who have died, weakens the will to live; and every doctor knows the will to live counts heavily in the balance when sickness comes. Doctors testify that cheerful persons are the easiest patients to cure.

The obituary columns are printed to inform the world of the passing of friends, acquaintances, and noted persons and not for the morbid perusal by what the undertaker calls "funeral cranks."

And if reading the obituary column hastens death, turn to the comic strips. Putting the argument in reverse, they will prolong life.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Censoring the Movies

BRENDA UELAND has written a revealing article telling how the official film cutters rewrite the classics, marry off the vamps, and generally scramble the producer's bright ideas. Here's meat for every movie fan.

BATTING FOR TONY, by R. J. B. DENBY, is the sparkling tale of a young man who hopped into a dark limousine with a strange girl—and found amusing and exciting adventures.

WASHINGTON'S SLAVES, by CLIFFORD RAYMOND, shows us the Father of Our Country from a new angle: that of slave-owner.

HUGH FULLERTON answers the question: WHY DEMPSEY DOES NOT FIGHT WILLS, throwing new light on a problem that has puzzled boxing fans for years.

THE PEARL OF MISTASSINI, by WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE, is a gripping North Woods story of treachery, greed, and love.

Other features are THE JEW IN AMERICA, the second article on the relations of Jews and Gentiles, and THE PLEASURES OF THE RICH, another of the irresistible MR. DOOLEY series.

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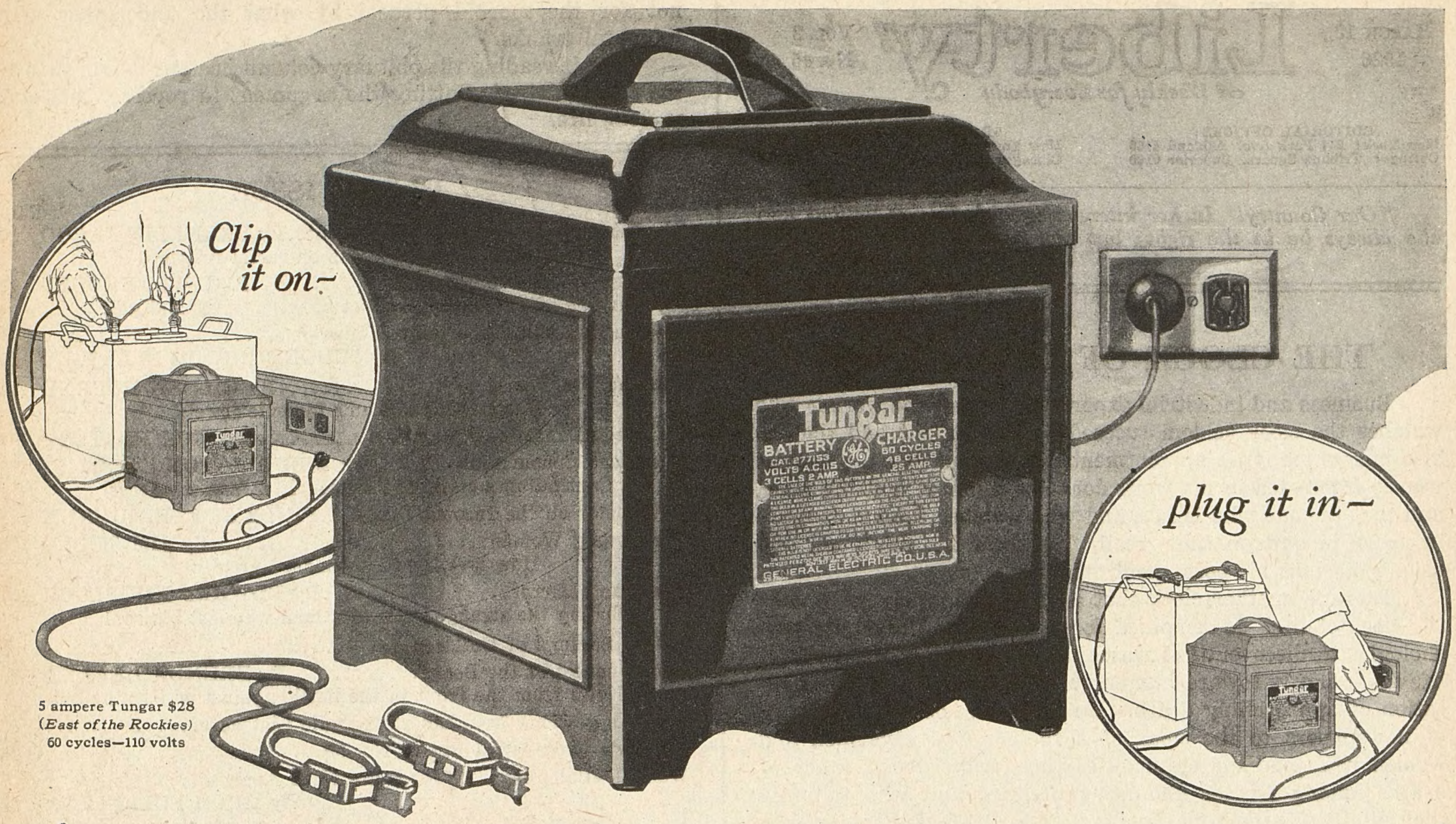

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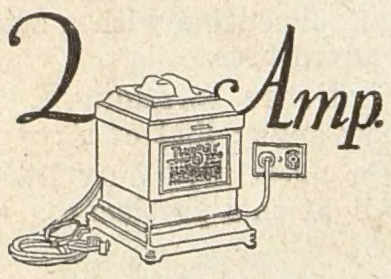

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Intermarriage of Jews and Gentiles

By Franklin Fargo

CLARENCE MACKAY'S home at Roslyn, Long Island

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A Frank Discussion of the Problem Presented by the Berlin-Mackay Wedding

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES DEALING WITH THE RELATIONS OF JEWS AND GENTILES IN THE UNITED STATES.

SO Irving Berlin and Ellin Mackay married.

It is their affair, God speed them. It is, perhaps, a love affair as idyllic—for all its odor of Broadway—as a creamy Tennyson romance. It leaves little to wish for except that they be permitted to work it out unassisted and unharried.

He is a Jew and she a Roman Catholic. He has come up from obscurity, well matched by that from which her grandfather emerged in 1872. Her grandfather, Scotch John Mackay, was a miner who had no more genius than a thousand and one other miners. He was tougher of fiber and more persistent, that is all. He mucked and cursed and fought with his hands and presently drove his pick into the Comstock Lode in Nevada.

His son, Clarence Mackay, Ellin's father, inherited Scotch John's millions and Scotch John's place at the head of the Commercial Cable Company and the Postal Telegraph Company. The hard-shell rock-grubber's son married a charming woman of great social distinction and experienced the thrill that comes with seeing one's name added to the Social Register.

Irving Berlin's grandfather was a rabbi in a Russian ghetto, peddler poor. Little gold is struck in the pulpit. To his son Moses, the father of Irving (born Baline, named Israel, and inevitably called Izzy), he bequeathed nothing but traditions. The Balines, therefore, appeared upon fame's horizon two generations later than the Mackays.

Irving's father, even poorer than his sire, came to America in the hold of an immigrant ship in 1893 with his traditions, his wife, Lena, and their eight children, Irving (or Izzy) being the youngest.

The wealth of the Mackays was twenty years old and, born robustly, had grown like Gargantua. Scotch John, a good friend to those he liked or those who offered him no resistance, but a terrible enemy when provoked, had ten years more to live. He had married a beautiful woman whose business acumen was almost equal to his own.

He had bought for her the vast Leinster

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IRVING BERLIN and his bride on their honeymoon.

P. & A. Photo.

Ellin Mackay Berlin.

[THE INTERMARRIAGE OF JEWS AND GENTILES Continued from Page Seven]

residence in Carlton House Terrace, London, where her charm might have opportunity among the nobility and royalty. Her children were put at school for education and culture in the most expensive classrooms of Europe. In the meantime Scotch John, still at heart and in method the indomitable miner of the Comstock Lode, increased his pile, celebrating each accretion with additions to his wife's jewels and further splendors to the already magnificent Mackay equipage.

Harbor Hill, the Mackay house at Roslyn, Long Island, was the finest of American country residences. The Mackay entertainments in Leinster House were models for the socially ambitious and rich to focus upon. When at length Mrs. Mackay temporarily closed her London house to fetch her carefully cultured children back to America, Edward, Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII), publicly lamented.

"At best," said he, "life is dull for those who have it served to them unearned. That makes it impossible to contemplate the closing of Leinster House and the departure of Mrs. Mackay without consternation. Hers were the finest dinners in Europe."

THUS Clarence Mackay, a proud product of the most expert gentlemen-makers of Europe, returned to America to enter the business offices of his father, Scotch John, who was the Nevada miner to the end of his embattled life. Clarence Mackay, father of Ellin Mackay Berlin, had a great measure of Scotch John's ability at commerce and he filled with almost wrinkleless symmetry the mantle of the miner.

In 1898 he married brilliantly, again emulating his canny father. She was Katherine Duer, daughter of New Yorkers of distinguished social and cultural achievement. Three children were born to them. Ellin was the second. The newspapers published columns about the Mackay-Duer wedding just as, a few weeks ago, they overflowed with the details of the Berlin-Mackay elopement.

Izzy Baline, eleven years old, was not interested except that it served to sell papers in Chatham Square. He was no genius as a newsboy. Scotch John might have been a better one. Scotch John's shoulders were thick and wide and his fists like cobbles. In those days more than today such equipment was necessary to the newsboy who would be successful.

Yet Izzy had at least one of Scotch John's qualities—that of persistence. He did sell newspapers. And one does not stretch imagination overtaut to catch the thin nasal whine of the boy in Chatham Square in 1898:

"Yeeeeeh. Papezzzzz. *Joinel. Woil.* Yeeeeeh. All 'bout big weddin'. Big zazziety weddin'. *Joinel. Woil.* Yeeeeeeh, mistehhhhh; d'yeh want de *Joinel* or *Woil?*"

P. & A. Photo.

No. 330 Cherry Street, New York, former home of Irving Berlin (left). Where he sung in Chinatown (right).

The chances are that the boy did not know the names of the man and the woman of the "big zazziety weddin'"; the chances are greater that he didn't care. His classroom education was brief and unsatisfactory. He attended the public schools for just two years and the rest he got in the three rooms that the Balines called home. There Lena Baline, meekly carrying on from where Moses was forced two years before by death to leave off, taught her somber brood Hebrew and coached them through the Talmud Torah.

"Big zazziety weddin'! Yeeeeeeeeeh, mistehhhhhh!"

This, as Irving Berlin sang in 1917, is the life.

The day after Irving Berlin married Scotch John Mackay's granddaughter Ellin, a boy of eleven or so was hawking the vitalizing news in Chatham Square. He was undersized and adenoidal.

"Yeeeeeh. Extrehhhh. Oiving Boil-lin. Pahpezzzz. Oiving Boi-lin mah-weeeeeed! Extrehhhh!"

"Who's duh goil?" demanded a thin, bleached youth who came twitching out of Doyers Street.

"A swell goy. I should know her. McCoy it says she is. *News?*"

A goy is a Gentile.

For ten days after Irving Berlin, without question the most prolific and talented of the popular-song writers of our times, married Ellin Mackay, granddaughter of Scotch John the miner, New York and most of the country enjoyed mild hysteria. The romance was of that character which makes the true journalist thank his gods he is what he is and the newspapers had been dull for the want of satisfying romance. They told, among other quaint details, how Jimmy Kelly, a well known East Side character, had introduced Ellin to Irving.

IT was not that Berlin, a Jew and orthodox at that, had married a Mackay out of the Social Register—a Roman Catholic. Jews of larger dimensions than Berlin had married more important Gentiles. Israel Zangwill, a novelist from the London ghetto, married a Christian and happily. It was an intellectual union. Max Nordau, a leader in the Zionist movement, married a Christian — another intellectual partnership.

Less conspicuous Jews and lowlier Christians have lived serenely beneath one roof and raised children clear of prejudices. Propinquity takes its toll.

It was not that it is provable that disaster inevitable attends the marriage of the Jew and Gentile. Perhaps such unions are unnatural, but there are no statistics to prove anything except that they are not yet common enough to be accepted without mental reservations. The orthodox Jew still moans prayers for the dead when his daughter or son marries outside his religion. He still burns the funeral candles—although the flowerless and unvarnished coffin is absent. He still cuts his clothing—which gesture is the equivalent of the Gentiles' black badge of mourning.

©Brown Brothers

Irving Berlin, song writer, as Broadway knows him.

Int. Photo

Jimmy Kelly, who is said to have introduced Miss Mackay to Irving Berlin.

The Christian formally goes to no such lengths when his daughter or his son takes the Jew. Yet orally and in writing he deplores it. No good can come of it, he says. Pressed for his reasons he shakes his head and retaliates with a question:

"Wouldn't you rather that your daughter married a Christian?"

It was not the social gulf between Irving and Ellin that embittered Clarence Mackay, that prompted him to withhold his consent and blessing. He is too broad, too close to the dogged peasantry of Scotch John, his Nevada grubbing father, for that. This coun-

try produces no finer type of liberal gentleman than Ellin Mackay's father. It was not that Irving Berlin graduated from newsboy to the sawdust of cheap saloons on the Bowery, where he sang poor songs in poor voice for pennies and nickels, that made Mackay futilely spend thousands of dollars to head off the wedding.

And it was not that Berlin started toward fame from the back room of Nigger Mike Salter's Chatham Club in New York's Chinatown that makes Mackay scorn him as a son-in-law. Izzy Baline was a nickel-kicker, a singing waiter, and a beer-slinger; but so, in the early days, were certain bosom pals of Scotch John in the Nevada gold camps.

CLARENCE MACKAY is afraid for his daughter's happiness. He looks fearfully at this romance just as Moses Baline, were he alive, might very well mourn his son as one dead.

Ellin Mackay Berlin's mother, divorced in 1914 from Clarence Mackay and now the wife of Dr. Joseph A. Blake, a celebrated surgeon, was quick with her blessing. Clarence Mackay has not only withheld his but has intimated that his will shall not mention Ellin's name.

This last threat carries little persuasion. Berlin has made at least a million dollars with his songs. Some say that his annual income is upward of one hundred thousand dollars and that there have been years when it was five times that.

No; there was nothing of fortune-hunting in this alliance. Behind Ellin Berlin's father's antagonism to the wedding are facts which to him are the foundation of the worst of human disaster—disillusionment and heartbreak.

© Brown. Brothers

Mrs. Clarence Mackay and her daughter Ellin, as a little girl.

Berlin is thirty-eight years old. He knows life as only one who has come from the slums to luxury by way of Broadway can possibly know it. Ellin Mackay Berlin is twenty-two and she knows life only reflectively. She knows her set. She has written, more or less clearly, that life in her social plane is dull and profitless. They say that in her the adventurous spirit of Scotch John, her grandfather, burns brightly. She yearns for frontiers as he did. They would say that, of course.

Perhaps her father would have rejoiced had the man she chose not been a Jew. But Scotch John never recognized religious and racial lines; he didn't give a vociferous damn what or who the man was. He did care whether the man was genuine, familiar with work, and ambitious for success. And surely Clarence Mackay could not sincerely veto the suit of a self-made man whose origin was as humble as Scotch John's.

It isn't that. Clarence Mackay suffered galling agony when he and Ellin's mother parted. He would save Ellin from such suffering. Whether he is justified in his belief that permanent happiness cannot come to his daughter, the Gentile, and Irving Berlin, the Jew, is not possible to predict. One may guess but not decide.

P. & A. Photo.

Mrs. Lena Baline, mother of Irving Berlin

The intermarriage of Jew and Gentile is a very definite part of the so-called Jewish problem. The larger Jewish problem, as another article will set forth, had its inception in America in 1881. It has grown since. The only serious attempt at its solution has been set forth by the Zionists; but only the radical zealot pretends that Zionism is more than a trial balance.

The Christian does not discourage the marriage of his children with Jews more sincerely than the Jew proscribes such unions. Perhaps, being less jealous of his identity because of a sense of superior strength, the Christian is not always so severe in his objection to such intermarriage. The Jews, lacking a nation in fact, must combat all invasions of their homogeneity if they are to present a worthy strength when their Messiah appears and confers upon them that overlordship which they believe will be theirs.

Through thousands of years and every country they have wandered, fearful of nothing so much as disintegration. Only the Sephardim—the Spanish Jew driven from Spain in the Inquisition—has fluxed to more than a merely perceptible degree with the Christian. These Israelites had social, cultural, and marital intercourse with the cultivated Gentile in Spain. Indeed it is not adequately denied that Ferdinand, husband of Queen Isabella, and incidentally one of the severist of the anti-Semites, was of fractional Jewish ancestry.

The Jew properly enough points to the Spanish Inquisition as sufficient warning against intermarriage with Christians. He is quite right. The Inquisition was aimed at heresy and its greatest fury was lavished upon the marrano or converso, the Jew who was supposed to have embraced Christianity. These marranos had rather fluently married into Christian families. Where they were married to one another they were inclined to ostentation in their professions of Christianity and their contempt for Israel.

©Brown Brothers

Clarence Mackay and his three children. Ellin between her father and her elder sister.

But (and here the orthodox Jew smiles) it was upon these deserters of the tradition of their fathers that the wrath of the Inquisition fell hardest. Rightly or wrongly, the Spaniards agreed among themselves that the profession of Christianity by the marrano was only a cloak of sinister purpose and that in their hearts the conversos practiced Judaism.

There were in Spain in 1492 more than two hundred thousand marranos or conversos.

THE Inquisition proved nothing and settled no question—which such institutions don't. It did prove that in the majority of cases the Jew remains the Jew in spite of his possible professions to the contrary, and that no ritualistic word, phrase, contract, or alien alliance can eradicate Judaism or uproot Christianity.

The majority of the marranos either fled Spain or perished in the slaughter pens. But Spain was not able to shake off their influence. Today the Spanish people, from the lowest classes to royalty, own Jewish blood from the veins of the marrano. That was in 1492, a year made memorable by Christopher Columbus.

The marrano in America set up no problem not easily solved. In fact he solved it himself. He intermarried with the Christian with something of the ease that the Catholic marries the Protestant. But he often surrendered

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE INTERMARRIAGE OF JEWS AND GENTILES
Continued from Page Nine]

at least the outward and visible signs of his old faith in so doing. He had no dealings with and has never had social traffic with the Jew of eastern Europe, whom he regards as his hopeless inferior.

Still the marrano in America maintained something of his ancient solidarity of religion. The oldest synagogue in New York (there are upward of eight hundred of them in the city) is the Spanish congregation in Central Park West. But as before the Inquisition the Jew in Spain was the congenial associate of the cultivated Gentile, so did he seek this social level in America. The result was intermarriage and an assimilation not paralleled by any other class of Jew. The New York Mendozas, Cardozas, Acostas, Pintos, and Cordobas are of marrano lineage.

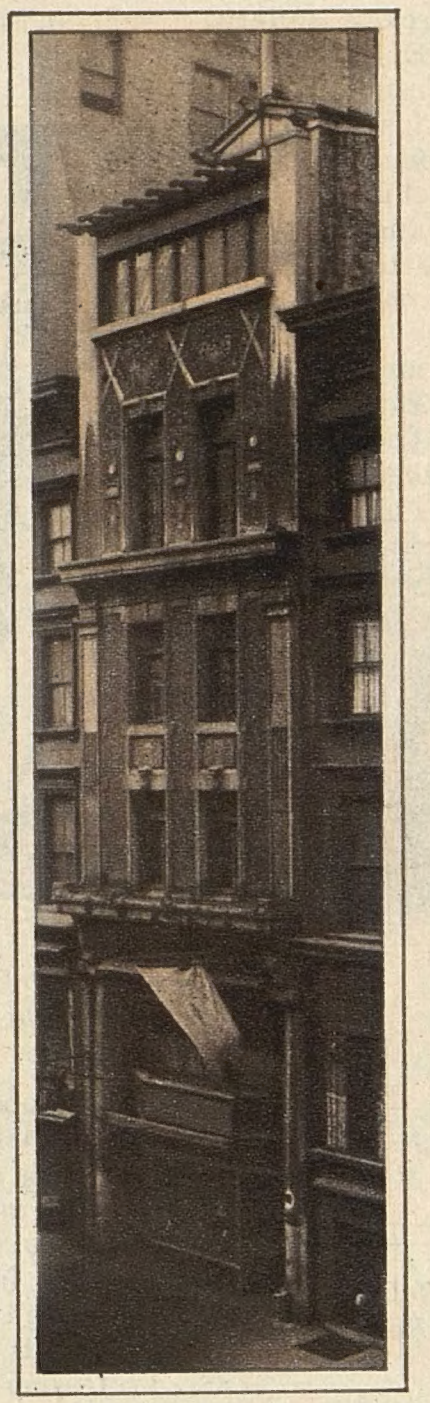
Yet even among these children of the marrano there are in America reverts who have valiantly completed the religious circle. Their fathers embraced Christianity in Spain and were exiled because the Spaniards doubted their sincerity. To a certain degree they vindicated their accusers by returning to Judaism when free of Castilian control. And today these reverts are of the most unbending Jewish orthodoxy.

They, disillusioned and somewhat embittered by their own history, are lamenting the waning enthusiasm of the young Jew for the long preparation for Pessach and Rosh Hashonah; bemoaning that the hands of their children no longer weave garlands for the Succah, which must needs be adorned with flowers sewn with questionable reverence in lofts where the music of "What'll I Do?" is infinitely more popular than the Bizmonim, albeit the singers are Jews.

The descendants of the Sephardim, wail the fiercely orthodox sons of Jeremiah, are "irreligious" and in evidence thereof they are marrying Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Catholics, and Christians of other denominations. Honoring their fathers and their mothers in the orthodox interpretation of Moses is to these latter-day children of Israel a figure of speech. The new age is jazz-mad.

And who among the Jews is the greatest of jazz singers?

Irving Berlin.



Studio building in West Forty-sixth Street, New York, where Berlin wrote many of his songs.

BROADWAY, the field of the Berlin-Mackay romance, is merry over this latest romance of a popular Jew and a socially prominent Gentile. He, in Broadway's own words, is "one hell of a good fellow" and she "a smart kid."

Intermarriage between Jew and Gentile is no novelty in Irving Berlin's set. A thick pamphlet would be required to contain the entire list of the intermingling in marriage of the Jew and Gentile of the theater. Again propinquity takes toll.

"Even granting that the life of the actor and actress is one not conducive to consistency in amours," I asked Herman Bernstein, editor of the *Jewish Tribune* and one of the foremost interpreters of Zionism, "does not the intermarriage of Jew and Gentile in the theatrical world and those worlds contiguous to it promise solution of the Jewish problem? In other words isn't propinquity a sufficient force to break down the barriers that keep the Jew and Gentile apart?"

His answer was not a direct one. He said no one could yield "yes" or "no" to the question. But I gathered this from him—and there is nothing of startling newness in it: The Jew may marry the Gentile but he will remain the Jew. The Gentile embraces, in such unions, nothing but the physical body of the Jew.

Whether Gentile or Jew, one may not—because one cannot—separate himself, as a knife shears away a leg, an arm, or an ear, from his traditions, which may be older in centuries than the possessor of those traditions is in years. One does not emerge from a chapel saying:

"Such and such prayers have been said upon me and I am not he who went in that door. I have gone through this ritual and I am no longer of my fathers. I have received a great human love which revolutionizes my spirit, my heart, my religion. I am no longer a Jew."

Or if one does say this he errs. Reason and logic may step back a few paces for a moment, giving sentimentalism the field, but only because they disdain to enter into foolish combat with a weakling. After that moment of emotion, reason and logic push the poor thing back into the mob and take charge.

The Jewish law as laid down by the Prophets is very definite in its prohibition of intermarriage with the Gentile. To be sure, Moses himself married outside Israel; but, the Jew is quick to explain, that was before Israel had come into true nationality and prior to the full law as recognized today.

One may read this prohibition in Deuteronomy, Ezra, Nehemiah, Joshua, Numbers, Malachi, and other books of the Old Testament. The Talmud makes it all the clearer.

Yet orthodoxy is gaining no strength. Perhaps it is losing ground faster than our elders care to admit. This is not limited to the faith of the Jews. Where Jew and Gentile commingle with greatest freedom something of the old Spanish consolidation takes place. New York laughs rather than shudders at the Berlin-Mackay wedding.

The young genius of Tin Pan Alley weds the high-spirited daughter of the millionaire telegraph king. The girl who called society a bore elopes with the champion writer of popular songs. That's the news of it; but behind that news stands the question mark that has nothing to do with the personalities of Irving Berlin and Ellin Mackay. That question mark is as old as the Ancient Testament and as new as Abie's Irish Rose.

The struggle left off in Europe is renewed in America. The forebears of both were Argonauts, loosed but not freed from the iron traditions of older civilizations. A miner's pick was the magic wand that created the Mackay millions and the Mackay prestige.

Old Scotch John is now an ancestor. Two generations behind him comes Irving Berlin, not with a pick but with a song, to found a name and fame of his own and tear a fresh rent in the old walls of prejudice—ultimately, perhaps, to become an ancestor himself.

The threat of Clarence Mackay to disinherit his daughter was received with jeers on Broadway. Space, or lack thereof, forbids more than one example. Harry Hirshfield, a cartoonist, congratulated Berlin by telegraph. He used the Mackay wires—the Postal Telegraph Company—for his medium. The concluding sentence of his message read:

"Here's sixty-five cents more you won't get."

BUT the ghetto sees no humor in the situation. One of the most dramatic stories the newspapers have carried in years had its setting in the Lower East Side of New York. A daughter of an orthodox Jew married an Italian, and for him she became a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

Her family announced that she was dead. For ten days they mourned her, each day praying for her soul. They went through all the doleful ceremonies of the funeral and hired mourners wailed against the walls of the home she had left.

She died as her first-born arrived and her funeral was in accordance with the rites of his church—the church she embraced for him. She lay in a purple coffin, amid banks of flowers. Her white satin wedding gown was on her and she wore her bridal veil. For two days she lay thus in her husband's home in Elizabeth Street at the edge of the ghetto.

Her distracted parents—who had said that she was dead to them and her religion and her people the moment she married the goy—became hysterical when it was announced that she would be buried with the formalities of her new religion. They rallied their friends, who hysterically called upon the whole Jewish section to rise up and protest. And they did rise.

So also did the Little Italy of that section rise; not aggressively but in the determined spirit of devotees who would not tolerate any invasion of a religious ceremony in their faith. Here was an acute example of the religious and racial problem in New York City. Yet the services were held without a serious clash.

On the day of the funeral thousands of Jews massed themselves in Elizabeth Street, crying and beating their breasts. They called down judgment upon the head of the husband and predicted punishment for the whole city—another flood, the fire of Sodom and Gomorrah, the plagues of Egypt. There was scattered fighting because the Italians quite naturally resented what they chose to call insults. A priest appeared and with a word held his people in check. A rabbi followed and calmed his kind.

But forty policemen attended the funeral services lest the Jews and the Gentiles should make a general war over the body of the girl who for love had abandoned her tradition.

The second article of this series deals with the unique position of the Jews in the racial structure of the United States. It is called The Jew in America and will appear in next week's issue of Liberty.

Keeping IN *with* Vosper

By
P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

Clearing Up the Mystery of Why Bradbury Fisher's Butler Gets Such a Big Salary

RAISING her mashie she dug a grim divot out of the shrinking turf.

THE young man in the heather-mixture plus fours flung himself into a chair and uttered a snort of anguish.

"Women," said the young man, "are the limit."

The Oldest Member, ever ready to sympathize with youth in affliction, turned a courteous ear.

"What," he inquired, "has the sex been pulling on you now?"

"My wife is the best little woman in the world."

"I can readily believe it."

"But," continued the young man, "I would like to bean her with a brick and bean her good. I told her, when she wanted to play a round with me this afternoon, that we must start early, as the days are drawing in. What did she do? Having got into her things, she decided that she didn't like the look of them and made a complete change. She then powdered her nose for ten minutes. And when finally I got her on to the first tee an hour late, she went back into the clubhouse to phone to her dressmaker. It will be dark before we've played six holes. If I had my way golf clubs would make a rigid rule that no wife be allowed to play with her husband."

The Oldest Member nodded gravely.

"Until this is done," he agreed, "the millennium cannot but be set back indefinitely. And since we are on this topic it may interest you to hear a story."

"I have no time to listen to stories now."

"If your wife is telephoning to her dressmaker you have ample time," replied the sage. "The story I am about to relate deals with a man named Bradbury Fisher."

"You told me that one."

"I think not."

"Yes, you did. Bradbury Fisher was a Wall Street millionaire who had an English butler named Blizzard who had been ten years with an earl. Another millionaire coveted Blizzard and they played a match for him and Fisher lost. But just as he was wondering how he could square himself with his wife, who valued Blizzard very highly, Mrs. Fisher turned up from England with a still finer butler named Vosper who had been fifteen years with a duke. So all ended happily."

"Yes," said the sage. "You appear to have the facts correctly. The tale I am about to relate is a sequel to that story and runs as follows:

You say [began the Oldest Member] that all ended happily. That was Bradbury Fisher's opinion, too. It seemed to Bradbury in the days that followed Vosper's taking of office as though Providence, recognizing his sterling merits, had gone out of its way to smooth the path of life for him. The weather was fine; his handicap, after remaining stationary for many years, had begun to decrease; and his old friend Rupert Worple had just come out of Sing Sing, where he had been taking a postgraduate course, and was paying him a pleasant visit at his house in Goldenville, Long Island.

The only thing, in fact, that militated against Bradbury's complete tranquillity was the information he had just received from his wife that her mother, Mrs. Lora Smith Maplebury, was about to infest the home for an indeterminate stay.

Bradbury had never liked his wives' mothers. His first wife, he recalled, had had a particularly objectionable mother. So had his second, third, and fourth. And the present holder of the title appeared to him to be scratch. She had a habit of sniffing in a significant way whenever she looked at him, and this can never make for a spirit of easy comradeship between man and woman.

As he sat in his Louis Quinze library on the evening on which this story opens, there was a knock at the door and Vosper entered.

"Might I have a word, sir?" said the butler.

"Certainly, Vosper. What is it?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEEPING IN WITH VOSPER
Continued from Page Eleven]

Bradbury Fisher beamed upon the man. For the hundredth time, as he eyed him, he reflected how immeasurably superior he was to the departed Blizzard. Blizzard had been ten years with an earl, and no one disputes that earls are all very well in their way. But they are not dukes. About a butler who has served in a ducal household there is a something that cannot be duplicated by one who has passed the formative years of his butlerhood in humbler surroundings.

"It has to do with Mr. Worple, sir."

"What about him?"

"Mr. Worple," said the butler gravely, "must go. I do not like his laugh, sir."

"Eh?"

"It is too hearty, sir. It would not have done for the Duke."

BRADBURY FISHER was an easy-going man but he belonged to a free race. For freedom his fathers had fought and, if he had heard the story correctly, bled. His eyes flashed.

"Oh!" he cried. "Oh, indeed!"

"Yes, sir."

"Is zat so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, let me tell you something, Bill . . ."

"My name is Hildebrand, sir."

"Well, let me tell you, whatever your scarlet name is, that no butler is going to boss me in my own home. You can darned well go yourself."

"Very good, sir."

Vosper withdrew like an ambassador who has received his papers; and presently there was a noise without like hens going through a hedge and Mrs. Fisher plunged in.

"Bradbury," she cried, "are you mad? Of course Mr. Worple must go if Vosper says so! Don't you realize that Vosper will leave us if we don't humor him?"

"I should worry about him leaving!"

A strange, set look came into Mrs. Fisher's face.

"Bradbury," she said, "if Vosper leaves us I shall die. And, what is more, just before dying I shall get a divorce. Yes, I will!"

Bradbury gasped.

"But, darling!" he cried. "Rupert Worple! Old Rupie Worple! We've been friends all our lives."

"I don't care."

"We were freshers at Sing Sing together."

"I don't care."

"We were initiated into the same frat, the dear old Cracka-Bitta-Rock, on the same day."

"I don't care. Heaven has sent me the perfect butler, and I'm not going to lose him."

There was a tense silence.

"Ah, well!" said Bradbury Fisher with a deep sigh.

That night he broke the news to Rupert Worple.

"I never thought," said Rupert Worple sadly, "when we sang together in the glee club at the old alma mater, that it would ever come to this."

"Nor I," said Bradbury Fisher. "But so it must be. You wouldn't have done for the Duke, Rupie, you wouldn't have done for the Duke."

"Good-by, Number 8097564," said Rupert Worple in a low voice.

"Good-by, Number 8097565," whispered Bradbury Fisher.

And with a silent handclasp the two friends parted.

With the going of Rupert Worple a gray cloud seemed to settle upon the glowing radiance of Bradbury Fisher's life. Mrs. Lora Smith Maplebury duly arrived: and, having given a series of penetrating sniffs as he greeted her in the entrance-hall, dug herself in and settled down to what looked like the visit of a lifetime. And then, just as Bradbury's cup seemed to be full to overflowing, Mrs. Fisher drew him aside one evening.

"Bradbury," said Mrs. Fisher, "I have some good news for you."

"Is your mother leaving?" asked Bradbury eagerly.

"Of course not. I said *good* news. I am taking up golf again."

Bradbury Fisher clutched at the arms of his chair and an ashen pallor spread itself over his clean-cut face.

It was many years since he had played with his wife; but like an old wound the memory of it still troubled him occasionally.

"It was Vosper's idea."

"Vosper!"

A sudden seething fury gripped Bradbury. This pestilent butler was an absolute home-wrecker.

"Vosper says I need exercise. He says he does not like my wheezing."

"Your what?"

"My wheezing. I do wheeze, you know."

"Well, so does he."

"Yes; but a good butler is expected to wheeze. A wheezing woman is quite a different thing. My wheezing would never have done for the Duke, Vosper says."

Bradbury Fisher breathed tensely.

"Ha!" he said.

"I think it's so nice of him, Bradbury. It shows he has our interests at heart, just like a faithful old retainer. He says wheezing is an indication of heightened blood pressure and can be remedied by gentle exercise. So we'll have our first round tomorrow morning, shall we?"

"Just as you say," said Bradbury dully.

Bradbury Fisher's emotions as he stood by the first tee watching his wife prepare to drive off were far beyond my poor powers to describe.

Most women golfers are elaborate wagglers, but none that Bradbury had ever seen had made quite such a set of Swedish exercises out of the simple act of laying the club-head behind the ball and raising it over the right shoulder. Then she drove and the ball trickled down the hill into a patch of rough some five yards distant.

"Tee-hee!" said Mrs. Fisher.

Bradbury uttered a sharp cry. He was married to a golfing giggler.

It was at the fourth hole that further evidence was afforded the wretched man of how utterly a good, pure woman may change her nature when once she gets out on the links. Mrs. Fisher had played her eleventh and, having walked the intervening three yards, was about to play her twelfth when, behind them, grouped upon the tee, Bradbury perceived two of his fellow members of the club. Remorse and shame pierced him.

"ONE minute, honey," he said as his life's partner took a stranglehold on her mashie and was about to begin the movements. "We'd better let these men through."

"What men?"

"We're holding up a couple of fellows. I'll wave to them."

"You will do nothing of the sort," cried Mrs. Fisher. "The idea!"

"But, darling——"

"Why should they go through us? We started before them."

"But, pettie——"

"They shall not pass!" said Mrs. Fisher. And raising her mashie she dug a grim divot out of the shrinking turf. With bowed head Bradbury followed her on the long, long trail.

Bradbury Fisher was a man of steel. He endured for a week. But on the last day of

HE broke into a gallop, raced through a foursome on the sixth green.

the week Mrs. Fisher insisted on taking as a companion on the round Alfred, her pet Airedale. In vain Bradbury spoke of the Greens Committee and their prejudice against dogs on the links.

So Alfred came along—barking at Bradbury as he endeavored to concentrate on the smooth pronation of the wrists, bounding ahead to frolic round distant players who were shaping for delicate chip shots, and getting a deep toe hold on the turf of each successive green. Hell, felt Bradbury, must be something like this; and he wished that he had led a better life.

But that retribution which waits on all, both small and great, who defy Greens Committees had marked Alfred down. Taking up a position just behind Mrs. Fisher as she began her down swing on the seventh, he received so shrewd a blow on his right foreleg that with a sharp yelp he broke into a gallop, raced through a foursome on the sixth green, and, charging across country, dived headlong into the water hazard on the second; where he remained until Bradbury, who had been sent in pursuit, waded in and fished him out.

Mrs. Fisher came panting up, full of concern.

"What shall we do? The poor little fellow is quite lame! I know—you can carry him, Bradbury."

Bradbury Fisher uttered a low, bleating sound. The water had had a bad effect on the animal. Even when dry Alfred was always a dog of powerful scent. Wet he had become definitely one of the six best smellers. His aroma had what the advertisement writers call "strong memory value."

"Carry him? To the car, do you mean?"

"Of course not. Round the links. I don't want to miss a day's golf. You can put him down when you play your shots."

For a long instant Bradbury hesitated. The words "Is zat so?" trembled on his lips.

"Very well," he said, swallowing twice.

THAT night, in his du Barry bedroom, Bradbury Fisher lay sleepless far into the dawn. A crisis, he realized, had come in his domestic affairs. Things, he saw clearly, could not go on like this.

The sun was gilding Goldenville in its morning glory when Bradbury made up his mind. He would play with her no more.

He had got everything neatly arranged. He would plead business in the city and sneak off each day to play on another course five miles away.

"Darling," he said at breakfast, "I'm afraid we shan't be able to have our game for a week or so. I shall have to be at the office early and late."

"Oh, what a shame!" said Mrs. Fisher.

"I thought you had retired from business," said Mrs. Lora Smith Maplebury, sniffing.

Bradbury Fisher looked at her coldly.

"Not altogether," he said. "I still retain large interests in this and that, and I am at the moment occupied with affairs which I cannot mention without revealing secrets that might—that would—that are—well, anyway I've got to go to the office."

"Oh, quite," said Mrs. Maplebury.

"What do you mean quite?" demanded Bradbury.

"I mean just what I say. Quite!"

"Why quite?"

"Why not quite? I suppose I can say 'Quite!' can't I?"

"Oh, quite," said Bradbury.

He kissed his wife and left the room. He felt a little uneasy. There had been something in the woman's manner that had caused him a vague foreboding.

Had he been able to hear the conversation that followed his departure he would have been still more uneasy.

"Suspicious!" said Mrs. Maplebury.

"What is?" asked Mrs. Fisher.

"That man's behavior."

"What do you mean?"

"Did you observe him closely while he was speaking?"

"No."

"The tip of his nose wiggled. Always distrust a man who wiggles the tip of his nose."

"I am sure Bradbury would not deceive you."

"So am I. But he might try to."

"I don't understand, mother. Do you mean you think Bradbury is not going to the office?"

"I am sure he is not."

"You think—?"

"I do."

"You are suggesting—?"

"I am."

"You would imply—?"

"I would."

A moan escaped Mrs. Fisher.

"Oh, mother, mother," she cried, "if I thought Bradbury was untrue to me, what I wouldn't do to that poor clam!"

"I certainly think that the least you can do as a good womanly woman is to have a capable lawyer watching your interests."

"But we can easily find out if he is at the office. We can ring them up on the phone and ask."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEEPING IN WITH VOSPER
Continued from Page Thirteen]

"And be told that he is in conference. He will not have neglected to arrange for that."

"Then what shall I do?"

"Wait," said Mrs. Maplebury. "Wait and be watchful."

The shades of night were falling when Bradbury returned to his home. He was fatigued but jubilant. He had played forty-five holes in the society of his own sex. He had kept his head down and his eye on the ball. He had sung Negro spirituals in the locker-room.

"I trust, Bradbury," said Mrs. Maplebury, "that you are not tired after your long day?"

"A little," said Bradbury. "Nothing to signify." He turned radiantly to his wife. "Honey," he said, "you remember the trouble I was having with my iron? Well, today——"

He stopped, aghast. Like every good husband it had always been his practice hitherto to bring his golfing troubles to his wife and in many a cozy after-dinner chat he had confided to her the difficulty he was having in keeping his iron shots straight. And he had only just stopped himself now from telling her that today he had been hitting 'em sweetly on the meat right down the middle.

"Your iron?"

"Er—ah—yes. I have large interests in Iron—as also in Steel, Jute, Woolen Fabrics, and Consolidated Peanuts. A gang has been trying to hammer down my stock. Today I fixed them."

"You did, did you?" said Mrs. Maplebury.

"I said I did," retorted Bradbury defiantly.

"So did I. I said you did, did you?"

"What do you mean did you?"

"Well, you did, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"Exactly what I said. You did. Didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"Yes, you did!" said Mrs. Maplebury.

Once again Bradbury felt vaguely uneasy. There was nothing in the actual dialogue that had just taken place to cause him alarm—indeed, considered purely as dialogue it was bright and snappy and well calculated to make things gay about the home. But once more there had been a subtle something in his mother-in-law's manner that had jarred upon him. He mumbled and went off to dress for dinner.

SUCH, then, was the position of affairs in the Fisher home. And now that I have arrived thus far in my story and have shown you this man systematically deceiving the woman he had vowed—at one of the most exclusive altars in New York—to love and cherish, you, if you are the sort of husband I hope you are, must be saying to yourself: "But what of Bradbury Fisher's conscience?" Remorse, you feel, must long since have begun to gnaw at his vitals; and the thought suggests itself to you that surely by this time the pangs of self-reproach must have interfered seriously with his short game, even if not as yet sufficiently severe to affect his driving off the tee.

You are overlooking the fact that Bradbury Fisher's was the trained and educated conscience of a man who had passed a large portion of his life in Wall Street, and years of practice had enabled him to reduce the control of it to a science. Many a time in the past, when an active operator on the Street, he had done things to the Small Investor that would have caused raised eyebrows in the foc'sle of a pirate sloop—and done them without a blush. He was not the man, therefore, to suffer torment merely because he was slipping one over on the Little Woman.

Besides, at this point his golf suddenly underwent a remarkable improvement. Two weeks after he had started on his campaign of deception he amazed himself and all who witnessed the performance by cracking a hundred for the first time in his career. And every golfer knows that in the soul of the man who does that there is no room for remorse.

I WILL do Bradbury Fisher justice. He did regret that he was not in a position to tell his wife all about that first ninety-nine of his. And the forlorn feeling of being unable to

"Is zat so?"—"Yes, sir."

confide his triumphs to a sympathetic ear deepened a week later when, miraculously achieving ninety-six in the medal round, he qualified for the sixth sixteen in the annual invitation tournament of the club to which he had attached himself.

"Shall I?" he mused, eying her wistfully across the Queen Anne table in the Crystal Boudoir to which they had retired to drink their after-dinner coffee.

"Better not, better not," whispered Prudence in his ear.

"Bradbury," said Mrs. Fisher.

"Yes, darling?"

"Have you been hard at work today?"

"Yes, precious. Very, very hard at work."

"You do have to slave at the office, don't you?" said Mrs. Fisher.

"I do indeed."

"It must be a great strain."

"A terrible strain. Yes, yes, a terrible strain."

"Then you won't object to giving it up, will you?"

Bradbury started. "Giving it up?"

"Giving up going to the office. The fact is, dear," said Mrs. Fisher, "Vosper has complained."

"What about?"

"About you going to the office. He says he has never been in the employment of anyone engaged in commerce and he doesn't like it. The Duke looked down on commerce very much. So I'm afraid, darling, you will have to give it up."

Bradbury Fisher stared before him, a strange singing in his ears. If the office was barred to him, on what pretext could he sneak away from home? And sneak he must, for tomorrow and the day after the various qualifying sixteens were to play the match rounds for the cups.

For the first time in his life he had before him the prospect of winning a cup; and, highly though the poets have spoken of love, that emotion is not to be compared with the frenzy that grips a twenty-four-handicap man who sees himself within reach of a cup.

Blindly he tottered from the room and sought his study. He wanted to be alone. He had to think, think!

The evening paper was lying on the table. Automatically he picked it up and ran his eye over the front page. And as he did so he uttered a sharp exclamation.

He leaped from his chair and returned to the boudoir, carrying the paper.

"Well, what do you know about this!" said Bradbury Fisher in a hearty voice.

"We know a great deal about a good many things," said Mrs. Maplebury.

"What is it, Bradbury?" said Mrs. Fisher.

"I'm afraid I shall have to leave you for a couple of days. Great nuisance, but there it is. But of course I must be there."

"Where?"

"At Sing Sing. I see in the paper that tomorrow and the day after they are inaugurating the new Osborne Stadium. All the men of my class will be attending and I must go too."

"Must you really?"

"I certainly must. Not to do so would be to show a lack of college spirit. The boys are playing Yale and there is to be a big dinner afterward. I shouldn't wonder if I had to make a speech. But don't worry, honey," he said, kissing his wife affectionately; "I shall be back before you know I've gone."

He turned sharply to Mrs. Maplebury.

"I beg your pardon?" he said stiffly.

"I did not speak."

"I thought you did."

"I merely inhaled. I simply drew in air through my nostrils. If I am not at liberty to draw in air through my nostrils in your house, pray inform me."

"I would prefer that you didn't," said Bradbury between set teeth.

"Then I would suffocate."

"Yes," said Bradbury Fisher.

OF all the tainted millionaires who, after years of plundering the widow and the orphan, have devoted the evening of their life to the game of golf, few can ever have been so boisterously exhilarated as was Bradbury Fisher when, two nights later, he returned to his home.

He was the possessor of a small pewter cup, value three dollars, which he had won by beating a spavined old gentleman in the final match of the competition for the sixth sixteen at the Squashy Hollow Golf Club Invitation Tournament.

He entered the house radiant.

"Tra-la!" sang Bradbury Fisher. "Tra-la!"

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said Vosper, who had encountered him in the hall.

"Eh? Oh, nothing. Just tra-la."

"Very good, sir."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Cream of Tomato Soup!

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately.

Tomato Soup! It invites! It refreshes! It invigorates!

Right from the heart of the full-ripe, tempting tomato—just when the sun has sweetened it to its full perfection on the vine!

Pure tomato goodness—that's Campbell's! The rich, tonic juices—the luscious tomato "meat" strained to a smooth puree!

Skilled French chefs blend in the butter, fresh from the country, and add the delicate seasoning with their sure, fine touch.

What delicious flavor! What a glow it gives you!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Cudahy's Puritan Ham

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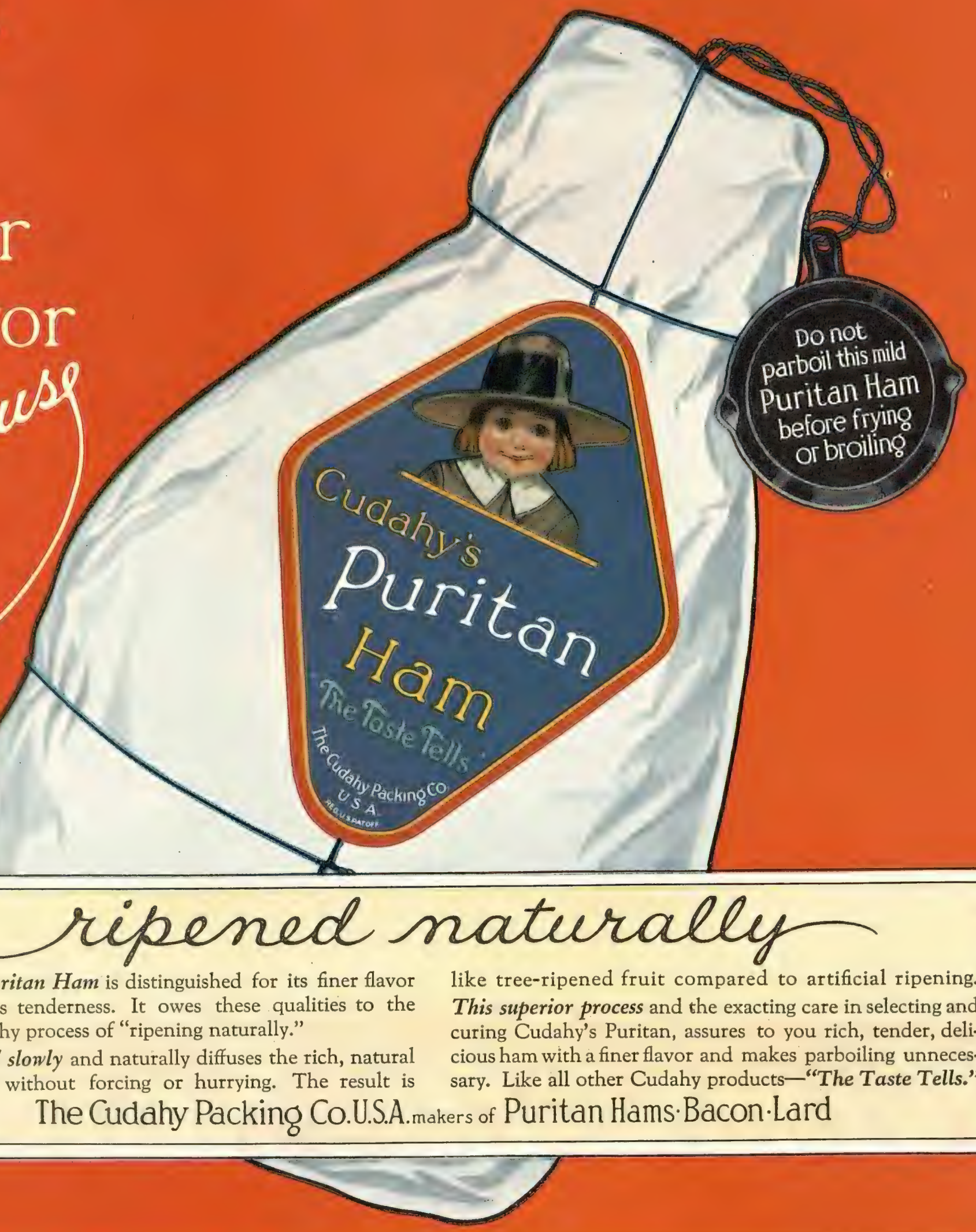

ripened naturally

Cudahy's Puritan Ham is distinguished for its finer flavor and delicious tenderness. It owes these qualities to the special Cudahy process of "ripening naturally."

This method slowly and naturally diffuses the rich, natural meat juices without forcing or hurrying. The result is like tree-ripened fruit compared to artificial ripening.

This superior process and the exacting care in selecting and curing Cudahy's Puritan, assures to you rich, tender, delicious ham with a finer flavor and makes parboiling unnecessary. Like all other Cudahy products—***"The Taste Tells."***

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Bradbury Fisher looked at Vosper. For the first time it seemed to sweep over him like a wave that Vosper was an uncommonly good fellow. The past was forgotten and he beamed upon Vosper like the rising sun.

"Vosper," he said, "what wages are you getting?"

"I regret to say, sir," replied the butler, "that, at the moment, the precise amount of the salary of which I am in receipt has slipped my mind. I could refresh my memory by consulting my books, if you so desire it, sir."

"Never mind. Whatever it is, it's doubled."

Bradbury curvetted past him through the baronial hall and into the Crystal Boudoir. His wife was there alone.

"Mother has gone to bed," she said. "She has a bad headache."

"You don't say!" said Bradbury. It was as if everything was conspiring to make this a day of days. "Well, it's great to be back in the old home."

"Did you have a good time?"

"Capital."

"You saw all your old friends?"

"Every one of them."

"A very big dinner, I suppose?"

"Enormous."

"How was the football game?"

"Best I've ever seen. We won. Number 432986 made a hundred-and-ten-yard run for a touchdown in the last five minutes."

"Really?"

"And that takes a bit of doing with a ball and chain around your ankle, believe me!"

"Bradbury," said Mrs. Fisher, "where have you been these last two days?"

Bradbury's heart missed a beat.

"Been? Why, I'm telling you."

"BRADBURY," said Mrs. Fisher, "just one word. Have you seen the paper this evening?"

"Why, no."

"Then you have not seen that the inauguration of the new Stadium at Sing Sing was postponed on account of an outbreak of mumps in the prison?"

Bradbury gulped.

"There was no dinner, no football game, no gathering of old grads—nothing! So—where have you been, Bradbury?"

Bradbury gulped again.

"You're sure you haven't got this wrong?" he said at length.

"Quite."

"I mean, sure it wasn't some other place?"

"Quite."

"Sing Sing? You got the name correctly?"

"Quite."

"Well—er——"

Mrs. Fisher coughed dryly.

"I merely ask out of curiosity. The facts will, of course, come out in court."

"In court!"

"Naturally I propose to place this affair in the hands of my lawyer immediately."

Bradbury started convulsively.

"You mustn't!"

A shudder shook Bradbury from head to foot.

"I will tell you all," he muttered.

Bradbury clenched his hands and, as far as that could be managed, avoided her eye.

"I've been playing golf," he said in a low, toneless voice.

"Playing golf?"

"Yes." Bradbury hesitated. "I don't mean it in an offensive spirit, and no doubt most men would have enjoyed themselves thoroughly; but I—well, I am curiously constituted, angel, and the fact is if I had played another round with you, my darling, I think that I should have begun running round in circles, biting my best friends. So I thought it all over; and, not wanting to hurt your feelings by telling you the truth, I stooped to what I might call a ruse. I said I was going to the office; and instead of going to the office I went off to Squashy Hollow and played there."

Mrs. Fisher uttered a cry.

"The poor little fellow is quite lame! I know—you can carry him, Bradbury."

"You were there today and yesterday?"

In spite of his trying situation, the yeasty exhilaration that had been upon him when he entered the room returned to Bradbury.

"Was I!" he cried. "You bet your Russian boots I was! Only winning a cup, that's all!

"Do you know what happened in the semi-final? I'm about fifteen feet off the green. The other fellow lying dead. Best I could hope for was a half, you'll say, eh? Well, listen. I just walked up to that little ball and I gave a little flick and, believe me or believe me not, that little white ball never stopped running till it plunked into the hole."

SHE looked at him fondly, her eyes dim with happy tears.

"I should have known you better, Bradbury. I suspected you. How foolish I was!"

"There, there," said Bradbury.

"It was mother's fault. She put ideas into my head."

There was much that Bradbury would have liked to say about her mother, but he felt that this was not the time.

"And you really forgive me for sneaking off and playing at Squashy Hollow?"

"Of course."

"Then why not a little round tomorrow?"

"No, Bradbury; I shall never play again. Vosper says I mustn't."

"What!"

"He saw me one morning on the links and he came to me and told me—quite nicely and respectfully—that it must not occur again. He said with the utmost deference that I was making a spectacle of myself and that this nuisance must now cease. So I gave it up. But it's all right. Vosper thinks that gentle massage will cure my wheezing, so I'm having it every day and really I do think there's an improvement already."

"Where is Vosper?" said Bradbury hoarsely.

"You aren't going to be rude to him, Bradbury? He is so sensitive."

But Bradbury Fisher had left the room.

"You rang, sir?" said Vosper, entering the Byzantine smoking-room some few minutes later.

"Yes," said Bradbury. "Vosper, I am a plain, rugged man and I do not know all that there is to be known about these things. So do not be offended if I ask you a question."

"Not at all, sir."

"TELL me, Vosper, did the Duke ever shake hands with you?"

"Once only, sir—mistaking me in a dimly lit hall for a visiting archbishop."

"Would it be all right for me to shake hands with you now?"

"If you wish it, sir, certainly."

"I want to thank you, Vosper. Mrs. Fisher tells me that you have stopped her playing golf. I think that you have saved my reason, Vosper."

"That is extremely gratifying, sir."

"Your salary is trebled."

"Thank you very much, sir. And while we are talking, sir, if I might—There is one other little matter I wished to speak of, sir."

"Shoot, Vosper."

"It concerns Mrs. Maplebury, sir."

"What about her?"

"If I might say so, sir, she would scarcely have done for the Duke."

A sudden wild thrill shot through Bradbury.

"You mean—?" he stammered.

"I mean, sir, that Mrs. Maplebury must go. I make no criticism of Mrs. Maplebury, you will understand, sir. I merely say that she would decidedly not have done for the Duke."

Bradbury drew in his breath sharply.

"Vosper," he said, "the more I hear of that Duke of yours, the more I seem to like him. You really think he would have drawn the line at Mrs. Maplebury?"

"Very firmly, sir."

"Splendid fellow, splendid fellow! She shall go tomorrow, Vosper."

"Thank you very much, sir."

"And, Vosper."

"Sir?"

"Your salary. It is quadrupled."

"I am greatly obliged, sir."

"Tra-la, Vosper!"

"Tra-la, sir. Will that be all?"

"That will be all. Tra-la!"

"Tra-la, sir," said the butler.

THE END

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For results never before obtained, use Berry Brothers' Lionoil Floor Enamel on almost any surface that is subjected to exposure or severe wear.

This remarkable enamel costs no more than paint. It preserves wood, prevents rust, resists wear and is waterproof. For porches, decks and lawn furniture it is unsurpassed. One or two coats makes an unsightly old board floor a thing of beauty.

Lionoil Enamel may be obtained in eight rich, serviceable colors. It produces a smooth, hard, deep-toned finish that is easy to clean. You will be amazed by its durability and delighted by its economy.

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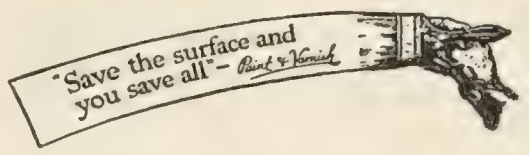

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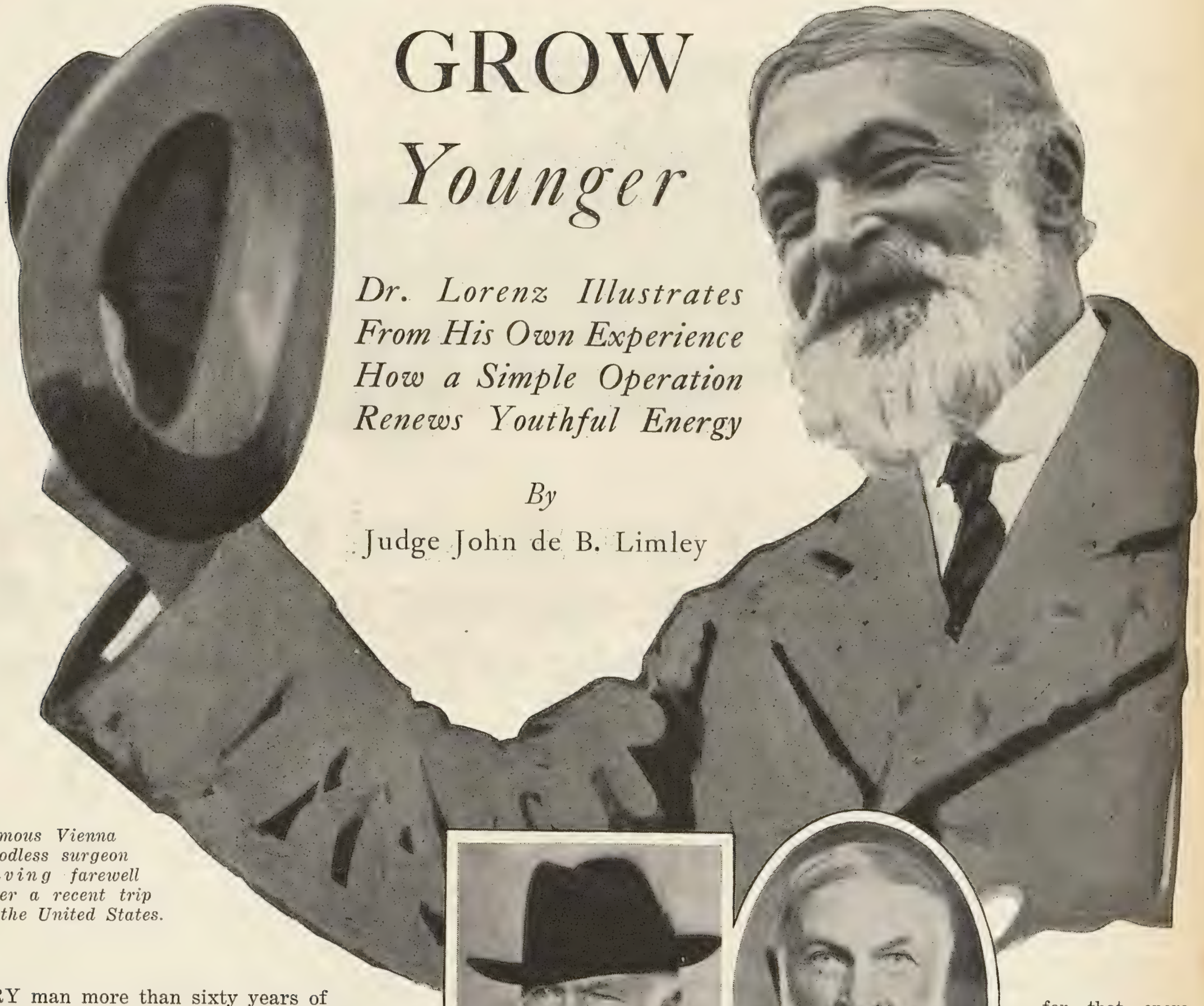
Science *Can Make* You GROW *Younger*

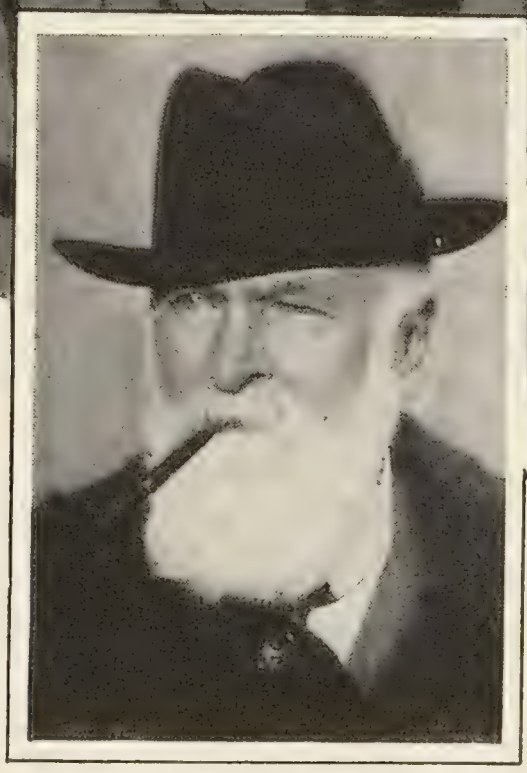
Dr. Lorenz Illustrates From His Own Experience How a Simple Operation Renews Youthful Energy

By

Judge John de B. Limley

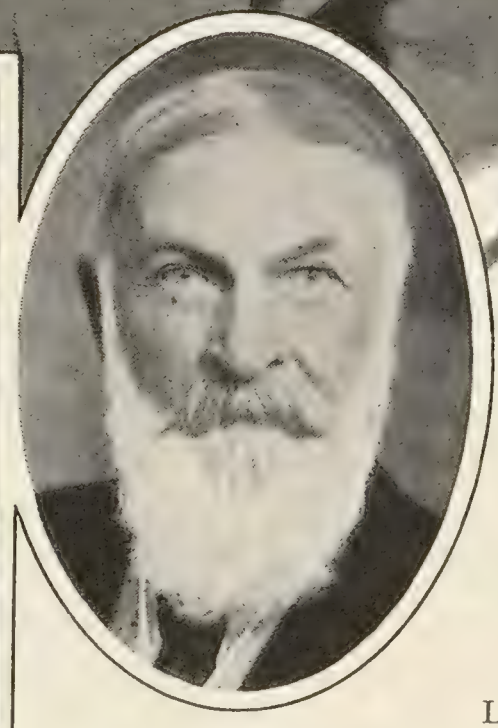


Famous Vienna bloodless surgeon waving farewell after a recent trip to the United States.



P. & A. Photos.

Dr. Adolph Lorenz today, five years after the Steinach operation



Dr. Lorenz in 1921, prior to the operation.

EVERY man more than sixty years of age should have an operation to rejuvenate himself. In twenty-five years every man of sixty will be rejuvenated by surgery.

Dr. Adolph Lorenz of Vienna, seventy-two years young, makes that statement, speaking from his own experience and offering himself as living proof of the efficacy of the Steinach operation.

Further, Dr. Lorenz declares that the operation is no more serious than having your hair cut.

When your arteries commence to harden a surgeon can restore them in a few minutes, slicing off years with a knife. For a few hundred dollars and a few minutes of discomfort you can purchase five years of vigor.

Dr. Lorenz, who is famous as a "bloodless surgeon" for curing children of congenital dislocation of the hips, is one of the few subjects of the Steinach operation to tell his experience and he is supported in his opinion by leading specialists.

"When I was sixty-seven years on earth I was done—a broken old man. I underwent the Steinach operation for rejuvenating the aged. Five months later I was back in the United States, strong as I was at forty. Now, five years after the operation, I am well, healthy; able to do my work and expecting to do it for years to come.

"I would not be here now, in the United States and at work, even if I were alive, but for that operation. That is my conclusion.

"Every man more than sixty years of age and every man who shows the first symptoms of arteriosclerosis (Dr. Lorenz said it in German, which is worse than that) should have this operation performed.

"It is simple—a scratch. It is no worse than having your hair cut. There are no bad results and one may resume work in a short time.

"For me—I was an old man. I was done—a broken man, overworked, and I felt that my work was finished. Everyone who knew me had given me up—had abandoned hope. There was nothing to lose by submitting to the opera-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Chrysler "58" Sedan, $995, f. o. b. Detroit

PRECISELY THE SAME QUALITY-PERFORMANCE-APPEARANCE-AT ELECTRIFYING NEW LOWER PRICES

Since the Chrysler "58" was announced last June, nearly 10,000 men and women have testified every month by their orders that this wonderful car gives most for the money.

Such striking performance advantages as 58 miles an hour, 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds and 25 miles to the gallon of gas—combined with many other outstanding superiorities—won for it instant acceptance which caused it to *outsell competition everywhere* in its own particular price group.

Now the electrifying new lower prices make Chrysler "58" more unmistakably than ever the value supreme in its class.

In the accomplishment of these new prices there has been no change in body quality, comfort or style, no change in the high quality design, materials and workmanship which won spontaneous and widespread preference and admiration for Chrysler "58".

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to show you that at these new lower prices, Chrysler "58" continues to offer *precisely the same quality—precisely the same performance—precisely the same fine appearance—precisely the same beautiful body and chassis*—which those who know motor car quality agree have placed Chrysler "58" on the top most value pinnacle.

NEW "58" PRICES

CHRYSLER "58"—*Touring Car, $845; Roadster, $890; Club Coupe, $895; Coach, $935; Sedan, $995. Disc wheels optional. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.*

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CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1445; Roadster, $1625; Sedan, $1695; Royal Coupe, $1795; Brougham, $1865; Royal Sedan, $1995; Crown Sedan, $2095. Disc wheels optional*

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All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

tion. I wanted to go on with my work—to feel alive again—so I went to Dr. Victor Blum in Vienna and got back my vigor and health. For five years I have felt—oh, how is it you say it?—great—strong!"

Dr. Lorenz, standing more than six feet tall, his skin pink and flushed with health, his hair and beard perfectly white, his eyes keen and sparkling, laughed as he told me about his operation. I remarked that he looked as healthy as he did nearly twenty-seven years ago, when he visited Chicago to operate by bloodless surgery upon Lolita Armour, daughter of J. Ogden Armour.

"I am older," he confessed with his delightfully studied English; "but I feel hardly any older and I am strong enough for the work. Whether I shall have another operation or repeat the operation will depend upon events. Thus far, after five years, the good effects on the entire system still continue. The blood pressure is nearly normal, the arteries no longer threaten to harden, my general health is excellent."

The remark about Dr. Lorenz' appearance was not flattery. On two of his visits to America he seemed in failing health. His appearance was that of an aging man. His blue eyes were losing their luster and he often complained of great weariness. His skin was pallid. His beard appeared dry.

On his return to America some six months after the Steinach operation no public statement that he had undergone the experiment was made, but there was general comment on his sudden improvement in health. He seemed to have lost some weight, but his erect, almost stately carriage was restored, his eyes were clear and twinkling and his hair and beard silky. Save for a slight inclination toward deafness, he looks as vigorous as he did nearly twenty-seven years ago.

The operation for congenital dislocation requires great strength, and after a hard day of work, during which he performed several operations and met dozens of visitors, he seemed as fresh and unwearied as his associates, who were much younger men.

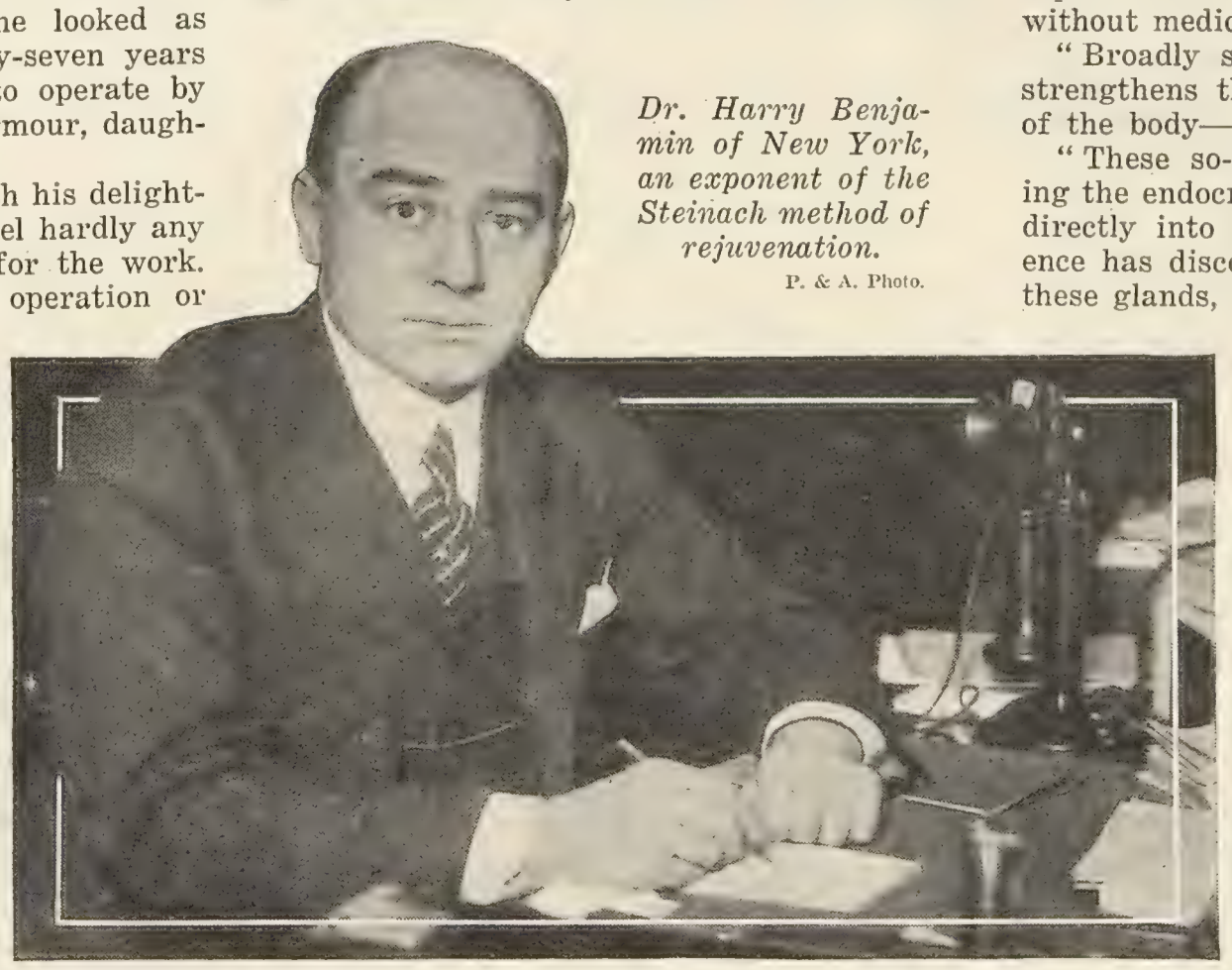
"There is much confusion and misunderstanding, much that is false in theory about the operation," said Dr. Lorenz. "Many associate it in their minds with sex alone. Its great benefit is in its effect upon the general health, in checking high blood pressure and retarding arteriosclerosis—as you say, balking old age.

"NO one, unless he is prematurely aging, should have the operation performed until after the age of sixty. Everyone should have it after that to prolong health if not life.

"False ideas, false modesty are so common. Why whisper about the work of science? Understand, I am not a believer in gland transplanting nor was my operation anything of that nature. It was the simple operation of Dr. Eugen Steinach—a scratch, very simple, a tying of the duct, a revival and stimulating of the entire endocrine system.

"The effect in my case was almost immediate. I was incapacitated only a brief time—and within a few days began to feel more energetic. My vigor was renewed in three months. Within six months I was able to keep my agreement to return to America, which I had thought impossible. Now, after five years, I am more than ever inclined to credit the Steinach operation with my rejuvenation."

"Father's case really is remarkable," said his son, Dr. Albert Lorenz. "His general health was low prior to the operation. He was worn out and aging rapidly. He is as vigorous and healthy now as he was ten years ago—and at seventy-two he is able to wear out the majority of men of fifty in a day."



Dr. Harry Benjamin of New York, an exponent of the Steinach method of rejuvenation.

P. & A. Photo.

"I do not think the rejuvenation of women is possible," said Dr. Lorenz seriously. "The ladies are unfortunate. The operation, simple and harmless for the male, would be difficult and dangerous for woman.

"We saw Gertrude Atherton's 'Black Oxen' in the movies but thought it farfetched."

DR. LORENZ' skepticism as to the rejuvenation of women is shared by the experts both in Europe and America. The same operative technique used for the male is impossible in the female. For women the attempts have taken the form of X-ray treatment as a stimulant of glandular activity, or by the actual transplanting of glands.

Neither system has, according to the experts, entirely proved its value. Favorable results have been achieved in many cases by Frankel in Berlin, by Benjamin in New York, and others using the Roentgen ray to stimulate the ductless glands. The replanting, tried in Paris repeatedly, is confessedly experimental and dangerous.

The operation for the rejuvenation of the female is not the Steinach operation, which has nothing to do with gland transplanting, although, in case of the destruction by accident or disease of the human glands, it might be resorted to in the male.

The Steinach operation, such as Dr. Lorenz underwent, is perhaps the most misunderstood of surgical marvels, chiefly because of the popular misconception that it is a transplanting of organs of animals into the human body. The surgeons found it difficult to explain clearly to the lay mind just what the operation consisted of and the Steinach method became confused with gland-implanting; so that the monkey-gland fable gained wide publicity.

The operation really has little to do with sex and is resorted to only in efforts to restore the general bodily health. The fact that the sex glands are the medium and that they stimulate the activities of the other endocrine glands and through their action on the blood tend to restore general health, has led to weird misunderstandings.

Dr. Harry Benjamin, one of America's foremost specialists in the Steinach operation, explains it as clearly perhaps as anyone may without medical terms. He says:

"Broadly speaking the Steinach operation strengthens the endocrine or ductless glands of the body—of which there are eight.

"These so-called ductless glands, comprising the endocrine system, discharge secretions directly into the blood stream. Medical science has discovered some of the functions of these glands, but they are still largely a mystery. The internal secretions enter the blood stream in forms known as hormones (Greek: messengers).

"Some twenty different functions are ascribed to these hormones, which appear each to have a distinct mission. In some mysterious manner they act to re-energize the other glands of the endocrine system, and build up the whole physical and nervous system, strengthening man physically and mentally."

The Steinach operation is simple. The theory is based upon the fact that the glands of sex have both internal and external secretions. It is the internal secretion, feeding directly into the blood stream, that gives the body youth and vigor.

In the operation, which is extremely delicate, the canal conveying the external secretion is severed, and ceases to function. As a result the internal health-building secretion is furnished in greater quantities to the blood.

In case of a double operation the patient forfeits the ability to have children but is otherwise unimpaired.

The cost of the Steinach operation in normally healthy cases, without complications, is small compared with a great many other operations. There is, of course, no scale of prices among specialists. They may operate for nothing but to advance their own knowledge through experience, or they may assess a comfortable fee against a rich man who feels that the operation will prolong his active life and restore his normal energies.

I KNOW of one specialist who charges as high as one thousand dollars if the patient is wealthy and much less in other cases. There is a report that in one operation in California a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars was given to the surgeon voluntarily. I should think from two hundred to five hundred dollars is the average fee of the specialist who has studied the Steinach method, and that other surgeons who use it may charge less.

The patient is kept in bed two days, suffers little pain and very slight inconvenience. The effect becomes noticeable inside of three weeks and in cases studied the positive benefits have, according to the doctors and patients, endured more than six years.

That the operation may be repeated with good effect and a second revival of powers result is claimed by both American and European surgeons. The experts declare that the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He detects the slightest trouble

If you go to your dentist at least every six months for a thorough inspection of your mouth he can prevent serious teeth decay and detect the first trace of dangerous gum infections. It is better to see him in time than to suffer needless pain and take chances with your health.

Pyorrhea robs

FOUR out of FIVE

According to dental statistics, carelessness lets dread pyorrhea steal into the mouths of four out of five men and women after forty. You can tell pyorrhea's approach by tender, bleeding gums. Go to your dentist at once for treatment and be sure to use Forhan's for the Gums night and morning.

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No matter what tooth paste you now prefer, you owe it to your health to make Forhan's a regular daily habit. At all druggists 35c and 60c in tubes.

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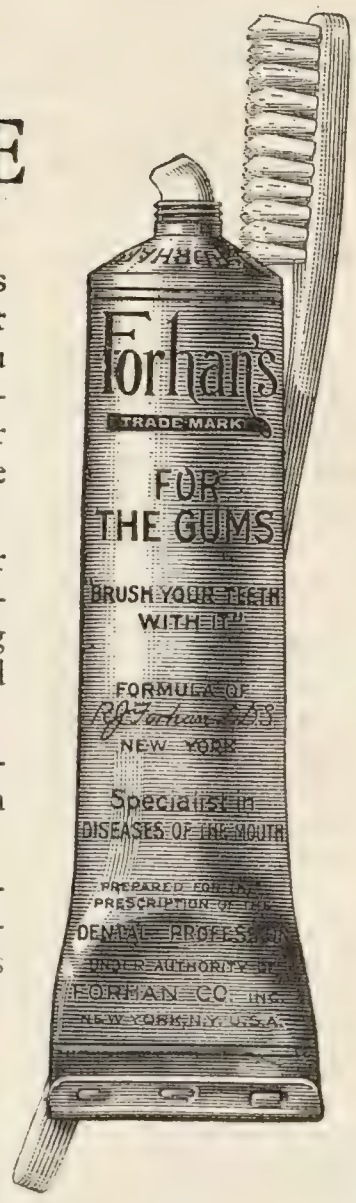


Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

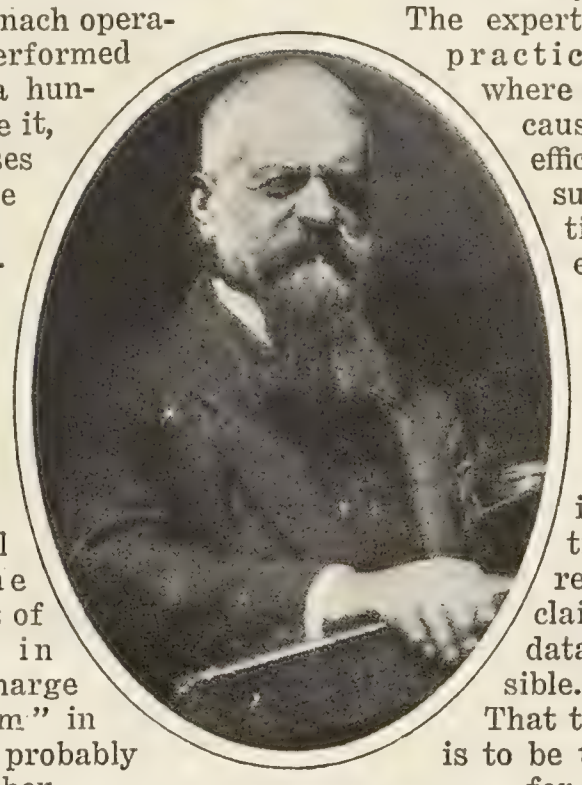
[SCIENCE CAN MAKE YOU GROW YOUNGER Continued from Page Twenty-one]

value of the Steinach method has been much reduced by ignorance and by the opposition of doctors who have mistaken ideas regarding the operation.

Despite the popular misconception of the operation and the vague idea about gland transplanting, more than eight thousand men in the United States have submitted to the operation in the last five years, and perhaps three times that number in Europe, where the prejudice against it has been largely overcome.

New York City alone can show more than seven hundred cases in which the Steinach operation has been performed and more than a hundred surgeons use it, especially in cases of acute premature loss of vitality.

America, however, is backward in adopting the plan for rejuvenation compared with Germany, Austria, and even England. Paul Kammerer, the master of the art of rejuvenation in Austria, is in charge of the "Vivarium" in Vienna where probably the greatest number of operations by the Steinach method and the great number of female cases have been treated.



Dr. Eugen Steinach, who originated the operation.

The Austrian and German experts, who have studied the Steinach method over a longer period than the Americans, claim that the operation has positive beneficial results in more than eighty per cent of all cases. Dr. Harry Benjamin, previously mentioned, in a report to the medical fraternity in the *Medical Journal and Record,* covering one hundred and fourteen specific cases on which he has operated, claims that seventy-seven per cent showed strongly positive results; only seven per cent showed negative results (that is, failed to accomplish any marked improvement), and the other cases were set down as doubtful.

MEDICAL men are perhaps the hardest in the world to pin down to any positive statements regarding anything—and the nature of their business makes such caution in claiming cures or discoveries necessary, since every advance in medical science is combated within the profession until it is proved beyond doubt.

The fact that more doctors have taken the Steinach treatment than any other class of professional men indicates that Steinach and his followers have converted a large percentage of them to their theories. Among the one hundred and fourteen cases reported by Dr. Benjamin, nine were physicians, seven were writers, four musicians, eleven other professional men, and twenty-three business men.

THE averages struck by Dr. Benjamin are not accurate, since some cases marked doubtful were so called merely because the operating surgeon could not keep track of them. There were a number of cases complicated by other diseases of long standing, in which positive results were doubtful under any circumstances.

The experts claim that in practically every case where age alone is the cause of decline of efficiency, the results of the operation are quick and enduring for considerable periods. Dr. Benjamin says:

"Until twenty years have passed and the insurance statistics can reveal the results, positive claims and exact data will be impossible."

That the United States is to be the greatest field for this operation is the expectancy of all those engaged either in the operation or the research—this because the United States has the greatest percentage of men and women who have lost vitality through overwork of any nation in the world.

The largest group seeking restoration of the powers and "pep" of youth consists of the broken-down business men and women whose health has been undermined and who have aged prematurely through exhaustion of the glandular system.

"In twenty or twenty-five years I believe every man reaching the age of sixty will have undergone the operation," said Dr. Benjamin. "I think with Dr. Lorenz that every man of sixty should have it done."

The unpleasant notoriety and the mistaken ideas regarding the method have antagonized some persons, who are ignorant of what it really is. But then, all advances are criticised. It is proving its value and coming into general use.

It is not claimed that it will directly increase the length of life. But in building up general health conditions the operation naturally will increase the power of resistance against the inroads of other diseases, and in that way lengthen the normal span.

THE END

EVE *and her* Pearls

From Egypt's Queen To Modern Girl The Cry Has Been: "GIVE ME A PEARL!"

By EILEEN BOURNE

PEARLS of cream color are better suited to brunette complexions, while blondes prefer the white pearls.

Picture by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

FROM the queen upon her throne to the maiden in the scullery, woman has two consuming ambitions. One for a husband to love, honor, and protect her; the other for a string of pearls to hug, coddle, and bedeck her. If the powers that be decree a husbandless career, a woman may resign herself to fate and turn her energies into other administering channels. But the pearls she must and will have. If a string of such great value as to tempt the underworld to deeds of violence is beyond her means, she will compromise with an imitation strand.

In the United States more genuine pearl necklaces are sold than neck pieces of any other precious stones. And over the cheap jewelry counters more imitation pearls are disbursed than any other imitation bead.

No other jewel has the universal appeal to womankind that the pearl has. It is not a taste of recent development nor one peculiar to our country, although of recent years with the developed wealth a marked increase in the sale of genuine pearls is noted in America. But the love of pearls extends to women the world over. No other gem has so successfully combated the fickleness of woman's fancy as it, since its discovery by a member of some fish-eating tribe on the shores of India some thousands of years ago. It is predicted that so long as the world lasts no other gem shall usurp its place in feminine affections.

After two thousand years, the women of fashion today are wearing pearls in accordance with the primitive and traditional manner of the Asiatics—as they were worn, doubtless, by the first barbarous peoples who discovered them.

Why this slavery of the pearl?

If Eve's passion were appeased only with a strand of genuine pearls, the beauty of the subtle, cool, mysterious gem itself might serve in explanation. But since she has more often to be, and is, content with an imitation, there would seem to be some deep-grained sentiment, symbolism, or superstition attached to the gem that holds her captive.

Eve herself would doubtless declare, in truth, that pearls are the best of adornments because their indescribable pallor adjusts them most happily to skin and color and fabric.

But would that explain why the imitation pearl has acquired a standing never enjoyed by false diamonds or any other artificial jewelry? Or why the inexpensive glass bubble treated and colored to resemble a pearl is sold by tens of thousands?

It is true that some of the imitation pearls are so cleverly manufactured today that often only the eye of a connoisseur can detect the difference between them and the real. But of those others obviously not real—why their overwhelming appeal? And why not necklaces of diamonds, real or paste? Emeralds, rubies, jade?

Consciously or unconsciously imagination plays a tremendous part in this cult of the pearl. About no other gem are we so richly supplied with lore, myth, and legend. To no other gem have been dedicated so many beautiful lines of poetry and around no other jewel have so many fanciful tales and dramatic fiction plots been woven.

Poets and story-tellers saw pearls now as the tears of angels, now as those of the Naiads or Sirens transformed into jewels. That this idea has survived the centuries is seen in the belief frequently accepted by our modern women that pearls foretell tears or bring them upon their owners. Notwithstanding which, the same women would rather risk a few tears than refuse a gift of pearls. The theory may be that so long as no woman's life is wholly free from grief, it were easier borne in a bosom bedecked with the precious gems.

An absurd notion, this of tears, by the way. Those illustrious persons whose experience gave color to the superstition would have met unhappy fates had they not possessed unusual pearls. Nevertheless, it serves to demonstrate

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Quick—bulky
full of MOISTURE!
Williams lather
softens the beard

LOOK in your shaving mirror tomorrow morning after you've lathered with Williams. Notice how moist the thick, clinging lather is.

Here's what Williams does:—

First it lifts the waterproof oil film from the beard.

Then its tremendous moisture saturates the beard, softening it for smooth, easy cutting.

This pure white cream is absolutely free from coloring matter. It is the result of three generations of specializing in shaving soaps.

Send the coupon—or a post card—today, for a week's trial tube—free. The large-size tube is 35c. The double-size tube costs 50c and contains twice as much.

AQUA VELVA *is our newest triumph —A scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle free Write Dept 113-A.*

The tube with the unlosable hinge-cap.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. 113-A, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial Size has no Hinge-Cap.)

Lib. 3-13-26

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

how imagination may clothe a jewel and perhaps give the real explanation of woman's inherent love of pearls.

Pearls are found in shallow water, not more than one hundred feet in depth, where the pearl oysters attach themselves to rocks and other solid objects near the bottom of the sea. They are brought to the surface by divers, who go out in large fleets of small boats to the pearl fisheries in various parts of the world.

It will probably be a surprise to readers to hear that the profit from pearl fishing is not made from the pearls, but from the oyster shells coated with mother-of-pearl. Only a small proportion of the pearls found by the divers find their way to the owners of the boats, as a great many are stolen while the men are still under water. The greatest market for pearls in the whole world is the city of Singapore, in the Straits Settlements, the center of the pearl-fishing industry.

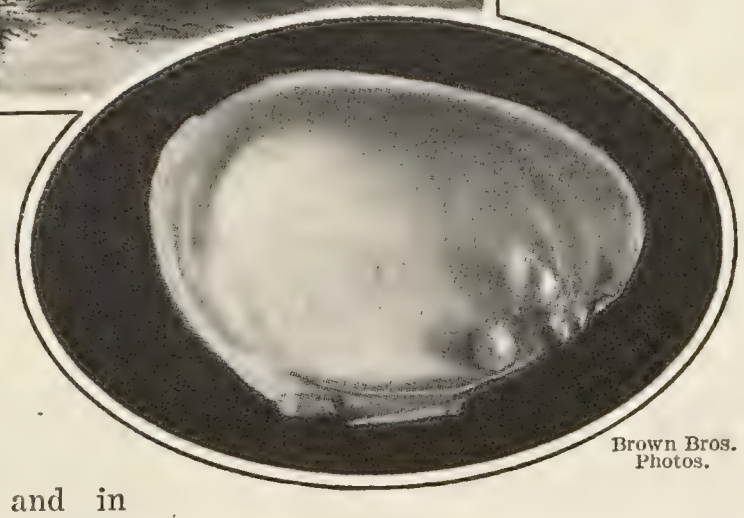
The origin of the pearl, so far as is known, could hardly be deemed poetic. From one of the lowliest of earth's creatures it comes. The most kindly disposed naturalists have been constrained to call it the oyster. Scientific explanation upholds the theory that a parasite or grain of sand pierces the shell of the oyster. The oyster being disturbed hastens to inclose this corpuscle in a series of spherical coverings. A nacreous substance surrounds this foreign body. When the animal dies, the shell opens and in the contents, if it is a productive mollusk, a pearl is found. Sometimes the oyster, irritated by the pearl, succeeds in ejecting it from the shell while it yet lives.

Where the naturalist sees in this only a cold scientific fact, the poet wrests from the oyster's discomfort a wonderful lesson upon the uses of pain and adversity by converting its affliction into a precious gem, symbol of all that is pure and beautiful.

But the symbol that endears the pearl to woman is neither this nor the one of tears. Instead it is the relation it bears to love and marriage. The pearl was dedicated to Venus, the Goddess of Love, and from its beginning down through the generations it has been associated with love and marriage.

Hindu legend attributes the discovery of the first pearl to Krishna, who is said to have taken it from the depths of the ocean to adorn his daughter on the day of her marriage. To this day Indian women still follow the example and the pearl to them is a sacred jewel. In many European countries the pearl necklace forms the marriage portion of the middle classes. And even peasants will save out of their meager wages the, for them, considerable sum necessary to possess the coveted necklace. In America the custom of giving the bride pearls is popular. It is not uncommon here and in other countries to give the daughter a pearl on each birthday. By the time she is a debutante she has a good start toward a fine strand. And the practice of remembering a wedding anniversary with an additional pearl is in constantly growing favor with husbands.

Pearl fleet returns from the fishing grounds.



How the pearl is fastened to the oyster shell.

Brown Bros. Photos.

So symbolically allied to love and marriage, woman's mission in life, were pearls considered in Caesar's time, that when a threat of depopulation confronted Rome, Caesar forbade women who had neither children nor husband and who were under fifty-five years of age to wear pearl ornaments.

The most famous pearls to be mentioned in history are those two pear-shaped gems which Cleopatra wore as earrings on that celebrated occasion of entertaining Antony when she mixed a drink the expense and novelty of which have never been exceeded, not even in our merry Volstead days. Students of the pearl scout the story that the Siren Queen dissolved an earring in vinegar and drank it. To dissolve so large a pearl would have taken several days and nothing in "Cleo's" temperament indicates her to have been the kind of girl who'd sit around a couple of days waiting for a "pearl cocktail" to materialize. So that story is out.

But countless other tales remain to cement the pearl to romance. And so long as romance lives in the hearts of men and women pearls will adorn the soft white neck of Eve, her beauty, her charm, and her mystery enhanced by the matchless things. The shape of the pearl may undergo changes of taste, as it has in the past, but never the jewel itself. The fashion for graded necklaces is of comparatively recent date. Formerly they were composed of pearls of equal size.

A perfect necklace is one in which the color is uniform from one end to the other and the grading is regular. Brilliance, luster, and "orient" are the three characteristics of a good pearl. Brilliance shows itself by a luminous speck if the pearl is placed by itself on a horizontal surface. Luster is the appearance the pearl gives of being like velvet together with the quality of iridescence. "Orient" is revealed by an impression of depth in the midst of warm tonality.

Pearls assume the tone of light to which they are exposed. Too harsh a glare or a gray light does not show them at their best. The reflection from green detracts from their beauty. Displayed on a summer afternoon about four o'clock, it is said that pearls will appear more beautiful than they are in reality.

Certain colors are more popular in one country than in another. Thus in Spain, the Argentine, and Brazil pearls of a cream color or slightly tinted are bought as being better suited to brunette complexions, while the blonde Germans, Austrians, and Russians prefer white pearls. American and French women choose slightly cream colored or pink pearls. According to their wealth different countries acquire pearls of greater or lesser beauty.

The United States buys the most beautiful pearls in the world—pink pearls.

Jewelers recommend the frequent polishing of pearls with soft pieces of chamois leather—but there is said to be no polish for them like the human skin—if it is the right human skin. Not all skins are that, however. Oily exudations, acids from the body or from cosmetics or perfumes will dim their brightness. But if polished they regain their former brilliance.

THE END

Each time you start your motor WAR IS DECLARED!

READ how those two destructive allies, heat and friction, are defeated—and how your motor is safeguarded by one oil which forms a "film of protection," thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.

The instant you step on the starter, deadly heat and friction declare war on your motor. And your motor's only protection against their relentless warfare is the motor oil you use.

If you could watch that oil battling to protect your motor, you would never again feel that lubrication was a dull, uninteresting subject. Nor ever again would you be content to trust "any old oil" to safeguard your expensive motor.

IN action, motor-oil is no longer the cool, glistening liquid that you see poured into your crankcase. Only a film of that oil—thinner than this sheet of paper—holds the actual fighting line. That film must work its way between all the whirling, flying metal surfaces and shield the vital motor parts from heat and friction.

Yet the film itself must withstand the constant lash of scorching heat, the endless threat of grinding, tearing friction.

Many oils quit under fire

That double attack is too much for many motor oils. The film of ordinary oil soon breaks, curls up and burns. Through the shattered film, unprotected vital parts are exposed directly to tremendous heat and raw metal chafes against raw metal. Friction begins its unseen, relentless work of destruction. Soon a badly worn motor; eventually a scored cylinder, a seized piston or a burned out bearing. Then your car makes the dismal journey to a repair shop and you pay the cost of the war—all because an oil film quit under fire.

A CONVENIENT way to buy Veedol is in a sealed five gallon container. Then you are assured of full quantity and genuine quality. And you always have a supply of oil on hand in your home garage.

The Veedol "film of protection"

Because the value of a motor oil depends upon the *film* it forms, Tide Water technologists spent years studying not oils alone, but oil films. Finally, they perfected Veedol, an oil which offers the utmost resistance to deadly heat and friction. An oil that maintains an unbroken "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

AND hundreds of thousands of car-owners throughout the country have found that the "film of protection" means added power, increased gasoline and oil mileage and fewer repair bills.

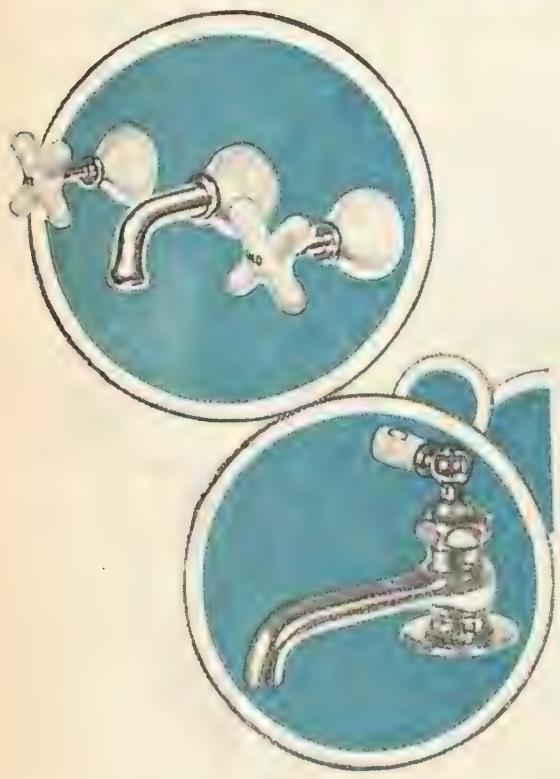
PUT the "film of protection" on the job safeguarding your motor. Stop at the next orange and black Veedol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your car. This is specified on a chart, the Veedol Motor Protection Guide, which the dealer has.

Then, there's nothing to worry about when heat and friction next declare war, for the fighting line is held by the Veedol "film of protection!"

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or Warehouses in all principal cities.

FAUCETS—

What *vital spots* they are about 7 a.m.



Tonight, as you sit in your easy chair after a good dinner, the faucets in your home will be about the least important thing in your life.

But oh, what a difference a few hours *can* make! Tomorrow morning you may be forced to shave in cold water because the hot water supply was exhausted by a faucet that ran all night—ran because it was one of those nuisances that can't be turned entirely *off*.

Or you may be delayed because the faucets refused to fill the bath tub quickly—the kind of faucets that can't be turned completely *on*.

About that time you will have a lot to say about faucets. You will realize, if only for a moment, that faucets *are* Vital Spots. And during the day a number of other people in your home will possibly have a good deal to say about other faucets—in the bathroom—in the kitchen sink—in the laundry tubs.

Then one of two things will happen. You will decide to put those feeble faucets out of their misery—*or*—you will once more find yourself in the warm glow of the easy chair with faucets the least important thing in your life . . . *until the next day about 7 a.m.!*

Mueller faucets for every Vital Spot in your plumbing system offer a sure way out of faucet trouble. They look well and, still more important, they invariably *work* well. Through sheer merit they have become an accepted standard of faucet quality.

Mueller quality and Mueller service have naturally attracted the established, highly skilled *merchant* plumbers in every locality. Your plumber will be glad to supply and install Mueller Faucets. If he does not carry Muellers he can quickly get them, for there are more than 300 Mueller jobbers throughout the United States and Canada.

69 YEARS *of* PROGRESS

As a result of the ever increasing recognition of Mueller quality the little 20 x 40 shop that was founded in 1857 by Hieronymous Mueller, has grown into a big modern factory that covers five city blocks and has branched out into two other large plants

MUELLER CO. *(Established 1857) Factories:* Decatur, Illinois; Port Huron, Michigan
Branches: New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles
Canadian Factory: MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia

MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

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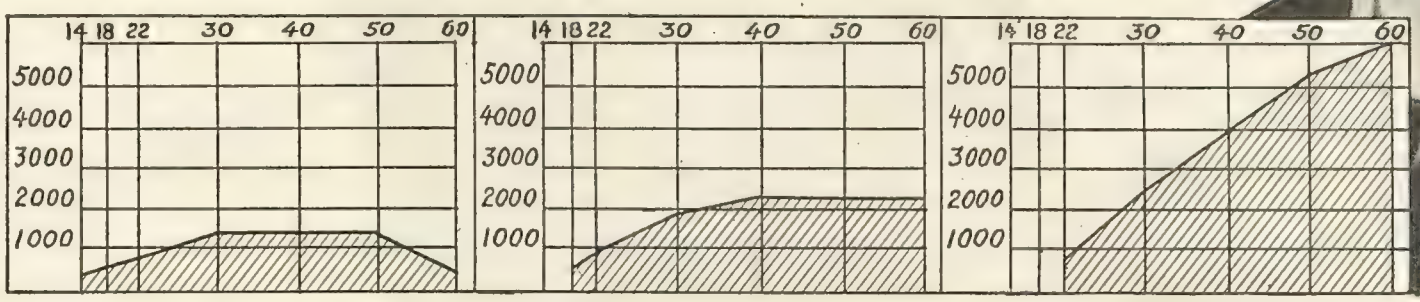
A College Education = $150,000

By

NICK FLATLEY

The Cash Value of a Graduate's Degree Is Appraised by an Expert on Earning Power

Dean Everett W. Lord, who specializes in earning power.



© E. W. Lord

FIGURE I.—The Untrained Man. He starts as aboy of fourteen—reaches maximum income at thirty. Since his income is largely dependent on manual dexterity, it falls off at fifty or earlier to a point below self-support.

Total earnings from fourteen to sixty, about $45,000. Not more than $2,000 is earned in the years that would have given him a high school education.

FIGURE II.—The High School Graduate. He goes to work at eighteen, passes the maximum of the untrained man, and rises steadily to his own maximum of approximately $2,200 at forty.

Total earnings from eighteen to sixty, about $78,000. The $33,000 more than that earned by the untrained man represents cash value of high school course.

FIGURE III.—The College or Technical School Graduate. His permanent earnings begin at twenty-two.

Since his income is dependent upon his mental ability, it increases instead of diminishes with the years. The average of $6,000 at sixty is often surpassed.

Total earnings from twenty-two to sixty (not including anything earned during the college period), $150,000.

A COLLEGE graduate in his lifetime earns $150,000. This is $105,000 more than the man who did not go beyond the primary grades.

A high school graduate earns $72,000 less than his college brother but $33,000 more than the untrained worker.

And this despite the striking exceptions furnished by the senior Rockefeller, Henry Ford, and a legion of other "big money" men who never saw the inside of a college until after they had added to its endowments or were loaded with honorary degrees.

Dean Everett Lord, a world authority on labor and child welfare and founder of the College of Business Administration at Boston University, is sponsor for the figures.

They are compiled from the official records of the Massachusetts Department of Labor which lists carefully every citizen and resident. He has also followed the careers of all graduates of Boston University.

Dr. Lord considers his conclusions thoroughly representative. Massachusetts, he says, may be used confidently as a cross-section of the entire country because the ratio of college men and untrained workers is substantially the same in other States and because Massachusetts has as great a variety of occupations as any other State.

"The untrained worker reaches his highest earning capacity at thirty," Dr. Lord says. "He starts at fourteen or so and after he has been at his trade fifteen years he has attained all the mechanical skill he will ever attain. He remains at the same level, as a rule, until he is fifty and then the descent begins.

"There are more untrained workers over forty who must depend on others for support than there are those who are self-supporting.

"The untrained worker, if he lives to an old age and has a family, spends his last years in dependence."

Dr. Lord emphasizes that his study has considered untrained workers as a class not as individuals. He is aware that thousands of workers have saved money through the years and accumulated moderate fortunes. He knows of the millionaires of today who have started as newsboys or mill-hands.

But his figures include even these fortunate persons as they include every sort of labor, technical or otherwise, that is not dependent on education.

"The untrained workers of the country make $1,200 a year at the peak of their earning power. Some make more, some less, but the average brings us to that figure."

High school graduates present a more difficult field for observation than do the untrained workers. There are no departmental records in their cases where their earnings can be computed and compared. Figures must come from other sources and Dr. Lord has picked 500 names from the high school lists of Massachusetts. These were selected indiscriminately.

"A group of 500 men, all sixty or more, is typical," Dr. Lord says. "The high school graduate starts earning at eighteen. He makes $600 a year from the start, where the untrained worker averages not more than $400.

"When the high school boy is twenty-two he is earning about $1,000 a year. At thirty his annual pay is $2,000. His peak is reached at forty when he draws $2,200. He remains at this level until the end of his life.

"The high school graduate is self-supporting until death. At least, the five hundred I considered were and investigation of younger students since has borne out that conclusion. I substituted modern salaries for young men but they did not alter the lifetime summaries.

"The untrained man does not earn more than $2,000 in the four years he might have spent in high school and the high school man quickly makes up that amount when he starts to work."

Coming to the college man, Dr. Lord takes his records from Boston University which he considers a typically American institution. It is not a rich college nor do many sons of wealthy families go there. The students are practically self-supporting.

From the records of that college Dr. Lord concludes that the average college graduate starts with an earning power of $1,000 a year at the age of twenty-two. By the time he is thirty he is getting $2,800; at forty he reaches the $4,000 mark. Ten years later he has passed $5,000 and at sixty the average salary is $6,000.

Almost at the start he passes the average best wage of the untrained worker; at twenty-eight he has passed the average high school graduate's peak. His income which depends on training and mental ability, constantly improved by practice, increases rather than diminishes through the years that follow.

THE total earnings of the average untrained worker from fourteen to sixty are about $45,000.

The total earnings of the average high school graduate from eighteen to sixty are about $78,000.

The total earnings of the average trained man from twenty-two to sixty are about $150,000.

"These are established facts," Dr. Lord insists. "There is no escape from them. There are college men who do not earn anything. Education cannot be grafted on a mind that will not receive it.

"The idea that this is a young man's country has been exploded. Experience has taught us that the youthful go-getters did not have the balance or the background necessary to revolutionize business as many expected to do when their short day was dawning.

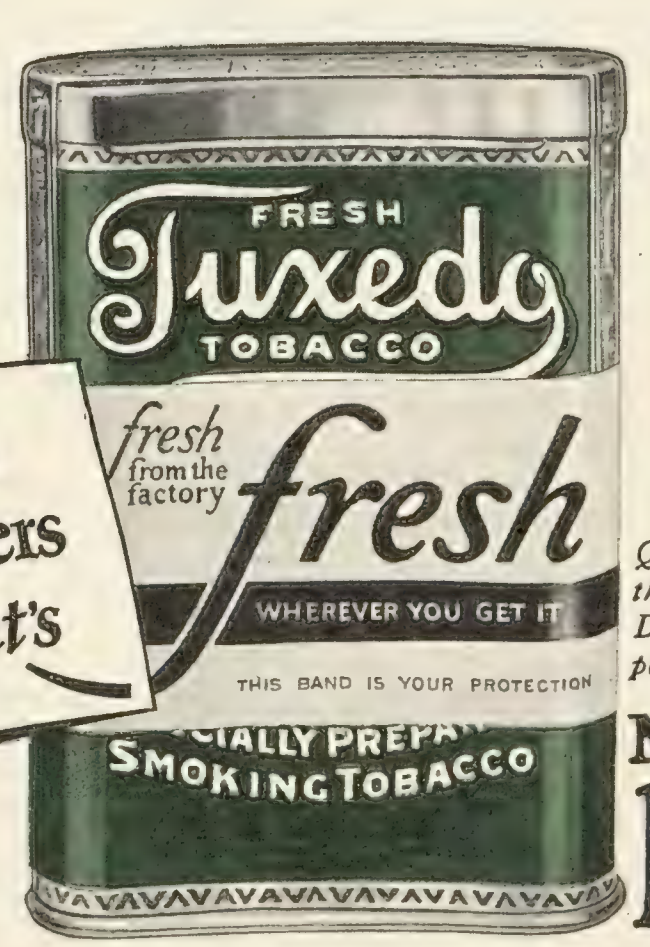
"Matters have settled back to normal and the captains of industry continue to be the experienced men who have the equilibrium that nothing but years can bring."

THE END

"Pick the pipe-smoking man every time"

Gilda Gray

The pick of pipe-smokers —because it's



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INCORPORATED

The Black Cousin

A Serial of Love, Laughter, Mystery, and a Feud Fought to the Death for a Vast Fortune

By Clarence Budington Kelland

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

"IF anyone climbs the wall and enters the garden," said Monsieur Floresta, "you will know how to conduct yourself?"

Giuseppe raised huge hands and made with his fingers the unmistakable motion of the strangler.

Floresta smiled ironically. "There must be no outcries, Giuseppe. Your mistress must not be disturbed. It may be two will come spying."

The two men Floresta was expecting were Worthington Harries and Rhino Pung, young Americans and pals. They were struggling to throw light on a dark mystery.

Returning to America from a pleasure trip, they had met John Hard, a friend of Rhino's father. Mr. Hard confided that he was then on a strange secret mission and asked their aid. But before he could give them details a brutal scythelike weapon dealt him a mortal blow and the murderer—black, long-haired, and almost nude—dived from the ship.

Before he died Hard murmured the mysterious words: "*Principessa — Ringboro — La Cugina Nera*" (the Black Cousin).

AN outer cellar door was easily recognizable and to this Rhino sprang.

And so the two young men hurried to Ringboro, a New England village. There they met a Miss Estey, a black-haired beauty who laid claim to the large estate of the late Micah Estey.

Harries was captivated by her. But Rhino Pung shook his head. Who, he asked, was that man Floresta—a sinister elderly fop who lived in the mansion with Miss Estey—and what was their relation? And how explain a hand, not Miss Estey's, which had waved at Harries from between the slats of a shuttered window in the Estey house? And where and who was the Black Cousin?

Harries and Pung called on Miss Estey and heard from Floresta that the girl was Principessa Isabella d'Este, the granddaughter of a Sicilian beauty whom Pung's grandfather had loved and lost.

On their way back through the woods that night, the young Americans were struck at from above by a long-handled knife that missed its mark. More mystery! But this much was clear: Isabel feared Floresta. Floresta feared the two Americans.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE *Principessa* and Worthington Harries were walking to a gate in the Estey grounds. Her face had gone suddenly gray, for Worth had spoken smilingly of a "wild man" in the woods.

"You must go away," she said, her face curiously still. "As soon as you can you must

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Mr. Ingersoll Announces—

CHAS. H. INGERSOLL
From 1880 to 1921 Half-Owner, Secretary - Treasurer and General Manager of Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., originator, maker and distributor of 75 million Ingersoll Watches that Made the Dollar Famous.

The only low-priced pen with a high-priced point—*the same as used in pens costing as much as $50!*

GET these facts fixed in your mind! A fountain pen can be no better than its point. A point can be no better than 14-Karat gold, tipped with ***hard iridium.***

This applies to pens costing $2.50 or $50—or any price in between. Therefore everything you pay for above the cost of the *point* in any pen cannot make it one bit better as a writing instrument.

Charles H. Ingersoll, of Dollar Watch Fame, has achieved "the impossible" in fountain pen construction, by producing a pen with a *genuine 14-Karat gold,* ***hard iridium*** *tipped point, to* SELL AT ONE DOLLAR!

Mass production, the elimination of nonessentials and small margin of profit have made possible this extraordinary value.

The Ingersoll Dollar Pen is *guaranteed* to meet the most exacting tests for smooth writing and durability—and in this respect is the equal of any fountain pen *regardless of price.*

Three models — Men's Women's and Juniors'

Ingersoll EVERLASTING Dollar Pen

WARNING!

Beware of nameless, low-priced fountain pens. Literally millions of them are foisted on an unsuspecting public every year. Usually they are perfect duplicates of legitimate pens in *appearance, color, markings, etc.* And you buy them expecting to get continuous writing service at a saving. No matter how little you pay for them, they usually prove a worthless investment, *because they have soft, spurious tips which quickly wear out.* INGERSOLL DOLLAR PENS—and six or eight other well-known and nationally advertised pens costing from $2.50 up—have genuine HARD IRIDIUM tips. These pens are identified by the names of responsible manufacturers and are fully guaranteed. *They are the only safe kind to buy.*

The Business End of Every Ingersoll Is 14 Kt. Gold, Tipped with *Hard Iridium.*

Buy an Ingersoll for every member of the family—it's sound economy.

7 INGERSOLL POINTS of Writing Supremacy

1—Hard Iridium Tip—same as used in all high-priced pens.
2—14-Karat Solid Gold Pen Point.
3—"Stem-Winding" Self-Filler—convenient, positive in action and durable.
4—Double the average Ink Capacity of other fountain pens.
5—Clip with two-point bearing that holds tight but does not wear the pocket.
6—Indestructible Metal Barrel—handsomely decorated, same as the most expensive pens.
7—A Guarantee backed by a 40-year reputation.

At 15,000 Dealers. If your dealer is not yet supplied, send us his name and address and $1.00 for each pen desired and we will fill your order, charges prepaid. Specify models preferred—MEN'S, WOMEN'S, JUNIORS'. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*

Notice to Dealers: Here is a low-cost fountain pen you can *safely* sell and recommend for value and quality. Order a dozen *now* at trade price, guaranteed to meet your approval, or write us for details of liberal proposition.

CHAS. H. INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN CO.
803 Astor St., Newark, New Jersey

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

hurry from this place. Make me a promise that you will."

"Why, I'm afraid we can't do that. You see, there is a promise ahead of you and we can't break the first one."

"A promise to whom?"

"To a friend who is dead."

She nodded.

"I understand. But I can release you from that promise, for it was made for my sake. Is not this true? Was not your word given to John Hard? And was he not coming to this place to protect me? Answer."

"That is so," Worth answered.

"And you—and your friend, Mr. Pung—came to do what John Hard might have done."

"To try."

"But, you see, I need no protection, no help. I am safe and happy——"

"*Principessa,*" he said, "you look far from happy; and as to being safe, I've a private opinion on that point."

She interrupted: "But you must go."

She stamped with her foot. Something like despair covered her face like a mask, but she neither trembled nor wept.

"Oh," she said, "for my sake go away—far, far—and never think of me or of my affairs again."

"You are giving me strong reason to remain, Miss Estey." He forgot the Princess for an instant. "And anyhow Rhino is pig-headed. Nothing could drive him away."

"Do you like to be alive?" she demanded fiercely.

"I'm very, very fond of it."

"Then go quickly, for if you stay you will be dead—as John Hard is dead."

And with that she turned from him and, running swiftly to the wall, snatched open a gate and disappeared.

II

IF Rhino Pung's mind worked no more speedily than his tongue he would not yet have finished learning his multiplication tables; but because he devoted no attention to the neat turning of phrases he enjoyed that much more time for what Mr. Edgar Poe was so fond of calling ratiocination.

Rhino sat with facts marching before him in orderly array. It occurred to him that burglary was an avocation little practiced in Ringboro and consequently unpopular with the masses.

Yet he very much desired half an hour of undetected leisure in Micah E.'s castle. He wanted to discover whether investigation would remove the white hand, reported by Harries as appearing at the window, from the realm of the apocryphal and place it indubitably in the actual. But there were watchmen—at all events one watchman—inside the walls; and outside the walls a prowler who seemed to make it his life work to follow Rhino and Harries.

Rhino's mind was made up, sealed, and locked upon one point, and that was that he would find a way to enter Micah's house.

Clouds were piling in the sky, purple black and mountainous—storm clouds that presently would sweep down the valley with the sudden pounce and fury of the mountain storm. They brought with them the element of possibility. Rhino acted instantly.

Before the hotel stood the questionable motor used for meeting trains, with the driver drowsing at the wheel. Rhino aroused him.

"PRINCIPESSA, you look far from happy; and as to being safe, I've a private opinion on that point."

"Drive like blazes," he said, and before the drowsy young man awakened to protest he was obeying.

"Faster," said Rhino.

"She won't," said the man.

Rhino grunted. At least no man could run as fast as this, which was his object—to outdistance and to lose for a while that lurker who seemed always to dog his footsteps. At the end of the road Rhino halted the mad career and alighted.

"Go back," he said to the driver, and then himself plunged into the woods.

Another five minutes brought him within sight of the wall surrounding the house of Micah Estey, and of the little gate through which Harries was accustomed to see the *Principessa* come and go. There, deep in a clump of sumacs, he lurked to wait for the downpour, hoping it would be ample, with adequate crashings of thunder. Nor was he disappointed in this; when the storm broke it exploded. In the blackness and swirl of it Rhino ran across the narrow open space to the shelter of the wall and, upon testing the door and finding it fastened, put his great shoulder against it so that a single heave sent it flinging inward. He did not hesitate but submerged himself in the shrubbery from which, as best he could in that downpour and murk, he scrutinized the house.

An outer slanting cellar door was easily recognizable for what it was, and to this Rhino sprang.

Another instant and he was beneath with the doors closed above his head, and so found himself in the *terra incognita* of the spacious cellars.

A MINUTE of stumbling discovered the stairs to him, and he mounted softly to the first floor, then up quiet backstairs to a long hall. He peered down this trailing alley, discreetly hidden, which was fortunate; for almost instantly a man's figure stepped through a doorway some thirty feet beyond and walked along the hall.

The tailoring was unmistakably Mr. Floresta's.

He walked with intention to the very door that was Rhino's objective, paused while he extracted a key from his waistcoat pocket and after rapping opened the door and entered.

"Um—" said Rhino and tiptoed softly.

His ear against the panel told him nothing. Too much clamor without for so pleasant and modulated a voice as Mr. Floresta's to be heard through a heavy door.

So Rhino removed his shoes and looked upward at the transom, which was for the most part of gaudy colored glass, but with a tracery of scrolls and ribbons where peeping could be done.

Then lightly he sprang upward, clutching the sill with his fingers, and his toes scarcely brushed the door as he drew himself upward as an athlete may draw himself up on a horizontal bar.

Holding himself so—and it was no mean feat—he shut one eye and peeped with the other. Monsieur Floresta he saw, an elbow on the mantel, slender, graceful, waving his left hand in evident conversation with someone; but with someone invisible.

Floresta was suave, courteous, even affable, if expression and gestures went for anything, but withal a bit sinister.

Rhino craned his neck this way and that in an effort to see Floresta's companion, but that companion was beyond the angle of his vision. Could it be the *Principessa?* he asked himself. For if it were then he had put himself into a most unpleasant situation—one difficult to explain and to make apologies for—all to no purpose.

Then he saw something. It was no more than a hand and even as a hand it lacked much in size. It was not a broad, imposing hand, but a very tiny one, creamy white, with ex-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE BLACK COUSIN
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

quisite tapering fingers. He saw it to the wrist, no more. His pulse increased its measure.

"Your hair," he whispered. "What color is your hair?"

The hand might be the *Principessa's*, though he refused to believe it. Not that Miss Estey did not possess a hand equally small and actually as beautiful. She did. But this hand, Rhino told himself, did not belong to a young woman with hair almost jet in its blackness. It was a fair hand, and must be the property of a fair girl.

And then he saw, not the woman or girl, but the great knot of hair that caressed her neck: a huge, gleaming, glorious, riotous wealth of gold—dark red-gold!

He was right. His theory was vindicated. The color was right, abundantly, radiantly right—and romance was vindicated. It could have been of no other hue or shade. This was the necessary tint; and Rhino was glad. His father had said the hair must be so—that it could not be otherwise.

THE strain of holding his not inconsiderable weight was beginning to collect usury of him; but he clung tenaciously, hoping for a glimpse of the woman's face. Young she must be, beautiful she ought to be, but experience of the world had taught him the sad truth that wonderful hair and a lovely hand sometimes appertain to a woman not otherwise endowed.

The hand he saw again, moving in a quick, imperious gesture; the hair hid itself, and as for the whole woman, she might not have been. Hand and hair were all he got for his pains.

Then Monsieur Floresta, coming to an end of what he was saying so debonairly, bowed from the waist and moved toward the door. Rhino dropped softly to the carpet and lifted his shoes. For an instant he debated a desperate expedient—namely, to step aside until *Monsieur* should pass him and then, with those terrible fingers of his, to disarrange *Monsieur's* neckwear and his windpipe at one and the same time. Following this he would seize the lady and make off with her—a rescue by force.

It would not do. First, the lady remained unidentified; second, she might not stand in need of rescue; third, requiring no knight errant, she might make matters exceedingly embarrassing for him. Better, then, to perfect his education with respect to her and to await another and fairer opportunity. This reasoning occupied but a flick of time; another flick and he was through the door of the adjoining bedroom.

He backed into the room and closed swiftly but gently the door, standing close by it in a posture of readiness for any eventuality. Monsieur Floresta's soft footsteps were inaudible to him, though he strained his ears to take note of that gentleman's departure. He waited a full minute before he turned the key in the lock as an emergency measure and then, for the first time, faced the room.

Rhino was startled, though you would hardly have guessed it from any movement or change of expression—startled not so much because the black-haired girl was there as because she had remained so silent at his entrance and his maneuvers at the door. It was not feminine. If she did not scream she should, at the very least, have risen trembling and shrinking from the intruder. But the *Principessa* did neither. So impassive was she that it might have been Rhino himself. She sat in her chair and looked at him. That was all. Her expression was not indicative of her thoughts, for it seemed no more than a level, possibly inquiring gaze. She did not speak, nor did Rhino; but he bowed and waited. It was not for him to initiate but rather to sing to whatever accompaniment she chose to play. Of one thing he was certain: she was not afraid.

Presently she addressed him, but not with such words as, in the circumstances, he might have expected to hear.

"Speak softly," she said.

Rhino did better than that—he did not speak at all.

"I do not know," she said after a moment's thoughtful pause, "how you will be able to go out of here again."

He drew his brows together, for this perplexed him; it was a bit of data that tended to overthrow his theory. She was solicitous for him, a thing amazing enough considering that he was guilty of the crime of breaking and entering, but no less than astounding if his suspicions were true.

SHE did not ask how he had entered nor what he had seen. As for the first, probably she did not care. As to the second, she took for granted, undoubtedly, that he had seen what he came to see.

"But," Rhino said as if arguing some mooted point, "your hair is black."

Her eyes glinted. "If it were not," she said, "I should tear it out."

Pure fury, hatred and fury, flamed there. She was transformed. No longer was she a lovely, extraordinarily nerveless

girl. The beauty remained, but it was a savage, dangerous beauty, the sort that would have been enhanced, made perfect in its way, if a blade had gleamed in her hand.

"You hate her so much!" Rhino said.

"For what she and hers have done to me and mine," she said.

"Ah," said Rhino.

"For generations," she said. "But she has found me able to defend myself."

"Defend yourself!"

"You speak as if you did not understand; but you do understand. This John Hard has told you and so you have come. And after you have come you act so that I do not know what to do. He sent you to this place to be my friend—oh, I know that is so—to protect me from her and her hatred, which is as great as mine. But I did not need you. I am here; she is there where she can do me no harm. Even here in this strange land I did not appeal to your law."

"Why?"

"I am Sicilian," she said simply, as if it explained all, as indeed it did.

"But," Rhino said again, "your hair is black."

"Do you think they call her so from the color of her hair?" Her teeth gleamed through parted crimson lips. "No—and no. It is from the color of her heart. For that reason she is named."

"Named?"

"*La Cugina Nera,*" said the *Principessa.*

"The Black Cousin," repeated Rhino—and then he waggled his head, for he was gravely perplexed. "The Black Cousin!"

III

RHINO Pung blinked and calculated. Here at last was a second mention of *la Cugina Nera,* and logically enough, if you come to that. He nodded toward the other room.

"She is Beatrice d'Este?" he asked.

"And can do no harm," said the *Principessa.*

Rhino waited and she continued:

"As her father waited and as *his* father waited to pluck the fruit of the vendetta, so she has waited," said Isabella d'Este. "And in this good fortune to me she saw the point to strike. But I—my eyes were not closed. To Naples she followed me after the news arrived, and across the ocean. What she planned I do not know, but it was evil against me and mine." She hesitated, and then, "Perhaps she made a spell."

"Eh?"

"A sending," said the *Principessa.* "Before now persons have fallen sick of a disease no doctor could cure. It might have been that. But I *think*"—she paused on the word and let the weight of her voice rest upon it—"I *think* it was because of the wealth, because she, like myself, has known poverty. There have been few *soldi* in the house, *signore.*

"You will not understand such matters," she added presently.

He shook his head, but this signified nothing; was a mere gesture. Now Rhino followed his own line of thought.

"THE granddaughter of Piero d'Este," he said.

"You know our history?"

"I know that."

The facts demanded that she should exhibit abhorrence of this dead Piero, her great-uncle. Rhino scrutinized it to determine whether it were genuine and was unable to reach a conclusion. Either it was real, deep-seated hatred or this girl was an actress of superior accomplishments.

"That Piero, now," she said, "a wicked man!"

"But the head of the family," said Rhino.

Her eyes narrowed. "A changeling," she said fiercely. "D'Este blood could not flow in the veins of such as he."

This he knew was the unfounded tradition, invented doubtless to assuage torments to the high honor of the ancient family, which throbbed and ached under the consciousness that so much dishonor bore its great name. This man who had wasted wealth, stained his hands with blood and his soul with crimes of covetousness, and come at last to a ruin in which the hand and sword and resource of Rhino Pung the elder played no mean part!

There had been romance for you—in that struggle between the beautiful *Principessa* whom the elder Rhino had worshipped and her evil brother. And in the end Piero, come face to face with a grim resolution, set pen to paper and so abdicated the title and the headship of the d'Estes to become a wanderer and adventurer, a player of games of chance and a fleecer of gulls—carrying with him, wherever his necessities led him, hatred against his sister and a gnawing hunger for revenge.

The Black Brother he had been; the Black Cousin was the daughter of his son.

"This one," said the *Principessa* toward the adjoining chamber, "—you have seen her?"

Rhino neither admitted nor denied.

"She is beautiful," said the *Principessa,* "as many men have found. Paris has known her and what remains of Vienna. Bait

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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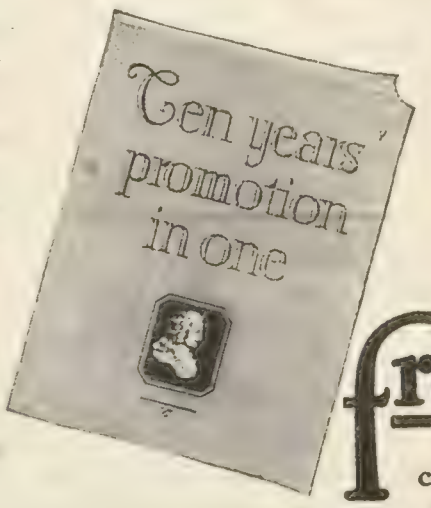

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[Cont'd from Page 33]

upon her father's hook! Ah, you do not know the dreadful things to which poverty can push one!"

This, thought Rhino, was an odd dictum, seeming as it did to savor of excuse-finding for the wickedness of the Black Cousin.

"A time came," she said, "when they were known so well along the Riviera that to live was no longer possible. Even her beauty would not draw young men—or old men—to play in her father's rooms. A dreadful life—had she not been utterly a wicked one!"

"And then?" Rhino asked.

"Then came this so great fortune of Micah Estey—who should have been named d'Este—and the pursuit of it."

"Her father?"

"DEAD, I think—and that is well. But her I have there secure. In that room she can work me no evil."

"The law!" said Rhino, thinking of the attitude that the New England State would assume in such circumstances of private justice, of abduction, and of imprisonment.

"What have I to do with the law of the courts! In this matter between me and her it were dishonor to make appeal to the law—which is never to be trusted."

"True," he said.

Then she attacked his defenses. "Why did you come here?" she demanded.

"To see," he said.

"To see what, *signore?*"

"If the *Principessa* required a friend."

"And you have found?"

"What I did not expect to find."

She nodded. "And you are my friend whose hand shall be my hand in an hour of need! Why?"

"The Principessa d'Este must know that!"

She avoided this issue, became feminine, appealing, graciously alluring.

"I should love to have a friend," she said. "As I have been poor in money so I have been poor in friends. *Signore*, you do not know the meaning of loneliness!"

"But," he said, voicing a question of importance, "this Black Cousin—was she alone?"

"It is not known," she said, "but things have happened. Things to make one afraid. I do not think she was alone."

There was one other question he desired to ask, but forbore, first because he believed he would receive no true answer, and second because the asking of the question would disclose a suspicion he wished to keep as his own secret. This question was: Who is Mr. Floresta, and what has he to do with all this?

"Now to find a way for you to leave unseen!" she said.

He waited.

Then: "When one is afraid the first impulse is to kill," she said, and there was that in her manner which told him these were no idle words.

"Who," asked Rhino, "is afraid to the point of killing?"

"Monsieur Floresta."

"Why?"

"That," she said, again bending her brows, "is not known. But there is fear. So that you must be taken from this place unseen."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Principessa drew herself up and her lip curled. "I have never been afraid," she said. "But I have been lonely and envious of the happy."

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[THE BLACK COUSIN Continued from Page Thirty-five]

Again she spoke, and this time to herself, as if she stated a thing that long had given her to think. "He has *always* been afraid," she said.

"And you?"

She drew herself up and her lip curled.

"I have never been afraid," she said. Then, with one of those sudden alterations to fragile womanhood, to winsome, wistful girlhood, she added, "But I have been lonely and envious of the happy."

One thing surprised him, vexed his thoughts, caused dark questionings to stir within him. His name seemed to convey no meaning to her. Rhino Pung! That unbeautiful name should hold a certain beauty for her, should glow with a glamour out of the past—should explain to her much. It was the name of him to whom her grandmother had given a love that was so great as to have elevated itself into a tradition, into an unwritten poem: the name of him who had loved, dared, sacrificed, fought—and then renounced. He felt he must satisfy himself upon that point.

"*Principessa,*" he said, and his eyes allowed no change in her expression to escape him, "have you the Answer?"

FOR an instant her face went blank, her eyes died, became fathomless. One might have said she strained in some great mental effort. But then she smiled.

"You mean," she said, "the letter written as an answer to my grandmother's last writing to your father?"

Rhino sighed. He was all but satisfied now. But why had she withheld recognition from his name? He put that question into words.

"It was not for me to recognize," she said simply, "but for you to recall. If you did not choose to remember"—she spread her lovely hands—"it was not for me to remind."

"Yet I came."

"And I waited."

"*Principessa,*" he said, "this Monsieur Floresta—who is no Frenchman!"

"We will not speak of him," she said.

"It has been hinted," he persisted—and it will be seen readily how he was more fluent in the Italian tongue than in his own—"that the duty of a friend should be to protect you from that man."

Her head lifted proudly. "We will not speak of him," she repeated.

"May I see the Answer?" he asked.

"On another day. First you must leave this house in safety. Oh, there must be no more blood! If there could but be peace and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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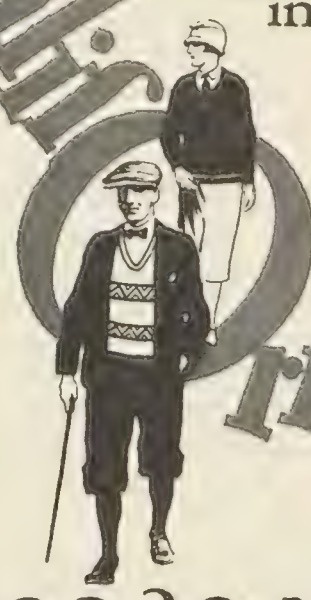

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]
kindness and a quiet life among honorable friends! He is leaving the house," she added and nodded her head. "I have a way. It is bold but that will make it the more certain."

"Yes."

She spoke now in English:

"When he is gone we shall descend very softly to sit in the library. You shall be but an ordinary caller. And when you go I will accompany you to the gate."

She considered this plan, searching for defects. "It is true none saw you come." She smiled. "You arrived in the height of the storm, seeking shelter."

He admired her resource but even now could not put aside a question as to why she should exercise it in his behalf, though he said nothing.

"A moment," she said. "I will see if we may go unseen."

She unlocked the door and passed into the long hall. He stepped to the threshold, holding himself in readiness for anything—for treachery possibly and sudden attack. But in that suspicion he wronged her, for in a moment she returned.

"Come," she said softly, and he followed down the stairs, all wet with rain as he was, and to a seat in Micah's bookless library. Only briefly did they remain there, when she walked with him to the door and so out upon the verandah.

No one was visible as they emerged; but as they walked down the graveled walk a huge man, holding in his mouth an unlighted pipe, stepped from the shrubbery scowling.

The *Principessa* paid no heed, nor did Rhino. The man stared, shook his head, remained motionless. Rhino opened the gate and stepped outside. The *Principessa* smiled and held out her hand, which Rhino took in his own huge paw—not without an instant of hesitation.

"Come to see me again," she said, "but next time by way of the front door."

Rhino nodded and, turning his back, trudged down the muddy road toward Ringboro.

His mission was accomplished. He had come to see and had seen. But as he splashed and slipped along he confessed that he did not know the meaning of what he saw.

IV.

NEXT morning Rhino Pung was abroad early, walking as he so often did walk on the roads and in the woods around Ringboro. He followed the river upward for a couple of miles until he arrived at a spot where the stream became turbulent, leaping with such fierceness as the summer drought permitted, down a fall of three steps. On either side of the fall arose crags of granite—high, permanent, indestructible. He paused, not to admire but to appraise; standing as he did so on the planked approach to a covered bridge, that led the public road across the river.

SUDDENLY from the shadowy tunnel of the bridge a voice addressed him.

"Found it, eh?" the voice demanded. "Wa-al, ye took long enough about it."

Rhino turned to peer into the long shed; saw dimly the outlines of horse and wagon. Then came a clanking and jangling as Zadok Biggs drove closer.

"Purty, hain't it?" he asked.

"What's beyond?" Rhino asked.

"Valley with high sides," said Zadok, describing with his hands.

"Natural reservoir," commented Rhino.

"I got to admit," Zadok said half to himself, "that ye hain't so dumb as your talk sounds."

"Um. Who owns it?"

"Different folks," said Zadok.

"Power Company?"

"No."

"Estey?"

"No."

"Why?"

Zadok grinned appreciatively. This question showed intelligence and the old fellow liked that commodity.

"Wa-al, fust place it was hard to buy. Heirs fightin' and sichlike. All messed up. Then, next, 'twa'n't no good to nobody as things lay. Ol' Estey he owned most of the valley beyond and he wouldn't sell. Allus took it as a kind of a pers'nal insult when the Power Company moved in here and he fit 'em tooth and nail. And, as ye kin see, 'tain't no good to the company 'thout Estey's valley."

Rhino nodded.

"So neither of 'em bought," went on Zadok, "bein' pigheaded. Mebbe they didn't want money tied up useless, and the land couldn't up and run away—anyhow, I never heard tell of any doin' so."

Rhino nodded again.

"Speakin' of Micah Estey, like we was," said Zadok, now arrived at his point of real interest, "folks is kinda cur'ous about that niece of his'n."

Rhino looked up and waited.

"But more special," said Zadok, "about that feller that looks after her business."

"What business?" asked Rhino.

"All of it. Lant Mills, down to the bank, let on he sold a lot of Micah's stocks and bonds and sich for cash."

Here was news and Zadok was rewarded with a steady, unflagging interest.

"It came to me purty straight he's offerin' the Power Company quite considerable of a bargain for all the Estey holdin's. Folks thinks it's funny."

"So," said Rhino, "it is."

"Hain't int'rested in that family special, be ye?"

"Why," asked Rhino, "do you ask?"

"Oh, I seen you scourgin' through the woods and a-peerin' up at winders. Don't tell all I know—just almost all of it." Zadok grinned. "Then you come here 'thout no warnin' right on the heels of their comin'. Says I to myself, 'Zadok, you're just by name and just by nature, but likewise you're observin'. Now what's wrong with them Estey folks, and what's them two young fellers up to?'"

"So?"

Zadok nodded. "What with wild men a-poppin' out at me and all, I'm beginnin' to kinda wonder. . . . And you hain't by no means the only ones that's been prowlin'."

"Who else?"

"STRANGE feller. Kind of an Eyetalian-lookin' man. He asked for a feller by the name of Cackle-pardin or suthin'."

"Cacopardo Zagari?" suggested Rhino.

"*Ex*-actly. But he didn't go no'eres near this Cackle-pardin, he didn't. Seen him take the way to'wards Estey's, so I kind of druv that way myself. He didn't go in. No, sir; jest prowled and looked. Now, who d'ye s'pose he was?"

"No idea," said Rhino. "Did you ever see Cacopardo prowling?"

"Hain't yit but I shouldn't be a mite s'prised. Calc'late I'll drop in and sell 'em some tinware."

Zadok pondered, then added suddenly, "Young feller, you hain't acquainted in these parts. I be."

"Yes."

"I kin be trusted," said Zadok.

"My impression," said Rhino.

"Be you a detective?" Zadok asked hopefully.

"No."

"Um. Kind of hoped ye was. Hoped mebby the' was int'restin' shennanigan a-goin' on—and b'jing, I believe the' is."

"Why?"

"Smell it" said Zadok.

Who was the golden-haired girl shut up in the Estey mansion and what fate was reserved for her? Was the black-haired Miss Estey as innocent as Harries thought her? Don't miss the startling developments in store when the mystery moves toward its solution in next week's installment.

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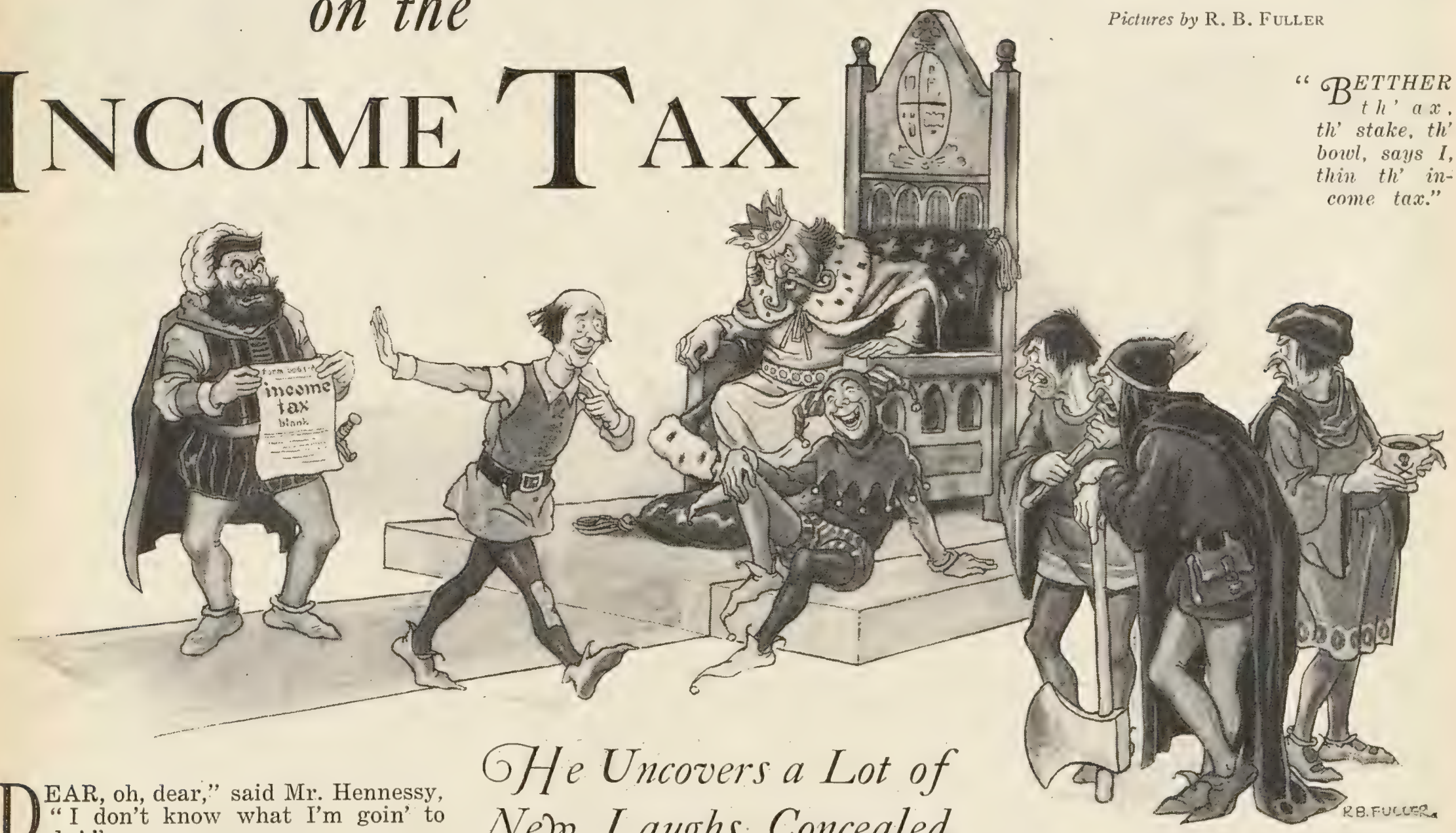
Mr. Dooley *on the* Income Tax

By

Finley Peter Dunne

Pictures by R. B. Fuller

"BETTHER th' ax, th' stake, th' bowl, says I, thin th' income tax."



He Uncovers a Lot of New Laughs Concealed in the Tax Schedule

"DEAR, oh, dear," said Mr. Hennessy, "I don't know what I'm goin' to do!"

"What's ailin' ye?" Mr. Dooley asked.

"I've been thryin' to pre-pare me income tax an' I'm disthracted out iv me mind. I'm told if I don't do it just right I'll be sint to th' calaboose."

"Ye will, too," said Mr. Dooley. "Th' law says that if ye don't make a honest an' ligible return ye'll get a fine iv tin thousan' dollars or a year in th' bridewell at th' discreetion iv th' coort. An' fr'm what I know about th' Fedhral joodicyary they're li'ble to throw discreetion to th' winds, as ye might say, an' give ye both. Hand me th' blanks an' I'll fill thim out f'r ye. It's dead aisy. I'm a gr-reat expert, though I don't pay anny taxes mesilf.

"Not on'y that, but a benificint gover'mint that knows how much good I do to th' wurruld be providin' illicit soothin' syrup f'r me neighbors won't take th' money I used to shove into th' etarnal rivnoo whin liquor d'alin' was legal but onprofitable. No, sir; undher th' statues bootleggers, burglars, gunmen, an' gamblers are eximpt like churches an' Indyans. Stolen money don't count as income. Give me th' docymints an' I'll have ye fixed up in tin minyits."

Mr. Hennessy produced three papers—one peach-colored, another light blue, and a third white.

"Th' bookkeeper at th' mills give me these," he said. "He didn't know which wan I'd need."

"Well, let's have a look at thim," said Mr. Dooley. "I like this wan in peach color. It's th' prettiest. Hold it in th' light an' ye'll see it's very becomin'. 'Twud be a shame to spile it be makin' marks on it. But ye don't have to. It's f'r fidoocyaries. Ye aren't a fidoocyary, be anny chancet, ar-re ye? Ye haven't been fidoocyatin' on th' sly without lettin' me know?"

"I shud say not," said Mr. Hennessy. "Ye know very well I've been a Dimmycrat f'r forty year."

"Well, thin," said Mr. Dooley, "we'll save this blank an' whin we get enough iv thim they'll do to pa-aper th' dinin'-room with. Let's look at this wan in robin's-egg blue. Very tasty too. Sometime I'm goin' to get Andhrew Mellon to furnish a house f'r me. He has th' gr-reat eye f'r color, so he has. But th' bookkeeper was jokin' ye whin he give ye this indictmint. It's f'r corporations like th' Steel Comp'ny an' th' pie facthry.

"If I was so low socyally as to have to pay taxes I'd pretind I was a corporation. They get off aisier. But I s'pose ye cuddent do it an' keep ye'er soul; an' as I'd like to see something iv ye in th' hereafther, mebbe we'd betther tackle th' individjool tax, which is a pure white, symbolizin', as Hogan wud say, th' conscience iv th' taxpayer befure he begins to make out his return.

"I see ye've filled out a part iv it already. Ye admit ye were livin' with ye'er husband or wife on th' las' day iv th' taxable peeryod. That's right. It's as well to be frank about these matthers. Th' gover'mint gives ye plinty iv leeway, annyhow. It don't ask ye where ye were th' r-rest iv th' time.

"Is this a joint return f'r husband an' wife? I s'pose so, though be rights ivry marri'd woman ought to make out th' return an' let her husband sind in a private mimorandum to th' collictor confessin' how much he was able to hold out on pay day. But ye're too proud to admit that ye don't injy anny income at all excipt f'r an hour a week whin ye're takin' it home in ye'er pants pocket. So we'll indulge ye'er vanity an' go on.

"I SEE ye have thirty-seven childhren depindant on ye? I'd say that was an undherestimate, but ye know best. Well, that gives us a fine start. Let's hurry an' find out how much iv a rebate ye get f'r each iv th' childher an' gran'childher. Here we ar-re! Siction eight.

"By gorry! I wuddent believe it. Why, ye lucky fellow, ye get four hundherd dollars apiece f'r thim. I niver had anny idee there was so much money in raisin' a large fam'ly. If I had I'd gone into it mesilf. It was improvidint iv me not to get marri'd 'arly. I thought I was savin' money be fightin' off th' girls an' now it's too late.

"F'r each depindant urchin undher eighteen, or above that age an' a little cuckoo, th' gover'mint gives ye four hundherd iron men—provided, howiver, that th' net income (see Siction Four) is equivalint to th' gross return on invintories (schedule eighteen, colum siven, twinty-nine an' a hundherd an' nine), deducible fr'm capital net gain at th' soorce (see insthruction nine an' forty-two an' write ye'er Congressman about it). D'ye get that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

A *revelation* in a plate of soup

Here is a revelation. To taste this cream of tomato soup—so delectably rich and smooth—you would tremble to think how much expensive cream it must have taken.

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Carnation Cream of Tomato Soup

One No. 2 can tomatoes (2⅓ cups), 2 sprigs parsley, ⅛ tsp. thyme, ¼ bay leaf, 12 peppercorns, 4 cloves, 1 slice onion, 1½ tsp. sugar, 1½ tsp. salt, 1 cup Carnation Milk diluted with 1 cup water, 1 tbsp. flour, 1 tbsp. butter, few grains pepper.

Prepare a white sauce from the diluted milk, flour, butter, salt, and pepper. Boil the tomatoes with all the seasonings for five minutes; then rub through a sieve. Combine the tomato pulp (two cups) and the white sauce (one and three-fourths cups). Serve immediately without reheating. This serves six.

"My Hundred Favorite Recipes"—Write for this unusual little book by Mrs. Mary Blake. It is free

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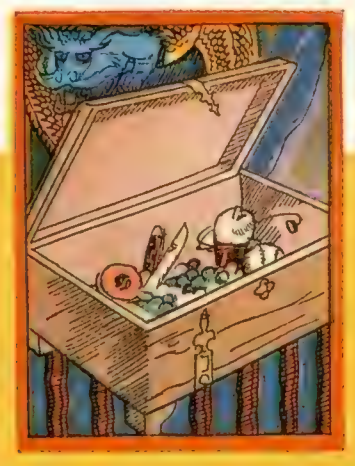

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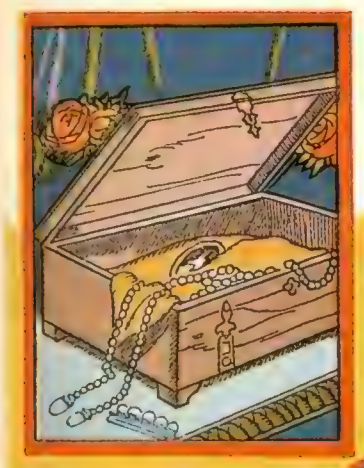
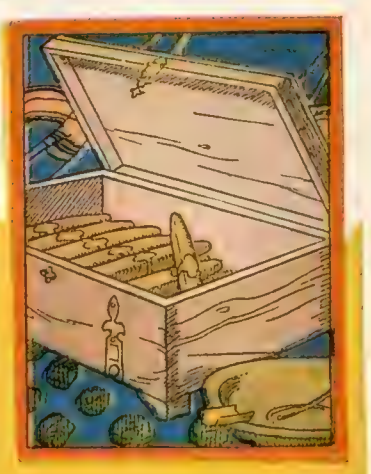


For Women –

Jewel box, work box, trinket safe, sewing box, handkerchief box, ribbon box, etc.

For Men –



Handkerchief case, shaving kit case, cigar chest, jewelry box, tie or sox box, etc.

CURTISS Baby Ruth KEEPSAKE CEDAR CHEST

At all Candy Counters–
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

into ye'er head? Why, it's as simple as th' nose on ye'er face.

"Have ye anny other deductions? Th' on'y way to make out an income tax is to read about th' deductions first an' so get into a pleasant frame iv mind. An income tax is like a novel with all th' sorrow an' anguish in th' front pages an' all th' sunshine to'rd th' end. L'ave us see what th' gover'mint has to give ye.

"Have ye anny three-an'-a-half-per-cent bonds? No, says ye. An' no other luxuries. I'll put down: 'A lady thried to sell me wan durin' th' war but I didn't like her looks.'

"Have ye anny bad debts? Cassidy owes ye three dollars? That ought to be enough. All ye shud have to say is, 'Cassidy borrid three dollars fr'm me,' an' let it go at that. If Andhrew Mellon knows Cassidy he won't ask no farther.

"BUT seemin'ly he don't, f'r he goes on to inquire what manes ye have adopted to get th' money back. Have ye sued him? Have ye garnisheed his pay? Have ye threatened his life if he don't come acrost? Oh, ye did, did ye? Well, I'll put that in: 'I chased him up th' sthreet f'r two blocks but he got on a throlley car an' elooded me.'

"Here's a place mebbe ye cud saw off a good-sized chunk. Ye're allowed to charge f'r 'wear an' tear an' obsolescence.' What's obsolescence mane, Hogan?"

"It means," said Mr. Hogan, "that you're getting to be no use any more."

"There ye ar-re, Hinnissy. There's a windfall f'r ye. Ye don't know it but ye're obsolescent. Ye're wan iv th' most obsolescent men in th' ward. Th' wear an' tear on ye in recent years has been frightful. Ye're dilapidated.

"'Tis with diff'culty that ye can make ye'er antikated frame arne expinses. Th' doctor an' dintists ar-re repairin' ye half th' time. Ye have less an' less to sell ivry day ye live. Ivry dollar ye pay out ye take fr'm ye'er capital. If th' Steel Comp'ny iv which ye ar-re a subsidyary can put aside each year something to take care iv depreecyation an' pay no taxes on it, why can't ye. I'd like to know?

"Th' gr-reat steel-projoocin' plant known as Malachi Hinnissy, that wanst was a marvel, is now about worn out. If I was ye I'd charge off at laste twinty thousan' dollars f'r depreecyation, depletion, wear an' tear, an' obsowhat-ye-call-it.

"Annyhow, let's see what th' gover'mint owes ye without that. How much is three plus three hundherd an' fifty times four hundherd? To be exact, th' gover'mint owes ye thirteen thousan' eight hundherd an' wan dollars an' no cents.

"Well, we've settled that, be hivens, so that th' meanest rivnoo officer in th' wurruld cuddent pick a flaw in it. Now let's see what we must dedooce fr'm th' deductions. How much sal'ries, wages, commissions, etcethry, did ye grab off durin' th' year? Anny returns fr'm th' Fenian bonds? No—I thought not. How much did ye siparate Judge Gary fr'm? Deductin' Sundays an' th' siventeenth to th' twintieth iv March incloosive, I shud say, roughly, that ye 'arned or stole off th' confidin' Judge in the neighborhood iv twilve hundherd dollars.

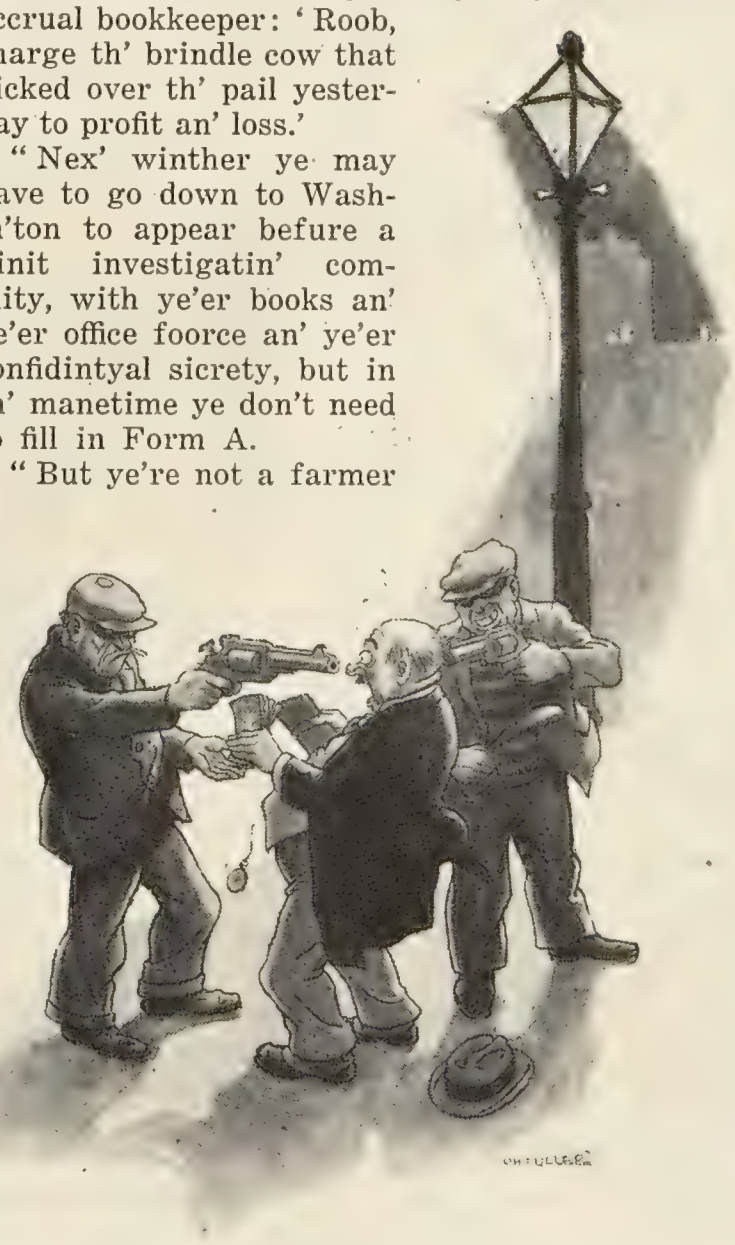
"Now all we've got to do is to find out how much ye're taxed on that an' we're through f'r th' day. Here we ar-re. Normal tax, see Item Twinty-eight. Item Twinty-eight, see Schedule Haitch. That's on th' nex' page. This is it. Schedule Haitch, see Item Five. Item Five, see Insthruction Thirty-siven. Turn over to th' nex' page.

"What did I say th' number was, thirty-five? Here it is—Siction Thirty-five: 'If th' taxpayer is a farmer he must pro-cure Form twilve hundherd an' six A fr'm th' collictor.

"But if ye're a farmer that keeps books on th' accrual system, as most thrifty husbandmen do, ye don't need to bother about Form A at all. No, sir. Ye just say to ye'er head accrual bookkeeper: 'Roob, charge th' brindle cow that kicked over th' pail yesterday to profit an' loss.'

"Nex' winther ye may have to go down to Washin'ton to appear befure a Sinit investigatin' commity, with ye'er books an' ye'er office foorce an' ye'er confidintyal sicrety, but in th' manetime ye don't need to fill in Form A.

"But ye're not a farmer



"Stolen money don't count as income."

an' it can't mean you. I must've made a mistake. Let's go back an' begin all over again. Why did ye bring this thing in, annyhow? Why don't ye make out ye'er own return? Where did we start? Item Twinty-nine, wasn't it? Item Twinty-nine, see Insthruction Siven. Insthruction Siven, see Schedule B. Schedule B, see Item Eight—see Insthruction Nine—see Naples an' die—see th' conkerin' hero comes—see Item Twinty-two an' raise it a dollar. See Siction Two hundherd an' eight (*a*), nine, iliven, an' eighty-two iv th' Revised Statues in th' County Limerick, enther Item Iliven, come out again—enther Schedule W, scratch ye'er enthry; substhract Item Fourteen, add twilve an' a half per cint f'r corkage, read th' revised statues in Cheko-Slavookia, go to law school, go to th' divvle, hire a lawyer, hire an expert accountant, subtract eight, multiply be two an' a half, fill Siction K but not Siction Y, that's had as much as is good f'r it, divide Item L be Insthruction Three hundherd an' nine, mix well, add a little nutmeg, an' sarve in a dipper. Take it away. I am not mad, I am not mad!

"I've lost me mind, I'm covered with ink an' I'll have to spind tomorrow in bed while this soot's bein' cl'aned. All I know, an' I knew it befure I see this accursed anagram, is that you don't owe th' gover'mint a cint.

"Th' on'y advice I can give a man who's expictin' to become a taxpayer is, 'Don't hurry an' don't overpay.' An' he won't give anny attintion to me advice because he don't intind to do ayether, annyhow.

"Ye can be sure iv wan thing an' that is if ye sind anny money to Washin'ton it's goin' to stick there. If ye make an' overpayment be mistake to our beloved counthry, ye'er descindants will be suein' f'r it whin th' heirs iv Jan Anneky have been paid in full an' th' threeasury has give back th' money that was lint to George Wash'n'ton be th' thriftless Fr-rinch. I'd rather have a countherfeit ticket in th' Honduras lotthry thin a claim on th' United States.

"If I overpay Connelly th' grocer he tells me about it. If ye f'rget ye'er change I holler at ye to come back. I may not holler loud but I give me conscience th' binifit iv wan squawk at laste. But whin Columbya, th' Jim iv th' Ocean, shortchanges ye, she puts th' stuff in her stockin' an' there it stays.

"If ye want to get it back ye must go to th' Supreem Coort. Th' coort gives a scared look over t'ords th' Sinit Chamber an' says: 'Has th' lady still got th' money?' 'She has,' says ye. 'Well,' says Chief Justice Brandeis, 'possession be Columbya is iliven-tenths iv th' law. Get out,' he says.

"Th' most succissful Sicrety iv th' Threeasury is th' wan that can skin th' sov'reeign citizen most thurly. If a Sicrety iv th' Threeasury hands annything back to a citizen, Jimmy Couzens hears iv it an' denounces him. 'What has th' miscreant done?' says Norris, th' Cato iv McCook's Nebraska. 'He's give a fellow back thirty dollars that he stole fr'm him.' 'Thraitor!' says Norris. 'Benedick Arnold! Impeach him,' he says. An' they bench Alexandher Hamilton an' put in Ponzi.

"A fri'nd iv Hogan's wanst wrote a piece called 'Taxation No Tyranny.' Th' divvle it ain't. What wud a tyrant be doin' with a knout if he had a good tax handy? Betther th' ax, th' stake, th' bowl, says I, thir th' income tax. What ar-re taxes good f'r, annyhow, excipt to pay a lot iv la-ads down in th' county buildin' or in Wash'n'ton while they're findin' new ways iv taxin' ye?

"If I had me way I'd support th' gover'mint be subscription th' way we do th' Home f'r th' Aged an' th' Asylum f'r th' Feeble-Minded an' other charitable institootions. Thin if ye were tired iv th' blather at Wash'n'ton, whin th' fellow come around with th' hat ye'd say: 'Not another cint. Let thim go to wurruk.'

"IT'S a good thing th' income tax comes durin' Lent. Thrue, it casts a shadow acrost Saint Patrick's Day, but, on th' whole, it's betther it shud fall due in a peeryod iv fastin' an' mortification iv th' flesh.

"Now, if a man et meat on a fast day he'd feel he'd more thin wiped out th' sin be payin' to th' gover'mint what he'd put by f'r th' shoes iv th' hostages he's give to Congress. If I didn't have a dispinsation fr'm th' gover'mint, but was a law-abidin', marri'd, fam'ly man or taxpayer or come-on, I'd a good dale rayther dhress in sackcloth, sprinkle me head with ashes, an' walk barefut to th' custom-house thin dig up at th' savin's bank f'r taxes. An' so wud annybody who knows how much harder it is to thrap a dollar thin a mountain goat in this land iv plenty."

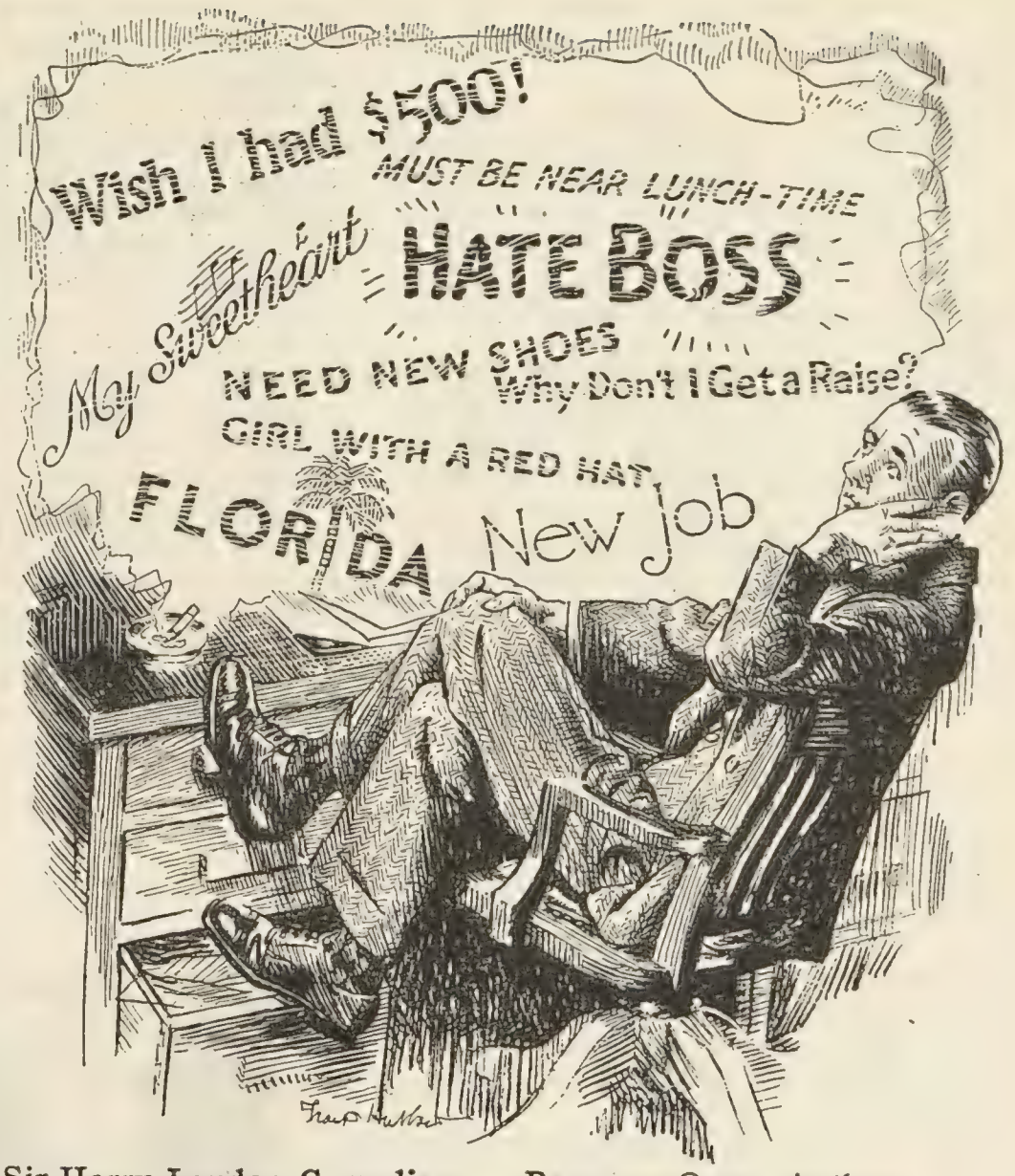
"I used to injy readin' th' income tax returns in th' pa-aper," said Mr. Hennessy.

"They were good readin'," said Mr. Dooley, "if ye like fiction."

The violent exertions of the wealthy in seeking rest and recreation are pictured by Mr. Dooley in next week's Liberty. His comments will be called: The Pleasures of the Rich.

Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes anything worthwhile!



HIS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas.

He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but DOES nothing about ANY of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is SCATTER-BRAINED.

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his POSSIBILITIES!

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to USE his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhauling.

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS.

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for ONE-TENTH of what we possess because that is all we USE. We are hundred horse-power motors deliving only TEN horse power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE, just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, UNUSED FOR SO LONG, could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually DO possess them, but they are ALMOST ATROPHIED, like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, USE.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

Was that fine ambition unattainable? OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU? Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU.

What WAS the matter with you?

Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You CAN develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you just how; 550,000 Pelmanists, MANY OF WHOM WERE HELD BACK BY YOUR VERY PROBLEM, will tell you that this is true.

Among those who advocate Pelmanism are:

T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House of Commons."
The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous Novelist.
General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.
Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.
Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.
Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist.
Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.
Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.
Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.
W. L. George, Author.
Baroness Orczy, Author.
Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It has awakened powers in individuals, all over the world, they did not DREAM they possessed.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind Training" has been written about Pelmanism. IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE. Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who NEED this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their HEADS they will realize that people cannot be HELPED by tommyrot and that there MUST be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed here.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of INDEPENDENCE left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS, and what it can do for you.

The first principle of YOUR success is to do something definite in your life. You cannot afford to remain undecided, vascillating, day-dreaming, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you FIND YOURSELF. Mail the coupon below now—while your resolve to DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF is strong.

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19 West 44th St., Suite 1383
New York City.

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 550,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

The Strong WOMAN

Love Tamed the Female Hercules and Left Her Unarmed Against Treachery

By JIM TULLY

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

Trained to see the love hunger of women, he made swift love to Lila. She responded, of course, as was her destiny.

SHE weighed four hundred pounds. Her neck, shoulders, and arms bulged with muscle. Her torso was set on hips far broader than her shoulders. Her small head was covered with short, curly flaxen hair that seemed continually damp. It looked as out of place on her mountain of body as a small knob on an immense potato.

Her feet were usually spread apart as if in readiness for some impending shock. They were covered with pink sandals that fastened with silk ribbons about her giant ankles. The circus billed her as "The Female Hercules: The Strongest Lady in the World!" The flamboyant posters showed her as a young Juno with a face as placid as Queen Victoria's.

Her face was not without attraction. Her eyes were blue and beautiful. They stared sadly at a world without understanding. She had a red, moist underlip that trembled with suppressed hurt. She would toss her head saucily as if to show the world that she was feminine, with the hopes and dreams and longings of her sex.

Twenty-five years before she had first opened her eyes in a Hanoverian village. She was christened Lila, the diminutive for "little." Life laughed at her kindly parents when the baby grew out of all proportions. At the age of twelve she could carry her father and mother. At thirteen she began to support them as a weight lifter.

She came to America at the age of sixteen, and first appeared in a Chicago museum on South State Street. After investing heavily in photographs which did not sell, she broke her contract. The manager, a waspy little Greek, objected. She twisted his neck until he yelled for mercy in Greek and English. She then tore through the museum like a raging elephant and left demolished paraphernalia in her wake.

She joined out as a side-show attraction with a traveling circus, and soon prospered. It was not long until she began to clothe herself in the fluffiest of dresses and the widest and most beribboned of hats. She imprisoned her body in the strongest of stays, and did everything to make herself as dainty as her little sisters.

Longing for love, she became an omnivorous reader of romance. Always scattered about her were paper-backed novels in German and English. They were worlds into which her tired soul escaped. Her lips would move constantly as she read.

Lila had her dreams. And they were not of the circus, but always of the man who would come. She wanted to make sure and recognize him when he did. She often talked of him. At such times she would become shy and circumspect. But deep in her heavy breast a great urge was pounding.

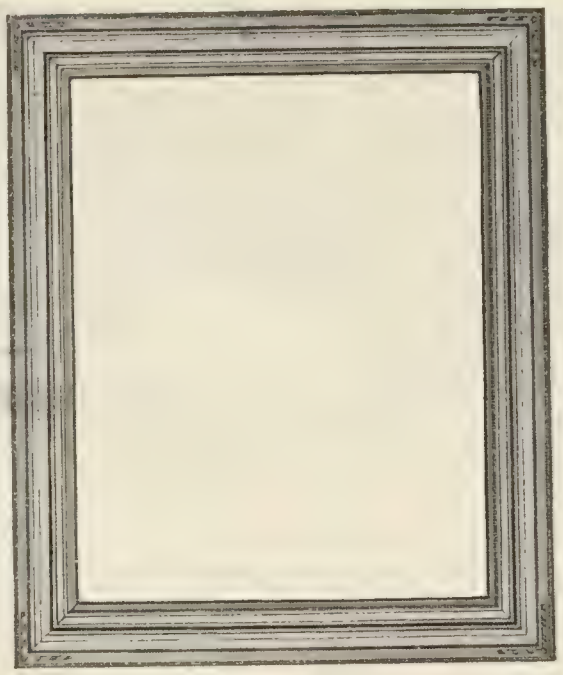
She was wealthy as circus people go. She had a bundle of express money orders almost as big as her arm. Besides, she carried a grouch bag containing two thousand dollars. A grouch bag is usually carried suspended by a cord around the neck. It might be called the reserve bank of the circus rover. Lila often loaned money on proper security and with adequate interest. And often, though she didn't like it mentioned, she gave money to those in need.

LIFE soon turned a page for Lila. On it were written many things.

The five Padronis sent for a new top-mounter to form the pinnacle of their human pyramid act. He left a stranded outfit to finish the season with us.

When Lila first saw Anton the world stood still for a moment. It then turned to chaos. He was the *man*. The great strong woman's body became limp and flabby at sight of him. She was filled with an ineffable longing.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



In advertisements like this the Alexander Hamilton Institute has printed the pictures of such men as Charles E. Hires, Roy W. Howard, Charles E. Murnan—all presidents of great corporations. What man, enrolling this month, will be as brilliantly successful two years, or five years, from now?

Will your picture fit this frame?

THIS MONTH more than two thousand men are beginning the Alexander Hamilton Institute Course.

Two years from now hundreds of them will be writing in to us. Their letters will say (just as thousands of letters in the past have said):

"My salary and position have been advanced materially, and I can say without hesitation that it would have been impossible without the knowledge I gained from the Course."*

"I want you to be the first to know the good news, and that is that I have been elected to the presidency of my Company and have taken over the entire control of its stock. . . . Your Course has had much to do with making me ready to grasp this wonderful opportunity, and I desire to give full credit where credit is due."*

"I wish I could fully express my admiration for the Course and my extreme gratitude for having learned how much easier it is to acquire knowledge thru the study of the experience of others than it is to try to gain this knowledge thru a lifetime of personal experience."*

Two years from now, when these men have finished the Course, will you have had the same advancement they have had? Or will you have made only as much progress as you made *last* year and the year before? Will you have to look back on two more years of petty salary increases, of routine promotions, when your progress might have been swift and sure?

Do you want more money?

Ask yourself this: "Why should any one pay me more next year than this year? Just for living? Just for avoiding costly blunders? I am devoting most of my waking time to business—what am I doing to make myself more expert at business?"

For more than seventeen years the Institute has helped men to shorten their path to success, to increase their earning power, to give them that added equipment that makes them stand out from other men.

There's no secret about the Institute's method. Thru texts, lectures, problems and personal advice—brought to you in your own home—the Institute gives its subscribers that broad knowledge of business principles that fits them for the high places, and the high rewards, of business. The Institute teaches you the workings of *all* departments, thus fitting you to direct other men in those departments to your profit.

You must do something to make yourself stand out

Do you want those high rewards? The famous booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business"—offered free in the coupon below—will show you the way. Without your determination to follow the path it points out, this book is worth nothing. In itself it is only a guide-post. But more than 250,000 men have found in it a way to larger income, rapid business progress, and independence.

*These are paragraphs out of real letters—the kind that come in to Alexander Hamilton Hall every day. The originals are on file. Names on request.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 489 Astor Place, New York City

Send me at once the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Modern Business

Signature.....
Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

[THE STRONG WOMAN Continued from Page Forty-five]

Everything seemed different. She gave me five dollars to run an errand for her. She was a heroine in one of her paper-backed novels. She bought more finery—and shoes that hurt her feet. She began to wear a vivid red ribbon across her forehead. She also purchased two yards of fancy elastic with which to make new garters.

ANTON sat at a table across from her in the cookhouse. She always watched him—fascinated. He was lithe, delicate, and furtive eyed.

Alas, poor Lila—the pity of life and the wonder—the owls that would be eagles—and Amazons that would be sylphs!

Anton once played with his food as Lila watched. He felt superior to the fare placed in front of him. "The poor thing," thought Lila. "Maybe he's sick." She called the waiter and said, "Tell the chef to give you some of mine chicken unt to slice it up nice." The waiter started toward the kitchen nonplused, when Lila called, "Give it to the nice-lookin' man sidding over there," pointing to Anton.

When the waiter placed the chicken in front of him Anton looked up in surprise. When told that Lila had donated the delicacy he bowed toward her.

Lila's heart pumped faster.

"Who is the fat heifer?" he asked the waiter.

"Oh, she's the Female Hercules. She works in the side show. She ain't a bad egg," replied the waiter.

"Not half bad," commented Anton. "Good chicken, too."

Though contact between those who work in the side show and those who listen to the applause of the big top is always limited, they soon became friends. When they first shook hands Anton expected crushed fingers. Instead, Lila's handshake was so gentle it would not have crushed a rose leaf. And when Anton smiled at Lila, half in ridicule, it filled her whole life with joyful madness. She would look in his eyes and forget she was the Female Hercules. The starved woman's soul in her fluttered and sang.

When she turned away from Anton he would laugh sardonically. She did not know. A woman in love is not an analyst. Else whom would she marry? Her eyes held a soft light and her mammoth breast filled with desire to embrace the world—at thought of Anton.

Trained to see the love hunger of women, he made swift love to Lila. She responded, of course, as was her destiny.

She became more valuable to the side show, surpassing all previous efforts in weight lifting. Once, after Anton had petted her, she lifted eleven New York farmers and one editor.

With increasing strength came increasing dreams. She pictured herself in a little white-tiled German kitchen in the Valley of the Rhine. She would sing to herself as she prepared food for Anton.

Once Lila saw Anton dining with Marie, the bareback rider, who was slender and beautiful. She returned to her tent with heart as heavy as her body and picked up a paper-backed novel. She tried to read for a long time. Her blue eyes blurred.

"It be not fair!" she sobbed. "It be not fair!"

She tore the book in two and walked to the mirror.

"Mein Gott," she wailed, "you be not good to me!"

That agony passed quickly. For no woman was ever a realist long.

Lila soon had dreams again.

She saw a garden with cabbages, kohlrabi, carrots, and onions, and white geese swimming on the river. She saw Anton, the master, riding a black stallion over their farm. And often as she dreamed a voice would break in on her reverie: "Inside, ladies an' gentlemen, is the Female Hercules—the strongest woman in the world."

Lila was a real woman and not subtle. She told Anton how much money she had saved. All unaware she immediately became more attractive to him.

THE top-mounter never had money. The dice game in the stake-and-chain wagon was the principal reason. He owed five hundred dollars to Buddy Conroy, who operated the game. He had promised to pay so much each time the ghost walked. But he had not paid.

Anton always expected to win a great sum at each game. Just why is quite unfathomable. Conroy was at the head of an able crew. Any of them could take a pair of dice and roll the scale—from two to twelve and back again. They would shoot dice all summer on the road and work in Chicago gambling houses during the winter.

While the days merged into fall Anton was a busy person. He was winning with Lila and losing with Conroy. Somehow he never seemed able to pay Conroy anything.

Lila had loaned him small sums,

which he always forced her to take back.

"No gentleman would take money for keeps from a woman, Lila, my little dear," he would tell her. And again Lila saw angels throwing roses from the sky.

It was the last pay day before the circus closed. All wanted to win money for the winter. Excitement ran high.

"Now listen, Mounter. I want you to pay me after the game if you win," said Conroy as he winked at a pal.

"All right, I will," answered Anton. "I feel lucky today."

Anton was really lucky at first.

Then a pair of loaded dice entered the game. He lost four times in a row. The last pass took every cent he had.

After it was over Conroy said, "Listen, guy, you had your chance. Now 'f you don't pay me before the show closes, I'll have the gang beat you up—*see?*"

"I'll pay you, Buddy—just give me time."

"Well, you better," returned Conroy.

Anton wandered down the midway, thinking of Lila.

As he approached her stand inside the tent, she gave him a warm smile.

"Say, listen, Lila—I've got something *very important* to talk to you about," he said as the band blared outside. "Can I see you tonight, girlie?"

Lila's heart leaped. She could hardly control herself.

"Why—why—yes. Come right here after the show," she said.

"All right, Lila."

"What a cinch!" he thought, as he went to his dressing-room.

THE evening dragged slowly for Lila. When the last show was over she hurried to her tent. She took her usual rubdown with more energy and then bathed herself with eau de cologne. She then dressed in her finest garments.

With trembling fingers she fastened snaps and tied bows. The big moment of her life was rapidly approaching. She listened joyfully to the band playing in the big show. She could tell by the number being played how far the show had advanced. It would not be long till the finale. The races were now on. She must hurry. She floundered, rhinoceros-like, about the tent. She looked in the mirror and for the tenth time dabbed powder on her face.

She then sat down on a specially built canvas chair and tried to compose herself. All the drowned emotions of her life bubbled to the surface. She felt like singing. Twice she rose and looked outdoors. Then she sang some melancholy German lines.

And if the stars in heaven
My sufferings could know
Their light would soon be given
To lessen of my woe. . . .

But none of them can know it;
One only knows my pain,
And only him could do it
Has rent my heart in twain.

Her heavy voice boomed through the little tent as a sudden burst of wind flapped the covers of her paper-backed novels.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The manager, a waspy little Greek, objected. She twisted his neck until he yelled for mercy in Greek and English.

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*Phonograph Attachment
WITH this sturdy Tower Unit you can convert your phonograph reproducer into a loud-speaker that will rival the most expensive makes in tone quality and volume. Adjustable, fits all standard phonographs, and is equipped with the marvelous Tower double diaphragm which registers highest tones as well as lowest.
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WORLD'S GREATEST SPEAKER VALUES

They make $15 to $20 a Day

Let me show you how they do it!

Did you ever stop to consider that right now you might be making twice as much money as you actually are earning?

I have shown hundreds of men and women the way to increased income. If you are in need of more money, if you are looking for an opportunity to earn *$10 to $20 a day right from the start,* my high-grade, successful proposition is bound to interest you.

Thos. Chiasson, Mass., accepted my offer and made *$33.20 clear profit the first 10 hours.* Ed Belding, Mich., made *$25.60 in 8 hours.* Mrs. G. H. Michelsen, Neb., cleared *$16 in a single afternoon.* Henry Heintjes, N. J. earned as much as *$30 in one day.* C. Vaughn, Ohio, says his earnings have reached *$125 in a week.* Mrs. B. F. Bagmell, La., writes that she averages *$10 to $15 a day in spare time.* Wouldn't YOU like to be making as much money as these people? I will give you the opportunity to do it—the very same opportunity that I gave to Mrs. Bagmell, Mr. Vaughn and many others. And besides the large cash earnings, I will show you how you can get a new Hudson Super-Six Coach *absolutely free!*

No Capital Or Experience Required

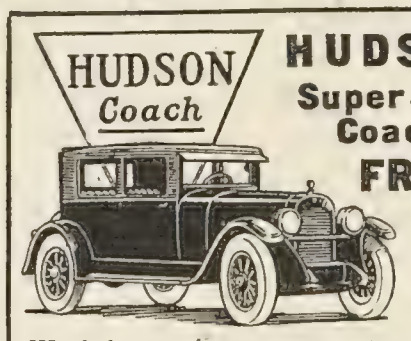
I don't care what your experience or education has been, nor does your age make any difference. I need 250 men and women, who are reliable and ambitious. It is a remarkable chance for you to make $10 to $20 a day—$60, $80, or even $100 a week. You can devote full time or spare time. You don't risk a cent of capital and you won't be obliged to pay for any course of training. I give you, free, the few easily-understood directions for conducting the work.

We are one of the largest and most successful concerns of our kind in the country. We have been in business for 19 years. Our resources are over a million dollars. We are the originators and manufacturers of ZANOL Quality-First Products, which you doubtless have seen advertised in The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, McCall's, and many other leading publications. We have hundreds of thousands of customers located in every part of the country. During past twelve months these customers bought millions of dollars' worth of ZANOL Products from us.

How You Can Make $50 to $60 a Week

In every community we appoint a reliable man or woman to take care of our business. In this pleasant, dignified way our Representatives made *nearly two million dollars* last year. This year they will make even more money.

If you will accept my offer now, you can begin to make big money at once. I will give you an exclusive territory.



HUDSON Super-Six Coach FREE!

We help you in every way to make big earnings and we also offer to provide a new Hudson Super-Six Coach without any expense to you whatever. The car is given to you free of all restrictions and becomes your personal, permanent property. Just mail the coupon for complete details of our new plan that enables you to earn $10 to $20 a day and also will give you this handsome closed car FREE.

I will help you to get every dollar's worth of business from your territory. I will protect your interest, so that you, and you alone, will get all of the profits.

All I ask you to do is to introduce yourself as the ZANOL Representative in your locality. You should make a good profit the first day. I will tell you exactly what to do. I will tell you where to go, what to say and how to make money. The more time you give to the business the more money you will make. The profits are there, waiting for you to take them. You will have identically the same opportunity that enabled Edgar Morris, Ohio, to make *$210 the first two weeks;* that enabled Mrs. B. L. Hodges, N. Y., to clear *$18 to $20 a day; that enabled* B. A. Smith, Fla., to make *$3 to $5 an hour;* that enabled Mrs. K. R. Roof, S. C., to earn *$50 the first week in spare time.*

Send No Money

If you want to make $10 to $20 a day and get a Hudson Coach free, all you need to do now is write. You won't believe what an exceptional opportunity this is, nor what big money you can readily make, until you get started and the money begins to roll in. I will furnish complete equipment free. I will help in every possible way to make things easy for you.

Don't send me any money. It isn't necessary. *You risk absolutely nothing.* You don't have to agree to pay anything, to do anything. I will give you all the details. I will show you how to make $10 to $20 a day—or $5 to $8 a day in spare time. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, honorable, pleasant and fascinating business of your own. This is the one opportunity that you have been waiting for. It is your chance to get ahead. So fill out and mail the coupon at once. Don't let this opportunity slip through your fingers. Don't delay until it is too late. Mail the coupon NOW.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
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Dept. 5236 Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co.,
Dept. 5236, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I want to know how I can earn $10 to $20 a day as the ZANOL Representative in my locality. Send me all the facts about your money-making proposition, without cost or obligation to me.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

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[THE STRONG WOMAN Continued from Page Forty-seven]

"Something very important" . . . her mind clung to the words . . . then dreams again . . . more dreams . . . a long honeymoon. . . . Maybe she'd just work at the fairs and let Anton run the little farm. Maybe she wouldn't have to lift so many farmers on a plank at the fairs—three or four would be enough . . . That would be easy . . . and it didn't make no difference if the place wasn't on the Rhine. . . . America was plenty good with Anton. . . . A chicken coop chuck-full of white hens.

She closed her eyes and held her head back.

Resting her great hands on the arms of the canvas chair she sat quite still, her mountainous body dressed in delicate finery. Through her flaxen head roved dreams one after another. It was as if she sailed a beautiful river and saw one wonderful farm after another—with houses all white and slate roofs and gilded lightning rods, and cattle lolling in the shade of red barns. Anton would like a farm in this country . . . he had told her so.

SHE felt the money in her grouch bag.

The dream intoxicated her.

Then a voice said: "Hello, Lila—you sleepin'?"

"Oh, no, Anton. I was chust dreamin'. Come on in an' sid down. Here, over here. Dot's fine!"

Anton smiled confidently while Lila wiped her forehead with an insufficient square of lace.

"My, ain't it warm tonight?" she asked.

"It sure is," replied Anton, while actually wondering why she had no oil heater in her tent.

He moved closer to her. "Lila, you do like me, don't you? You like me a lot, don't you, dear? You're my real friend, hain't you, dear?"

She rubbed her heavy hands together.

"Oh, more so than a friend do I like you, Anton—much more so than a friend—much more so—I wonder kin you know how much more so, Anton?"

"Yes, I know—that's fine, dear," returned Anton, looking about at the tent's tawdry disarray.

"You know the season's closing next week, don't you, Lila?"

"Dot's right," assented Lila, moving closer to Anton.

"Well, you see, Lila—I'm broke—and I wondered——"

"Oh, never mind dot, Anton—I'm so much more than a friend—never don't mind dot—I have got plenty for both——"

"That's fine of you, Lila—you're a peach—you'll make a wonderful wife. You sure got it on Marie

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pep Up with *Peptona!*

Peptona will bring back that bracing, vigorous feeling of youth! Don't drag about, wishing you felt better. *Peptona* enriches your blood, tones up your general condition, pulls you up to topnotch.

Now, in the spring, you need this tonic pick-up. Guard against sickness by making yourself absolutely fit.

Peptona is pleasant to take and will not upset your stomach. Get it now. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your*

Rexall Drug Store

You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also Rexall stores

He Adored

The Hair-Free Beauty of Her Soft White Arms . .

The hair-free skin of her smooth, round arms was like the creamy petal of a rose—soft as velvet to his impulsive caress. All women were not like that—he knew. *She* knew that before she learned of NEET *her* arms were blemished with hair.

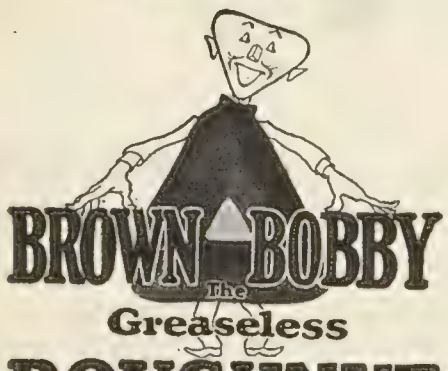
The wonderful thing about Neet, the dainty hair-removing cream, is that it is ready to use the moment you buy it. You merely smooth it on and then rinse away the unsightly hair. The liberal sized 50c tube can be had at almost every drug or department store. Call for Neet by name. Accept no substitute.

HANNIBAL PHAR. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Neet

The Hair Removing Cream

New Food Sensation *offers* Big Profits *to* YOU



BROWN BOBBY The Greaseless DOUGHNUT

Great opportunity for wide awake men and women to make big profits in this surprising new product—the Greaseless Doughnut. A big, new source of business for lunch counters, drug and candy stores, tea rooms, bakeries, grocers and soft drink parlors.

Wonderful openings for Brown Bobby Specialty Shops—never possible before because the odor of boiling grease drove trade away. Women everywhere, interested in making money at home, can realize big profits making Brown Bobbys to fill the hungry demand that will grow like wildfire as soon as this new food sensation is introduced in the locality.

Imagine—a Greaseless Doughnut!—Think of the tremendous possibilities! Brown Bobby has all of the brown, crisp, toothsome tastiness of old-time doughnuts—without the odors, the sogginess, the indigestible qualities that are inseparable from deep fat frying.

$3000 in 3 Months

That is the record of profit made by Thos. Minch in his Brown Bobby Shop. People flocked to get them—consumed dozens a day on the spot—carried away tens of dozens.

One simple, inexpensive, electrically operated Brown Bobby machine makes a full dozen every 3 minutes—costless than 1c apiece. No odors. No fussing. No skill required. Just add cold water to our patented "Mix." Six distinct types of Brown Bobby to meet every taste. New recipes never possible before in doughnut making. All Brown Bobbys are crispy, brown and flakey—yet not a trace of lard, oils, or grease used in cooking.

Write Quick!

Be the first in your locality to get the first easy profits from Brown Bobby. Whatever your present line-up, we have a plan that will show a practical way for YOU to cash in on Brown Bobby—the newest invention in the food world—the *Greaseless Doughnut*. Write at once—Get the facts now. Profits are waiting.

Food Display Machine Corp.
28 E. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 17-63, Chicago

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

five ways from Sunday. I'm offa her the more I see of you, little one."

A pause.

"You know, Lila," he resumed, "I get tired of the show business, as I told you before. I'd like to settle down, wouldn't you? I gotta letter today from a buddy. He's got the finest little piece of land with a lake on it."

"Yah—yah—go on—go on!" said Lila.

"Well, a fellow could get it for three thousand, and he could raise everything on it. Why, they say the wild geese come there by the thousands. And you can sell 'em for a dollar apiece.

"It's a trick lake, Lila—the geese light on it in the winter and it freezes over every night—then all you have to do is to wait till morning and go out in a boat and load it with geese. You can catch forty thousand geese every winter that way. He told me about it because he's got a gold mine near Pittsburgh and ain't got time to work the farm any more. Says he's tired of draggin' geese offen the lake."

"Is dot so? How good dot is," smiled Lila.

"I'll say it's good, Lila—the house is on a big hill and you can see through the trees for miles and miles. Gosh! I never had such a good time. I sure wish I could buy the place, but then I ain't got no money. You know I got hurt last year making the last mount. My foot slipped offa Benito's shoulder and I spilled—cracked three ribs—it's kep' me broke ever since."

"WHY, you poor poy," said Lila, "poor poy. An' yust to think you must work now." She stroked his hair. "Why diden' you ask for more money?"

"Well, it is pretty tough, Lila—but you know. I'm all man, I am—I never whimper—I got an old mother an' I'm good to her. She always says to me, she says, 'A boy who'll be good to his old mother'll be good to any other woman,' and I always pet her an' say, 'Shut up, ma—you old jollier.' Course, 'way down deep I admire women. If it wasn't for women how'd any of us get here?"

There was never such a light in Lila's eyes before.

"You good—good poy," she said, holding his head against her ample bosom, large enough for the miseries of the world. "Such a good poy—an' dot little lake dat the geese come to—poor geese! We'll let your mudder stay wit' us, too. We won't hurt the geese."

"You know, Lila, I'm learnin' to think a lot o' you. You're a mighty fine woman—you got a heart in you bigger'n all outdoors. I ain't never seen a woman like

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WINNERS *in the* $1000.00 LUDEN Menthol Cough Drop CONTEST

Thousands of letters were received in the contest of interesting situations where Luden's Menthol Cough Drops had brought quick and welcome relief—most of them so excellent, that the judges found it a long and exacting task to decide on the winners.

1st Prize of $200.00—Mrs. Edith M. Hampton, 118 Sixth St., Ballinger, Tex.
Second Prize of $100.00—Mrs. M. A. Baker, Route 2, Cooper, Tex.
Third Prize, $50.00—Miss Verna Miller, 306 S. Pearl St., Shamokin, Pa.
Fourth Prize, $25.00—Ben A. Mathes, So. Berwick, Me.

Thirty Prizes of $10.00 each

Ethel M. Kern, 1818 Bennett Ave., Dallas, Tex.; Edward W. Preble, 246 West 59th St., New York, N. Y.; Annie E. Ent, 1324 W. 7th St., Wilmington, Del.; Lyle Heintz, Collins, Ia.; Frank J. Zaffke, 55 Cottage St., Dansville, N. Y.; C. W. L. McCrory, 219 West 5th St., Bartlesville, Okla.; Walter D. Shear, Lincoln, Nebr.; Harry Eisenhut, 87 Stratton St., Yonkers, N. Y.; Mrs. Ethel M. Wegert, 4532 Glenway Ave., Price Hill, Cincinnati, O.; Millard Crowdus, 10 City Hall, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. H. F. Maynard, 1317 Dirr Ave., Parsons, Kans.; Margye Farnell, Payson, Ariz.; Mrs. E. R. Brown, P. O. Box 238, Goldsboro, N. C.; John J. Leyden, 221 High St., Boston, Mass.; Burt L. Monroe, 210 S. Peterson Ave., Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Winnifred I. Woodard, Box 36, Boulder Creek, Cal.; Walter Statham, 146 Ward St., Paterson, N. J.; L. E. Pedley, 740 N. Doheny Dr., West Hollywood, Calif.; Thos. C. Kern, 17 Shady Lane, Johnston, Pa.; Alfred Dreyling, Box 158, Parlin, N. J.; Maude A. Briggs, Guilford St., Brattleboro, Vt.; O. L. Sandy, 422 N. Nye Ave., Fremont, Nebr.; Moe Furman, 1151 N. Vermont St., Hollywood, Calif.; Geo. D. King, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.; Charles Curtis, 611 Ninth Ave., Seattle, Wash.; J. Ladd, Torrance, Calif.; Wm. C. Alexander, 151 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.; Mrs. A. C. LeDuc, 800 N. Broome St., Wilmington, Del.; L. B. Walden, Altavista, Va.; Gertrude H. Neuwirth, 516 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sixty-five Prizes of $5.00 each

C. Paul Douglas, 3 Irene St., Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Evelyn Estes, 1109½ Gervais St., Columbia, S. C.; Fred J. Turner, 574 Bay Ridge Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Geo. O. Reed, 2724 42d St., Sacramento, Calif.; Mrs. John J. Hammond, 1758 S. Logan, Denver, Colo.; Ross Chidester, P. O. Box 386, Pleasantville, N. Y.; G. H. Wilson, 1021 S. Indiana Ave., Kokomo, Ind.; Jack Fogarty, 155 E. 33d St., New York, N. Y.; Wm. Kent, 8855 E. Canfield Ave., Detroit, Mich.; R. E. Morris, P. O. Box 811, Mobile, Ala.; George Lee, 206 Van Buren St., Newark, N. J.; G. A. Riley, 915 N. 65th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Edw. N. Bartel, Northwestern College, Watertown, Wis.; Mrs. Geo. A. Coleman, 21 Tennyson St., Worcester, Mass.; Walter E. Wright, Washington High School, Massillon, O.; Leona M. Zwissler, 1532 Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.; Mr. & Mrs. A. S. Teater, 3012 Fifth Ave., Rock Island, Ill.; Harry W. Stanley, 521 S. Warren St., Trenton, N. J.; J. Walter Jones, 16 Millbury St., Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Orion Proctor, 303 N. Church St., Dublin, Ga.; Charles Jennejahn, Box 116, East Northport, N. Y.; F. H. Hertel, 1016 Atlas Bldg., Columbus, O.; Albert F. Irving, 22 W. Cottage St., Boston, 25, Mass.; Chas. F. McCormick, Tuberculosis Hospital, Toledo, O.; Alfred B. C. Batson, 82 University Place, New York City, N. Y.; Geo. F. Tucker, Box 106, Dayton, Ore.; C. L. Holland, 215 Greenwich Ave., Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Clara Eliz. Miller, Box 384, St. Charles, Minn.; Chas. G. Whitehead, 993 N. Carrollton Ave., New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Eliz. Rogers, 411 North B St., Aberdeen, Wash.; C. Gonzales, 1521 Hays St., San Antonio, Tex.; Paul A. Johnston, 612 West 14th St., Davenport, Ia.; Margaret E. Jones, 607 Baldwin Ave., Detroit, Mich.; L. H. Murray, 552 West State St., Springfield, O.; Mrs. Christine Frederick, 15 West 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Mr. John C. St. Clair, 612 Chestnut St., Johnstown, Pa.; J. C. Washburn, Box 427, Badin, N. C.; Charles Cox, Rockport, Mo.; H. J. Ronaldson, 104 E. Pikes Peak Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mrs. Addison Miller, Box 474, Coral Gables, Fla.; M. E. Exline, 204 West St., Sullivan, Ind.; Mrs. Virginia R. Grundy, P. O. Box 718, Meridian, Miss.; Mary C. O'Donnell, 88 Temple St., Paterson, N. J.; Annette Blake Stevenson, Rocky Ford, Colo.; E. F. Dickerson, P. O. Box 177, Albert Lea, Minn.; Christine Wagner, 732 Second St., Eureka, Calif.; Bernard Shearer, 600 E. 55th St., New York, N. Y.; C. S. Stuart, 213 East Van Buren St., Phoenix, Ariz.; Donley M. Steele, Cayuga, N. Y.; Charles Gilbert, 917 Bryant Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C., N. Y.; Theodosia A. Hession, 377 E. 48th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Julia B. Marsters, East Sandwich, Mass.; Albert E. Forney, 4512 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. C. Michel, 1023 Summit Ave., Jersey City, N. J.; Pearl Pollock Stanforth, Point Pleasant, W. Va.; G. V. Odell, Earlsboro, Okla.; Wallace F. Plunkett, 37 Saratoga Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.; Frederick Blanchard, 670 Eighth Ave., New York City, N. Y.; Wm. J. Rollo, 1621 Glendale Ave., Detroit, Mich.; Laura Stedfeld, 516 Eastern Parkway, N. Y. C. (Bklyn.) N. Y.; W. L. Dobbs, Greenville, S. C.; Mrs. Wm. A. Newman, 530 Scott St., Wausau, Wis.; Charles Raynes, P. O. Box 285, Fairville, N. B., Can.; We-tuh Kwauk, 46 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.; Karl J. Miller, 720 19th St., Ambridge, Pa.

Checks have been mailed, and Wm. H. Luden, Inc., Reading, Pa., cordially thanks all those who wrote us of unusual ways in which Luden's Menthol Cough Drops have been of value.

I Offer You $15 a Day

Make $15 a day selling this wonderful new household article that has taken the country by storm. It is CED-O-BAG—a moth-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof, germ-proof storage bag for clothes, blankets and furs. It is the greatest, fastest-selling household article that has come on the market for years. Every housewife wants one, buys on sight.

CED-O-BAGS are made from rubberized fabric which has been chemically treated. They are patented, nothing else like them. Instead of a small, easily torn paper bag or a clumsy, expensive cedar chest, a CED-O-BAG provides adequate space for two to four garments. And yet, with all these distinctive advantages CED-O-BAGS are priced for quick sale.

Ced-O-Bags Offer Big Profits

There is a chance for you to clean up a lot of money in your town at once just by taking orders for CED-O-BAGS. L. H. Green went out and made a clear profit of $12 in one afternoon. J. V. Davis took five orders in one evening and was $5 richer. Edith Phillips made $53 in one week's spare time (evenings). You can do as well, or better.

No Experience Needed

You don't need experience or training. Every home in your town is a live prospect.

All you have to do is show the housewife a CED-O-BAG and take her order. We deliver and collect. You get your profits at once, and move on to the next house and take another order. Everyone buys. Geo. Jones took 22 orders in two days' spare time and had a clear profit of $22. 21 agents report an average profit of $3 an hour.

How Much Money Do You Want?

Would you like to make an extra $100 or $200 a month, in your spare time? Would you like to gather a lump sum of $500 or $600 in a couple of months? If you would, here is your chance. Mail me the coupon and I will tell you all about this money-making proposition. I will show you how you can make $15 a day or more in this easy, pleasant, engaging work. I will show you the way to quick profits—big profits. Mail the coupon now.

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Mail This Now

C. E. Comer, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 607-F, Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sir: Please send me full details of your money-making proposition by which I can make $15 a day in cash. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

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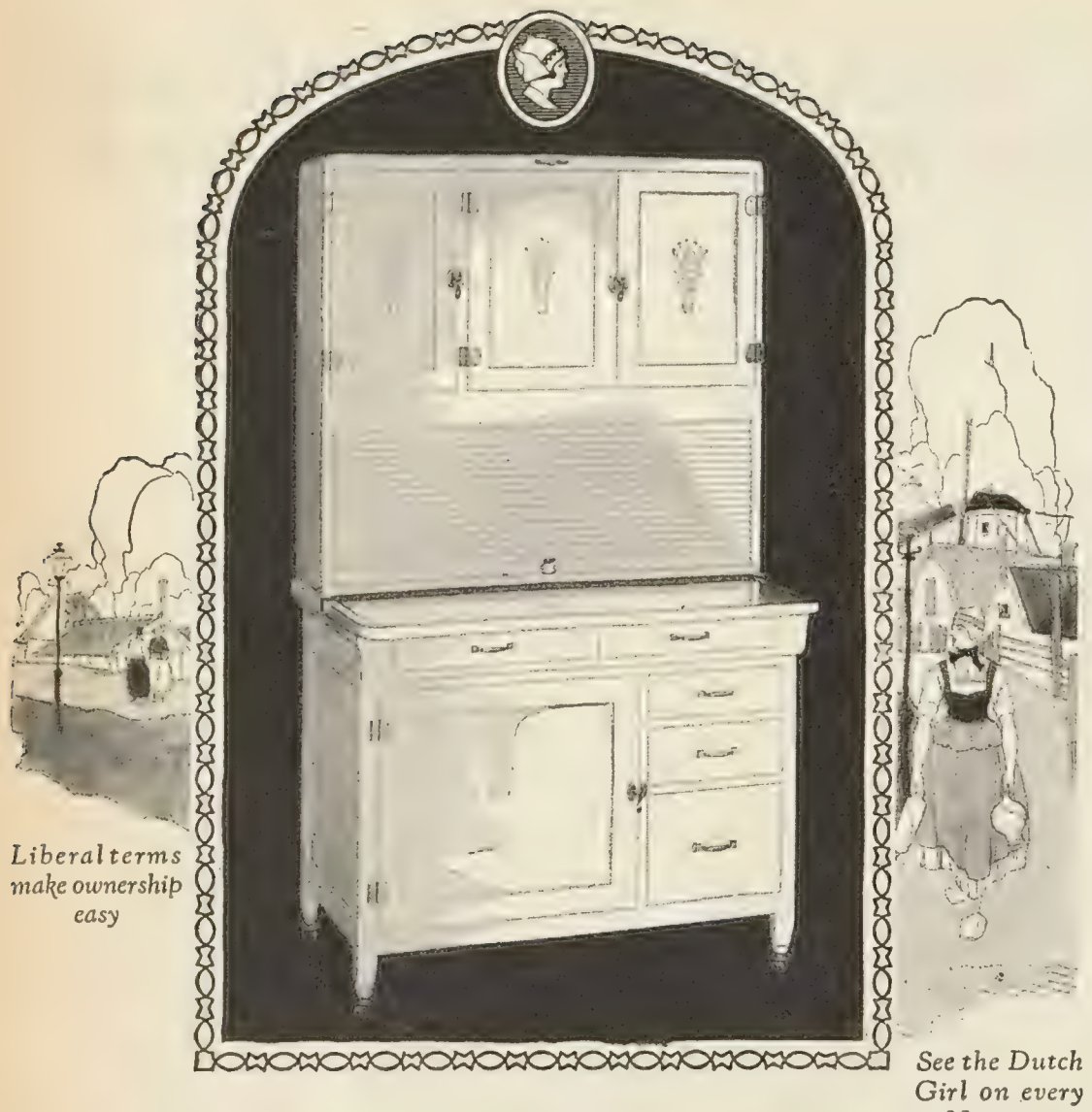

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Something more than a kitchen cabinet

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The Napanee is entirely distinctive. It looks and operates like a kitchen cabinet, has every kitchen cabinet feature; but it is built like fine furniture. It gives you the durability and long service that only this finer construction can afford. And that means permanent satisfaction.

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The Purity of Cuticura
Makes It Unexcelled
For All Toilet Purposes

[THE STRONG WOMAN Continued from Page Forty-nine]

you, I ain't. How capable you are and how strong!"

"Oh, Anton, I do be strong—but you don't know how hard it be before you come . . . so lonesome—all the time I sit an' read an' I want my man, too—an' my little house, an' my lake, an' my geese, an' odder t'ings like odder women. An' here all time I leeft men an' cows an' t'ings. Oh, I'm so hapee, *so hapee!*" She clapped her hands together. Anton jumped at the noise.

"I leeft sometimes an' my shoulders they hurt—an' nobody t'inks dot I ever be seek—but, oh, Anton, I do be sometimes so seek I can't see all de people who gawk at me aliftin' farmers."

"That's a tough life, dearie; but you know it won't last forever. There's happier days ahead now." He put his arms gently halfway about her. "Wonderful woman," he crooned, "just like a little girl."

THERE was a joyful pause for Lila.

"Can you cook, girlie?" asked Anton.

"Oh, yes, yes, Anton—I can cook everyt'ing an' can make lager be-eer—unt smearcase, unt——"

"Well, that'll be fine. I'll tell you, Lila—what do you say we buy that little farm I told you about? I can wire my friend fifteen hundred if you say so—then we can get married the last day of the circus here—and by that time my friend'll have everything fixed for us, and we can go right there. It ain't far to New York State from here. It's only eleven now, an' I can git down and wire the money before twelve."

"Oh, dot'll be fine, Anton; here, I gif it all to you—all in my grouch bag." She tore it from her neck and handed it to him. "Blessy poy—so good, so kind—so much more'n a friend I love you so much—much more—you breeng me hapeeness.'"

Anton's hands shook as he took the twenty hundred-dollar bills the bag contained.

"Don't shake, Anton, poy. I'm hapeer'n you," Lila said, as she rose and walked with him to the tent door.

"I'll be back in an hour; it may take a little longer; but don't worry, girlie—I'll be here, sure." Anton smiled as he kissed her cheek.

She was too happy to read for the next hour.

. . . . . .

Three mornings later they found her in crumpled finery. A little blue bottle was clenched in her right hand. Many paper-backed novels were piled near her trunk. It was packed as if for a long journey.

THE END

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Boy Blue
ORIGINAL CONDENSED LIQUID
BLUING

LITTLE BOY BLUE BLUING comes in concentrated liquid form—there's nothing to dry out and become inefficient—and each drop is *all* blue.

There are no particles to drop on your clothes and streak and spot them. Handy to use from the dropper cap. The most economical bluing made. No other bluing will satisfy you once you have tried LITTLE BOY BLUE.

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WOMEN!
There* IS *a way to retain daintiness

How haunting the fear! How embarrassing should you discover it true! And yet this is a problem with which *every* woman has to contend!

The thousands of fastidious women who use *Eau de Cologne-No. 4* are truly to be envied, for theirs is a dainty personal deodorant that *neutralizes all body odors* but does not check natural perspiration. Thus they preserve their daintiness the entire day through.

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Eau de Cologne-No. 4 is a personal toilette water, of a rare fragrance that you will like. It cleanses each tiny pore of the skin and leaves a velvet soft surface—free from all excess of oils . . . a perfect powder base. Use it as a last touch of finesse—in the bath and after.

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The T'ang Mirror

The Strange Story of a Man Who Lost His Soul in the Struggle for an Enticing Woman

By
Edward Knoblock

Pictures by W. T. Benda

"YOU are the only woman in the world to wear my mother's pearls. They are yours."

So wrote Paul Livingston De Peyster to Moraska, the Polish singer, whose wiles had made him forget that he was sixty; had made him forget, too, his promise to his mother that the pearls should be kept for his wife, or, in case he never married, should be given to his cousin, Sally Green.

But De Peyster, wealthy art collector, had been too selfish ever to marry.

The T'ang mirror, the gem of his art collection, bore a strange inscription on its back: ONLY THE DEAD CANNOT SEE THEMSELVES IN MY LIGHT. An expert on Chinese languages had explained that "dead" meant "dead of soul," not "dead of body."

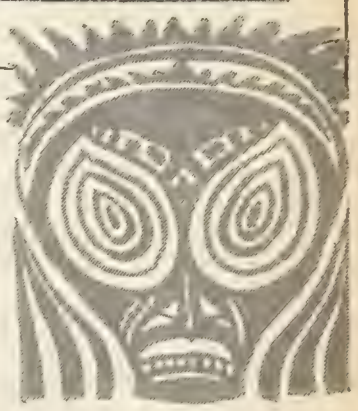
When De Peyster got a pathetic letter from his cousin Sally, asking for a few of the pearls from his mother's necklace, he was unmoved. Sally explained that she was begging him to carry out his mother's wish not for her own sake but for John, her son, whose ambition it was to be an architect. The sale of a small portion of the string would enable him to enter a school of technology.

De Peyster's decision to give the pearls to Moraska instead of to Sally was his supreme selfishness.

When De Peyster read Moraska the note in which he promised her the gems, her answer made him blush like a schoolboy.

After his talk with her, a desire seized him to feed his vanity by looking at his features in the T'ang Mirror. To his consternation the mirror gave him back no reflection of himself!

"PIG! You pig!" she suddenly burst out. "You mean to tell me I've wasted all this winter with you for nothing?"



PART TWO—CONCLUSION

PAUL DE PEYSTER moved sharply away from the T'ang mirror, which showed him no image of his face or form. Then he came close again to the polished surface. He breathed on it. A faint mist formed upon it for an instant, only to vanish again the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE T'ANG MIRROR
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

next. He breathed again. The same thing. He clutched the lacquered stand of the mirror. What was happening? Were his senses leaving him?

"Dead of soul. Dead of body." His mind began to hum. No! It couldn't be! Not *his!* He wasn't "dead of soul." He wasn't "dead of body." What was it, then? Was he dreaming? Had he gone suddenly insane?

A BLACKNESS blotted his sight—an awful choking blackness. Something seemed to hit him with a sickening thud at the back of the neck—hit him everywhere—all over the body! His hands were still clinging to the stand. Then it began to rock and sway with his weight as his knees crumpled under him. The stand toppled—he toppled with it— Crash!

His next sensation was one of everything seeming far away—ever so far; dreadfully, inexplicably far. It was like having the whole world at the other end of a long tunnel—or rather two tunnels with two distant faint round rings of light.

Slowly, gradually, the two rings merged into one ring. They shone—a pallid pink disk upon his closed eyelids. The whole of his body felt incased in lead—heavy, crushing lead. He could not move.

Vaguely he began to realize that he was in bed, in his pyjamas, carefully tucked up. How had he got there?

Then he heard a voice—George's voice. George was whispering to someone.

"I'se afraid there won't be no orders today, Mr. Elwood," De Peyster heard him say.

"Cricky!" Elwood murmured in response. "When did it happen?"

"Twenty minutes of three. I was waitin' out on the landin' for him to ring. I heard a crash an' ran in an' found him there on the floor—the whites of his eyes a-starin' at me like ghosts. Lord-a-mercy! I'll never forget it! The doctor's only left half an hour ago!"

"A stroke, I suppose. Eh?"

"What rubbish! Stroke!" Paul said to himself indignantly.

"Cerebral hemorrhage!" he was surprised to hear George assert solemnly, rolling the long words on his lips with all the gusto of his race. "Yes, *sir!* That's what me an' the doctor decided it was. Cerebral hemorrhage!"

"Well, any'ow, that lets me orf for the day!" Elwood next appeared to say in undisguised relief. "I'll go and get married after all! It's an ill wind, as they puts it! Cheerio, old ace o' spades!"

"Damn his impudence!" thought Paul quickly. "He's to go—er—somewhere this morning, first thing! Somewhere very important!—Where?—Where?"

He started to call out to Elwood. Not a sound came from his lips. Only a faint, inaudible gurgle seemed to well up in his thick throat. Good God! Then it was actually true—what they said about the stroke!

Slowly Paul opened his eyes to a blurred vision about himself. Gradually his sight grew clearer. The kindly, anxious face of George became definitely focused.

"Well, Mr. Paul," he heard him drawl softly, "you did give us such a scare. Better, are you?"

To his surprise, Paul found himself nodding his head. So he could do that much! He nodded it again.

"Move yo' head, can you? Why, that's won'erful!" George said paternally. "You'll be feeling fine by 'n' by! Jus' grand! Only keep still *now!* Them's doctor's orders!"

Paul stared about him vacantly. Everything in the room seemed in its accustomed place. A shaft of sunshine was slanting through the half-drawn bedroom curtains. It struck on the edge of the T'ang mirror. He tried to remember. What was there about the mirror? Hadn't it fallen somewhere—some time? Had George set it up again? "Dead of soul?" "Dead of body?" What were those words? Why were they?

He closed his eyes again weakly. He didn't want to think, but his brain kept unraveling—unraveling.

What had happened? What had *really* happened? The last thing he could remember was a woman—a beautiful woman. His mother, of course. Her lovely neck. Ah, yes, her pearls! Her necklace of pearls!

He opened his eyes again. There was the case on the writing table just as he had left

it—oh, ever so long ago. Why had he left the pearls there? It was quite wrong. George should have put them in the safe. Someone might steal them—take them before the right woman came for them—his "princess." When was she coming? Would she ever come, now? He had stopped himself again and again from bringing her home. It was his own fault—his madness to be free—to dominate. Look at him now! What was the good of it, now—dominating?

"Dead of soul." Had he been "dead of soul"? Was that it? No—No! He had always loved everything beautiful, rare. Ugliness had always sickened him, infuriated him. Then why had he been struck down like this? For what reason? What was the true cause?

IT must have been something very definite that did it. Some living thing it seemed like, almost. Yes! Something connected with a woman! Not his mother—of course not! No! And yet it did have something to do with her. Funny! Something with her throat—her pearls! What on earth was the connection?

He closed his eyes again wearily. It was all very confusing, irritating, maddening. Like broken bits of a puzzle, swirling and twirling about in fiendish geometric patterns. Better sleep.

The next thing he heard was another voice, vaguely familiar to him. He opened his eyes. There stood his cousin Sally by the side of the bed with her stupid, cowlike stare! How plain she was! How dreadfully, uncompromisingly dreary! Somebody else was there, too, in the library, beside her and George. Paul only felt his presence. Somebody young.

"I'm turribly sorry, Cousin Paul," Sally whispered in her nasal drawl. "Turribly. We had *no idea,* till we called just now! John, do tell your cousin how turribly sorry you are!"

And John stepped into Paul's line of vision.

Paul saw before him a fellow of seventeen, well set up, keen-eyed, clear-skinned, with the unmistakable cast of the De Peyster features. There was a fine youthfulness in his face; an ardent trust in ideals to be realized! Here certainly was someone neither "dead of body" nor "dead of soul." Someone, in fact, triumphantly alive! The sort of creature whose reflection could shine and sparkle in the T'ang mir——

That was it! Of course, the mirror! It was the mirror that had done it! The mirror that had struck him down—revealing himself to himself suddenly—hideously! Or was it no revelation at all? Was it merely the oncoming of the stroke that robbed him of his vision? Was the whole thing just a mere coincidence? If only he might look in the mirror again! Not from where he lay. He never had been able to, unless he sat upright. And he couldn't raise himself now. Not an inch. He couldn't move at all, except his head. Just a little——

"Cousin Paul," he heard Sally drawling, "I hate to bother you, *now* in particular, if it weren't so turribly important. John's been offered a first-class job in an insurance office. He's got to settle one way or another by tonight. If he doesn't fix it up, of course it just means sacrificing all his fine talent for the rest of his life!"

John blushed to the roots of his thick brown hair.

There was a slight pause. Then his mother began again, breathless but determined. Paul noticed, to his surprise, that all the stupid ugliness seemed to melt out of her face as she pleaded for her son.

"If he had only just enough to carry him over, get sort of started, he could work his way right through the 'Tech' by giving tuition," she went on. "That's why I'm pestering you so. That's why I've come to ask you about those pearls of your mother's."

SHE glanced involuntarily over to the case on the writing table. Her anxious eye had caught sight of it the moment she entered the room. She had never forgotten it from her childhood days; it had always glowed in her memory—her own particular treasure chest. She looked at it now again longingly. It meant far more than it had ever done before—her boy's entire future!

Paul caught her look. It seemed to transform her into something grotesquely beautiful—to lift all her heaviness into something passionately maternal.

Sally moved over to the case, her eyes steadily fixed upon it, picked it up and returned to the side of his bed.

"See here, Cousin Paul," she began again nervously. "Let's face facts. You're leaving these to me in your will. You'll never marry, now. It'll be a good time before you recover. Don't you think you could really spare just a few of them for John, and give him the chance in life he ought to have?"

It was strange, Paul thought, how such a dull lump of a woman could manage to glow so from within!

Instinctively Sally's fingers had found the catch of the case and pressed it open. She looked down at the pearls. There lay Paul's folded note to Moraska. Thinking it might be a word addressed to herself, Sally opened it and glanced at it abruptly.

"Oh!" she mumbled apologetically. "I'm turribly sorry. So you've decided otherwise. I've seen your name linked with hers in the papers. Receptions! Parties! So the pearls are to go to *her?* To this Madame Moraska?"

Moraska! Moraska! The pearls! Her throat! Her lovely slim throat! Of course! It was all coming back to him now. His look turned heavily toward the writing table. Her picture—there it was—exquisite. Her eyes,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

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All in a single day

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Dries in less than one half-hour

How often at house-cleaning time you've wished that you could spare a room long enough to refinish the floor—wished that woodwork you can never hope to scrub clean had a new finish. And now the very thing you've wished for is possible with Lacq—the new, quick-drying lacquer.

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Man's loveliest gift to woman

Only flowers with their fragrance and beauty and charm can fittingly convey your love and esteem.

Do you know that your florist can telegraph a potted plant *anywhere* for you, as well as cut flowers?

Say it with Flowers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

her mouth, the absolute grace of her gently drooping head!

It was the perfection of her beauty that had finally decided him to offer her the pearls! This infernal fascination of hers, which had driven him to sacrifice the purity of his dead mother to the living woman's sensual appeal! It was she—Moraska—who by her subtle viciousness had made him batter down that last ideal within him—the simple reverence in which he had always enshrined his mother's memory!

Moraska had given him the final stab—spiritually as well as physically.

A sudden awful loathing of her overcame him; a loathing of what she had done to him—of what she had made him do. He hated her. He hated himself. The weight of his stricken body lay upon him heavy as the ruins of a fallen house. But heavier still lay the weight of ruin upon his soul.

"Cousin Paul!" Sally began again at last—for she had stood there in silent hesitation for some time, balancing the case with the pearls in one hand and Paul's letter to Moraska in the other. "Cousin Paul! This woman—this Moraska—she's a great singer, isn't she? She has everything in the world already! John will have nothing if you take this chance away from him; just tied to the wrong sort of a job the whole of his life—nothing else!"

"MOTHER — please — after all, it's Cousin Paul's own business," John interjected shyly.

"No, John!" she said with finality. "No. It's *my* business as much as Cousin Paul's. He knows he's not doing right by me—giving these pearls to that woman and ruining your whole career. Cousin Paul!" She turned to him once more. "I appeal to your conscience! Let me burn this note now, before it's too late. Let my son live the life he was born to live! If you don't, take my word for it, God won't forgive you!"

Suddenly it became clear to Paul. She was right—ugly, clumsy, fat old Sally! This was his chance—his moment to redeem himself—to resurrect his "dead soul." For he saw it plainly now—how dead he was, how dead he had been for many and many a day. All his love for art—for the beautiful—what had it been but the love of the outside, the shell? The kernel had withered away within, till there was nothing but mold and dust!

Yes, he had been cruel always in his hunt for sensual satisfaction. Cruel! Cheating the seller out of his due profits. Fooling the ignorant into parting with treasures. Smooth words, false smiles, sharp, relentless practice, that's what had filled this treasure house of his with spoils!

And his servants, too, he suddenly realized. What had they been but machines, their endless duty paid for by so much monthly cash! Never had he looked upon them as human beings, never as companions in the daily round of life. What did he know about them? Not a single thing.

No more than he had ever known a thing about the many women who offered their love to him, the love that he had taken and never returned.

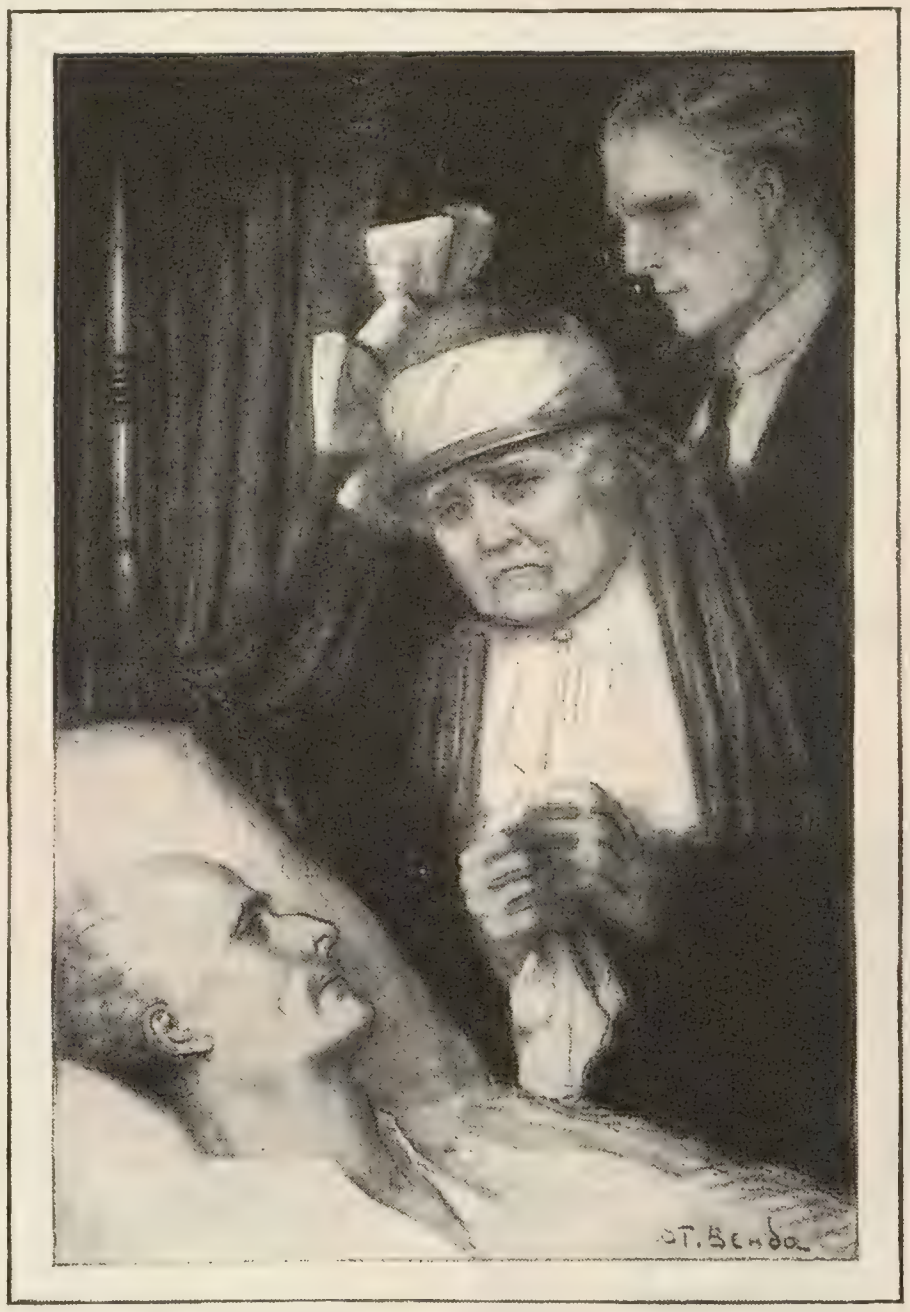
All, all became clear to him at that moment. Everything in his life had always been physical to him. Everything external, always!

He looked up. His eyes met his cousin's eyes. He knew that he could move his head—a shake or a nod would answer her. If he said "Yes," it meant a definite break with Moraska—all women—all things earthly.

He glanced across at the mirror, then back to his cousin. Slowly he nodded his head. A smile of intense relief spread over Sally's faded features.

Without a word she turned to the mantelpiece and dropped his note to Moraska into the fire.

She came back to him to pour out thanks.



"Cousin Paul!" Sally began again at last. "This woman —this Moraska—she's a great singer, isn't she? She has everything in the world already!"

He shook his head wearily and closed his eyes.

When he opened them again—it must have been some time in the afternoon—Moraska herself stood before him.

She was wonderfully gowned in black velvet, her beauty shining upon him more resplendently than ever.

SHE came close and leaned over him. Her sweet, pungent scent floated to his nostrils and stirred the last lambent ember of his senses.

She kissed him gently on the cheek.

"Darling—how drreadful!" she whispered, a tear—just enough of a tear—gathering in the corner of her large dark eye. "I would have come at once! But I waited, waited as you had told me to, last night on the telephone. I did not wish to present myself without those pearls!"

And her eyes swept the room discreetly.

George stood by the writing table, a picture of noncommittal respect.

"Do you know where they arre?" she asked him softly, after just the right length of pause.

"The pearls, ma'am, the family pearls, you mean?" George said with all the histrionic acumen of the negro. "Yes, ma'am, I know where they are! They're in the safe!"

"But they're mine! Mine! He promised them to me last night. Wrote me a letter. Rread it to me through the telephone!" And she turned to Paul appealingly. "Didn't you, dearrest?"

"Mister Paul changed his mind, ma'am!" George came to his master's rescue.

"How could he? He had his strroke just after he telephoned, you said."

"It was like this, ma'am," George continued, lying heroically. "I'd just come in the room to see him to bed, when I hear him say, a-talkin' to hisself, 'No, I won't give 'em to that woman. They belongs to my cousin Sally. She's sure got the first claim!' An' he goes an' throws the letter in the fire an' puts the pearls back in the safe with a bang. After that he jus' drops down an' has this cerebral hemorrhage o' his!"

"Is this trrue?" Moraska cried, facing Paul. "You arre not going to give them to me after all?"

Paul shook his head.

"Pig! You pig!" she suddenly burst out, revealing the utter rawness of her origin. "You mean to tell me I've wasted all this winterr with you for nothing? Nothing? Given up the chances of a lifetime for miserable old dirrt like you?"

AND in her rage she suddenly leaned over him and with the back of her gloved hand struck him across the face.

He could feel the punch of the cabochon ruby through her glove upon his cheekbone. It seemed to crack something in him. Something that hurled red flames of fire into his eyes. The flames revolved like pin wheels, shooting off sparks. Through them thoughts—words—were darting furiously. Moraska! Cabochon. Sparks! More and more sparks! His mother—the Paisley shawl — Atlas — the huge clock with the hands whirling, whirling madly about—like the firework pin wheels! The hands *were* the fireworks—a blazing sun—the T'ang mirror! Had he—regained—his soul?

Two dead eyes stared the question.

. . . . .

Paul Livingston De Peyster's collection of beautiful things is in an alcove by itself in the New York Metropolitan Museum. He left everything he possessed to that noble institution, even his money for the acquisition of further rare objects of art. Only the pearls were bequeathed to his cousin Sally, in accordance with the old clause of his original will.

The T'ang mirror is one of the show pieces in the central case. Its decorated back faces the spectator obliquely, its polished surface resting against a piece of antique jade-green Genoese cut velvet.

No one knows of the mirror's secret power. And no one will ever seek to know. For where is a thing more safely, more finally buried than in a museum?

THE END

Rest Your Tender Foot Arches on Soft, Springy Cushions

Never permit them to be propped up by some hard, unyielding support.

LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions are entirely flexible—they're Nature's first-aid protection against foot aches and pains due to weak or fallen arches.

They conform to every curve of the foot in any position it takes, giving continuous, resilient support.

It is the only type of support that follows every movement of the foot and allows free muscular action and normal circulation.

LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions are made of special cellular rubber covered with soft leather—**no metal.** They give immediate and permanent relief from pain. Light in weight and comfortable to wear anytime with any shoes.

See your doctor, chiropodist or shoe dealer —or write us for full information.

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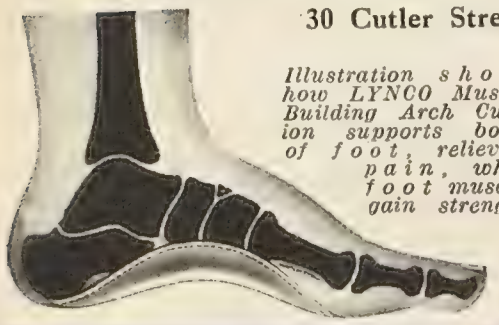

Illustration shows how LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushion supports bones of foot, relieving pain, while foot muscles gain strength.

Lynco
EASY-WEAR FOOT AIDS

—*How much softer the rug feels now!*

And how luxurious underfoot—making the entire room richer and more restful!

Ozite is a soft cushion of "ozonized" felted hair.
Ozite makes rugs last twice as long.
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Easy to lay—just roll your rug over it.
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Ozite is made of sterilized hair—the only rug cushion that is "ozonized." Patented Sept. 9th, 1924.

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Nerve Beats Steel

IT happened in the West and the actors were two men, one who had a reputation as a killer and a gambler with nerves of steel.

The killer was in a poker game. Sitting across from him was the gambler, a quiet man.

The game continued for hours; the slender, cold-eyed man's glance more and more turned toward the play of the killer. A hand was being dealt. The killer, made careless perhaps by drink, was dealing, and suddenly he shifted a card and flipped it across the table. The other man slapped the killer first on one cheek, then on the other and, without speaking, arose, turned his back, and walked toward the door. The killer reached for his gun, stopped, and sat staring. The slender man reached the door, stopped, lighted a cigarette, and strolled into the street.

The next afternoon the man whose nerve had balked the killer, was sitting in a shoe-shiner's chair when the killer came down the street and turned toward him.

"You took an awful chance last night," said the killer coldly.

"No chance at all," said the gambler. "I knew you wouldn't shoot a man in the back."

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Don't Buy from Peddlers

A school principal taking up a collection for flowers from the faculty walked into the kindergarten of the school. The principal had just successfully solicited a donation from the kindergarten teacher and was passing out, when Johnny piped: "Teacher, I wouldn't buy anything from that man. Mother always says to buy in the stores, and not from those peddlers."—F. H. B., Glen Rock, N. J.

* * *

That's a Puzzling Situation

Four- year-old Anne, who had just learned the art of sewing, was sitting in the next room very quiet. I called to her to find out what she was doing, and she said she was sewing. About half an hour later I happened to go through the room, and I noticed that she was sewing as fast as if her life depended on it, so I said, "Anne, why are you sewing so fast?"

She looked at me with a worried expression on her face and said, "I's just hurryin' to finish this dress before my thread is all gone, because grandma told me not to bother her any more to thread my needle."—B. H., Denver, Colo.

Romantic Eyes
charm *and* allure

with every dark-fringed glance. It is the sweep of long, dark, heavy lashes that brings out their haunting appeal.

YOUR eyes will take on shadowy depths and interesting lights if you darken the lashes with WINX. Just touch them up lightly with the brush attached to the stopper of the bottle and they instantly appear much longer, darker and heavier. Two applications a week keep your lashes lovely all year round.

WINX is a harmless waterproof liquid that dries at once, lasts for days and cannot run or smear. At drug and department stores or by mail. Complete, black or brown, 75c.

Winxette (cake form), complete with tiny one-row brush and mirror, 50c. Black or brown.

Mail 12c today for a generous sample of Winx.

ROSS COMPANY
233-B West 18th Street, New York

WINX
Waterproof

Reception *Not Deception*

Volume, not noise. *Tone,* not blare. Clear, mellow, perfect reception of every sound from a whisper to a full orchestra.

That's what radio enthusiasts everywhere are enjoying with the new Dulce-Tone, the perfected radio-talking-machine-speaker.

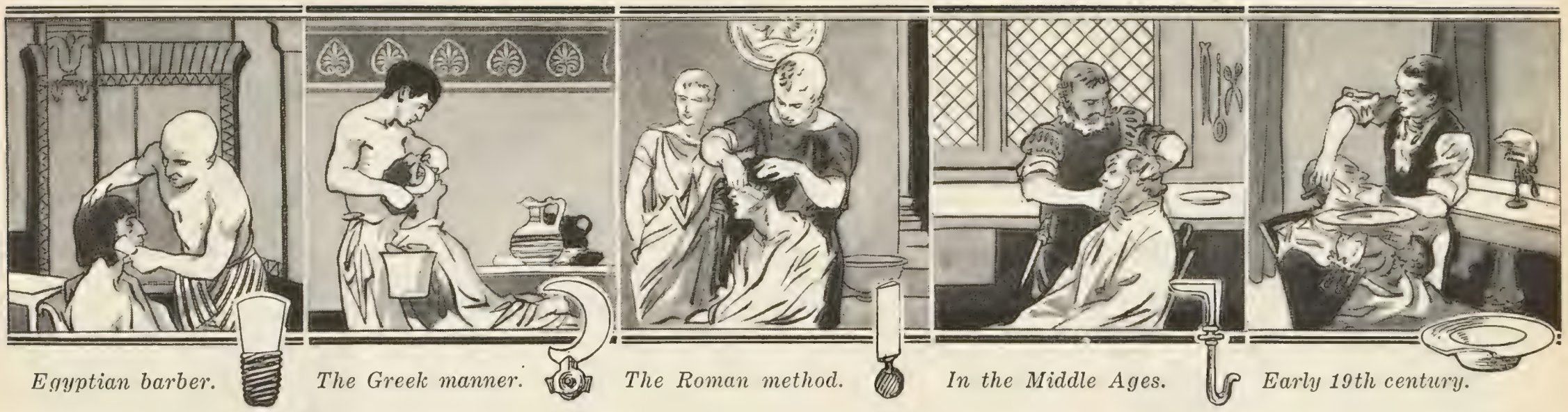
Dulce-Tone, for $10, and your phonograph make the finest loud speaker money can buy. Try it and see. Your money back if you're not completely satisfied.

THE GENERAL INDUSTRIES CO.
Formerly named The General Phonograph Mfg. Co.
200 Taylor St., Elyria, Ohio

Enclosed is $10 for my Dulce-Tone. If I'm not satisfied after 10 days' trial, I'll return it and get my money back.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Dulce-Tone



Egyptian barber. *The Greek manner.* *The Roman method.* *In the Middle Ages.* *Early 19th century.*

The Conquest *of the* Beard

For Ages Men Fought a Losing Battle Against Whiskers; Then Came the Safety Razor—and Victory

By

BRENDA UELAND

IT is one of the romances of business that men have taken to shaving themselves. And another romance is that not only men buy razors—so do women.

A few decades ago men were procuring their shaves by a visit every third day or so to a barber shop, which was usually a dark, unventilated place well furnished with spittoons, where a customer was lathered from the community mug and shaved with an unsterilized razor.

By looking at pictures of the Civil War you will see that the faces of men in those days were much more hairy than now.

We do not realize it, but compared with our grandfathers men today are as hairless and smooth-faced as girls. Once only great noblemen and princes enjoyed such a luxury. Poor men now can shave every day. The cause? The invention of the safety razor.

It took about twenty years to harvest the existing crop of whiskers and there has been no re-seeding. Only one bearded man is left in America who is loved universally and that man is Santa Claus.

The change of fashion that has eliminated hair from father's face has lessened the fear of his children and made a pal and friend of him. It is no longer necessary for baby to peer through a thicket of oakum to find out whether dad is smiling or getting ready to bark.

It is possible in these better times for one to remark on the new baby's resemblance to its father without having half of the comparative data concealed by chiloolahs. Even if one fails to detect a resemblance there is more seeming honesty about the intended compliment.

Only a generation ago a beard served as a badge of authority in the household, but imagine a father of today posing as a raging parent! The best a smooth-shaved dad can do is to crease his brow and compress his lips; he has no whiskers to tear and often not even a mustache to send flurrying upward in a storm of wrath.

Forty million men use safety razors. And on top of that, this neat little instrument has become an essential part of the kit of millions of civilized women as well.

One safety razor company manufactures two million razor blades a day. It is by the sale of blades that the terrific incomes of the safety razor companies are made. A single blade costs a man about ten cents—cheap for the service it renders.

The length of life of a razor blade depends on the toughness of the beard. One man sent in a report to a safety razor company that he had used a blade (inclosed in his letter) two hundred times. "If you have any records that exceed this, please let me know," he wrote. On the other hand, some men can use a blade only three or four times.

Now these used blades accumulate and become a serious household problem. A man's wife scolds him if he throws them in the waste-paper basket, if he wraps them in newspaper, if he throws them in the garbage pail or in the ash barrel.

In the newest Pullman cars there is a slot in the men's dressing-room where, it is indicated, safety razor blades should be thrown. This is so that they will not cut and slash the towels but will fall out of the car to the tracks.

Street-car conductors used to issue transfers on which passengers were identified by types of beards and mustaches.

No doubt the track-walkers and hoboes soon will be protesting against this.

What to do with the used safety razor blades? This is a joke of long standing and the best answer up to date is that they be thrown into the Grand Canyon. The razor companies advise that they be put in a wooden box and buried in the back yard or in some lonely woods on a dark night.

The blades manufactured in this country in one month would, if laid end to end, make a double-tracked railroad from Boston to San Francisco. From this you would think that these blades, since they represent such a vast amount of the finest Swedish steel, might be salvaged in some way and used again.

But the safety razor manufacturers say not. Practically all the cost of the blade goes into making the edge. The steel itself is not worth the attempt to recover it. So old blades will continue to go back into the elements whence they came—"like snowflakes on the desert's dusty face."

WOMEN find a safety razor useful since nine out of ten have short hair. So a safety has become almost a necessity to keep the back of the neck shaved; also it is almost a requirement of convention that women shave under the arms. Not so long ago only burlesque queens did such a thing, for, hard as it is to believe, even a few years ago no well-bred women would wear a sleeveless evening gown or even a sleeveless bathing suit.

Then along came a musical-comedy producer who made bare legs the principal feature of his show. As a result it is the fashion to wear the thinnest possible flesh-colored stockings, and as the stiff hairs of the shins will stick right through thin silk or chiffon, innumerable girls and women make a practice of shaving the legs.

Before the safety razor was invented, men were shaved in little old-fashioned barber shops at a cost of ten or fifteen cents. When the safety razor came into use, barbers thought their business was going to be ruined. But they turned out to be a blessing even for the barbers. Shaving had never paid anyway, because when a barber shaved a customer the job took from twenty minutes to half an hour and he could charge only a small price.

As shaves fell off, barbers discovered that their real profit lay in hair-cutting, in massages and scalp treatments. Then shops became profitable enough to be established in fine office buildings amid handsome tiles and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Demand BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—*Genuine*

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache	Neuralgia	Colds	Lumbago
Pain	Toothache	Neuritis	Rheumatism

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

First Aid to Beauty *and* Charm

Shake It in Your Shoes
Sprinkle It in the Foot-Bath

Nothing so mars an otherwise beautiful face as the inevitable lines of fatigue and suffering caused by tired, aching feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic, Healing Powder, insures foot comfort and is an everyday Toilet Necessity. Shake it in your shoes in the morning. Shop all day—Dance all evening—then let your mirror tell the story. It will convince you. Allen's Foot-Ease is adding charm to thousands of faces. Let us show you what it can do for you.

Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent **Post Free.** Address

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
Le Roy, N. Y.

Sold by Drug and Department Stores everywhere

[THE CONQUEST OF THE BEARD Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

metal fixtures. Moreover, women began getting haircuts. This created a tremendous boom. There was a demand for barbers who were artists, who could cut hair in countless styles and make every customer look charming. Such barbers could charge one dollar and fifty cents for one haircut.

Recently women began wearing their hair shorter and shorter—another piece of luck for the barbers.

All this has meant that the barber now works in a shining, aseptically clean shop. He wears a coat as clean as a surgeon's and works with sterilized razors, brushes, scissors, combs. He washes his hands as often as a dentist. If he has an esthetic sense, fashionable women will come for miles to patronize him and will call him affectionately by his given name.

THEN there are, of course, a few old fogies who still use the concave razor and sneer at safety razors. But the younger generation of men and women are equipping themselves with safety razors as they do with toothbrushes.

As recently as twenty-five years ago trolley transfers issued by conductors bore the maps of four men. One showed a man with a chin beard and mustache; one with side whiskers and mustache, another with chin portieres alone, and the fourth with only a mustache.

In issuing the transfer the conductor punched a hole in the illustration corresponding to the appearance of the recipient and if the man was smooth-shaven no hole was punched. Great system of identification—what? But how would it work today?

Who wore the first beard? Some believe that Father Adam, who came into existence in the prime of life, was furnished with one, along with the rest of his equipment. Byron evidently thought that the necessity of shaving was one of the dubious gifts passed on by Adam to his progeny, for in Don Juan he wrote:

> That since this fall, man for his sin
> Has had a beard entailed on his chin.

In antiquity, among most European people, the beard was a symbol of full-grown manhood; only boys and eunuchs went without it. Consequently, to be shaved was a terrible humiliation. Strong, warlike men, patriarchs, and kings were bearded. The way to insult a man was to pull his beard. King John of England, when he visited Ireland in 1185, gave deadly offense to the Irish chieftains by

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

To introduce "Fleur de Nuit"

FREE

This imported Dresser Bottle, crystal clear and sapphire blue
(Actual size illustrated)

FILLED with Fleur de Nuit Perfume, the new, fashionable odor — exotic, charming, distinctive.

Bottle is of crystal clear glass with vertical stripes of sapphire blue; gold-finished cap; ground-glass stopper and special dropper; regular price $1.00.

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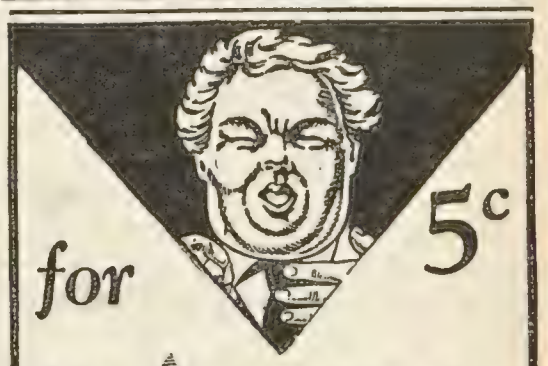

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[Continued from Page 60]

plucking at their flowing chin lambrequins.

Here's the Assyrian aristocrat.

Peter the Great of Russia strove to make his barbaric nobles more suave and civilized—like the people of western Europe. He felt that an important and necessary step in this was to have them shave clean. So he taxed the cherished whiskers of his subjects and shaved his own.

Egyptian chin stave was false.

Alexander the Great did as much and more with his well-drilled Macedonian soldiers. He commanded them to nick off their whiskers because, he said, they would thereby remove the handle by which the enemy could seize them.

The Saxons wore walrus mustaches. William the Conqueror and his Normans were clean shaven, but the style did not prevail and for two or three centuries men clung to divers quaint and curious sorts of beards and mustaches.

In Ireland the statute enacted by a parliament at Trim in 1447 recited that no man —unless he wished to be taken for an Englishman—should have a beard above his mouth. The upper lip had to be shaved at least every fortnight or be of equal growth with the nether lip.

What the Roman soldier had to comb out.

Henry VIII of England invented his own beard—a thin mustache whose ends met a short and squarely trimmed beard parted at the chin.

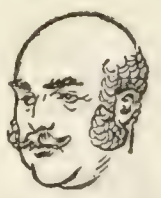
Jewish sages of old argued that God gave man a beard to distinguish him more easily from woman and that it was, therefore, wrong to antagonize nature by removing it. The beard thus acquired a sanctity and it was declared a sin to shorten it with scissors. In Germany and Italy some Jews evaded the letter but not the spirit of the law by removing the beard with pumice stone or chemicals.

Mid-Victorian—Thackeray wore 'em.

Up to the advent of the safety razor men had resented any rule that tampered with their beards or whiskers. For instance, in 1907 there was a serious waiters' strike in Paris against the rule of hotels that waiters must be clean shaven.

Puritan pamphleteers in the time of Queen Elizabeth were busy inveighing against the beard which caused even humble men to devote hours to it in the morning; against the vain business of whiskers which necessitated perfuming or starching them, in dusting them with orris powder, in curling them with irons and quills.

The razor came into daily use in England during the Restoration (1660). Young men began to wear curls and ringletted wigs, and to shave their faces. Charles II was a personable man and a dandy. Coming from the French court, where he had been exiled, he had a strong influence upon men's fashions in England. He wore curls and was shaven except for a few hairs of a mustache. But his brother, who subsequently became James II, was without facial adornment of any kind. From that time forward beards disappeared until the Battle of Waterloo in 1815.



Showing the German influence.

The popular Burnside whiskers.

For more than a century a man with whiskers was so strange that people assumed he was a soldier from beyond the sea—from India or America. A Jew or a Turk was known by his beard.

It is true that the second Lord Rokeby was wearing a beard in 1798, but in consequence was reckoned a madman; a writer said of him that "he was the only peer and perhaps the only gentleman of either Great Britain or Ireland who is thus distinguished." That King George III, when he became insane, should have been left unshaved by his keepers, was a circumstance of his misery that wrung the hearts of all loyal folk.

Beards always disappeared when wigs came in fashion. When wigs went out and men wore their own hair, the mustache and beard began to appear again. Austrian soldiers grew mustaches. But for a civilian to grow one was considered unseemly swagger. Later in the nineteenth century, however, men in Europe and America took to whiskers again.

Luxurious Lord Dundreary type.

Ever since 1905 in the United States, whiskers, mustaches, and beards have been disappearing, until now they set their wearers apart from other men. Full beards are almost non-existent on men under middle age. King George and Charles Evans Hughes and Bernard Shaw are extraordinary men—for their beards as well as for other things.

The immortal imperial.

The mustache, or upper branch

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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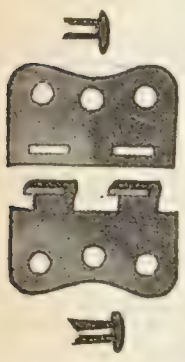

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A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 13, 70 5th Ave., New York

[THE CONQUEST OF THE BEARD Cont'd from Page 61]

The Viennese boulevardier.

of facial foliage, is still with us but vanishing rapidly. Some young men in the professions hang to the superstition that it gives an appearance of maturity and dignity. Medical men, however, have discarded it along with the beard on the simple score of sanitation. Time was when no man was considered fitted to perform an operation until he had cultivated bisected whiskers. Nowadays they don't allow these old fellows into a hospital unless they come as patients.

A real Vandyke.

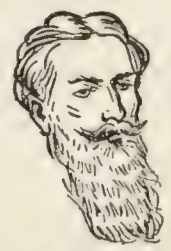
In England and France the mustache is still common; it has a suggestion of the soldier. Frenchmen say that Americans (because they are generally clean shaven) don't look like men—they look like haggard old boys.

In Europe, until recently, to be smooth shaven was an indication that a man was an actor, a servant, or a priest. Footmen whose attire is the court dress of one hundred years ago—knee breeches and white silk stockings—must be clean shaven. Also butlers, coachmen, grooms, jockeys, and hunt whips are clean shaven. But the chauffeur, a new and recent kind of servant with no tradition behind him, may be mustached.

The chiloolah of ould Erin.

Clergymen are usually clean shaven—a mustache, it is felt, has a military connotation out of harmony with the cloth. Naval men in England are usually clean shaven or have both a mustache and a beard, although this beard must be closely trimmed.

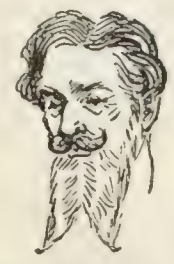
A hundred years ago and more, when it was the fashion for men to be smooth shaven, a gentleman, even if he had a valet, shaved himself. The early razor was a fine old steel blade that was handed down from father to son and lasted two or three generations. These razors now are valuable antiques. Shaving was then a difficult and more or less painful process, for a razor had to be taken to the cutler to be sharpened.



Here's the crop in full maturity.

Then concave razor blades—the kind the barber uses today—appeared and these could be stropped. Since to shave oneself with these requires a good deal of skill, as they are so sharp and dangerous, barber shops came into existence.

Gentlemen, as distinguished from ordinary men, no longer shaved themselves, but were shaved by their valet or went to the barber shop. A gentleman who patronized a barber shop had his shaving brush, soap, individual mug, and sponge at his barber's; also his bottle of bay rum, witch hazel, or a pot of cosmetics. Then about thirty years ago the safety razor was invented. It did not come into general use until 1910 or so, since which time the number of users has been increasing by the million.



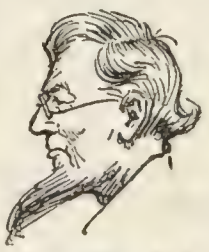
Beau Broadway of the 'seventies.

Mr. King C. Gillette, a man still in the prime of life and a large stockholder in the company that bears his name, invented the safety razor. Mr. Gillette, by promotion and advertising, persuaded the world to use it. Other safety razors had been invented but never before promoted and marketed so vigorously.

The Mormon underslung pompadour.

In 1904 Gillette patented his razor. The invention had come about in the usual way. He was shaving himself with an old-fashioned concave razor; realized it was a nuisance—cut himself, no doubt; wondered if he could not make a sort of a hoe out of a segment of a concave razor blade, that by a series of teeth would protect the face from gouging. He did so.

Of course those men who were skillful with the old sort of razor and who had made of shaving themselves a fine art, protested that the hoe type of razor, since a man could not get a diagonal sweep with it, made his face, if closely examined, look as though it were all covered with scales like a fish half ready for the pan. But today they have been so much improved, these complaints. are no longer heard or only very rarely.



Uncle Sam—and the goatee!

Safety razors are being sold in Europe, in South America, and even in Asia and Africa, where people have not yet accepted the American gospel of the daily shave.

Will the clean-shaven face become a permanent institution? Who can tell? Go to any museum where classical sculpture is displayed and you will find that in many long periods of ancient times the unadorned face was popular. Then you will see how man lapsed into whiskers, emerged, and again relapsed. If history repeats itself the baby boy you now regard with so much pride some day may wear one of the types of beards illustrated.

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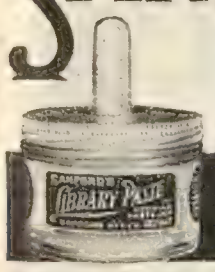

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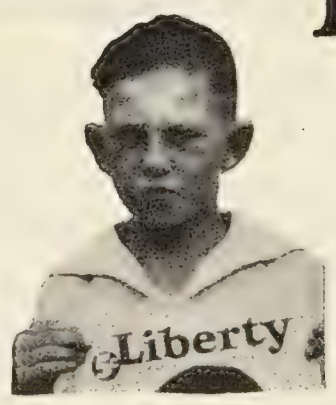

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Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c, also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

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© Bristol-Myers Co., 1926

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A36
42 Rector Street, New York City

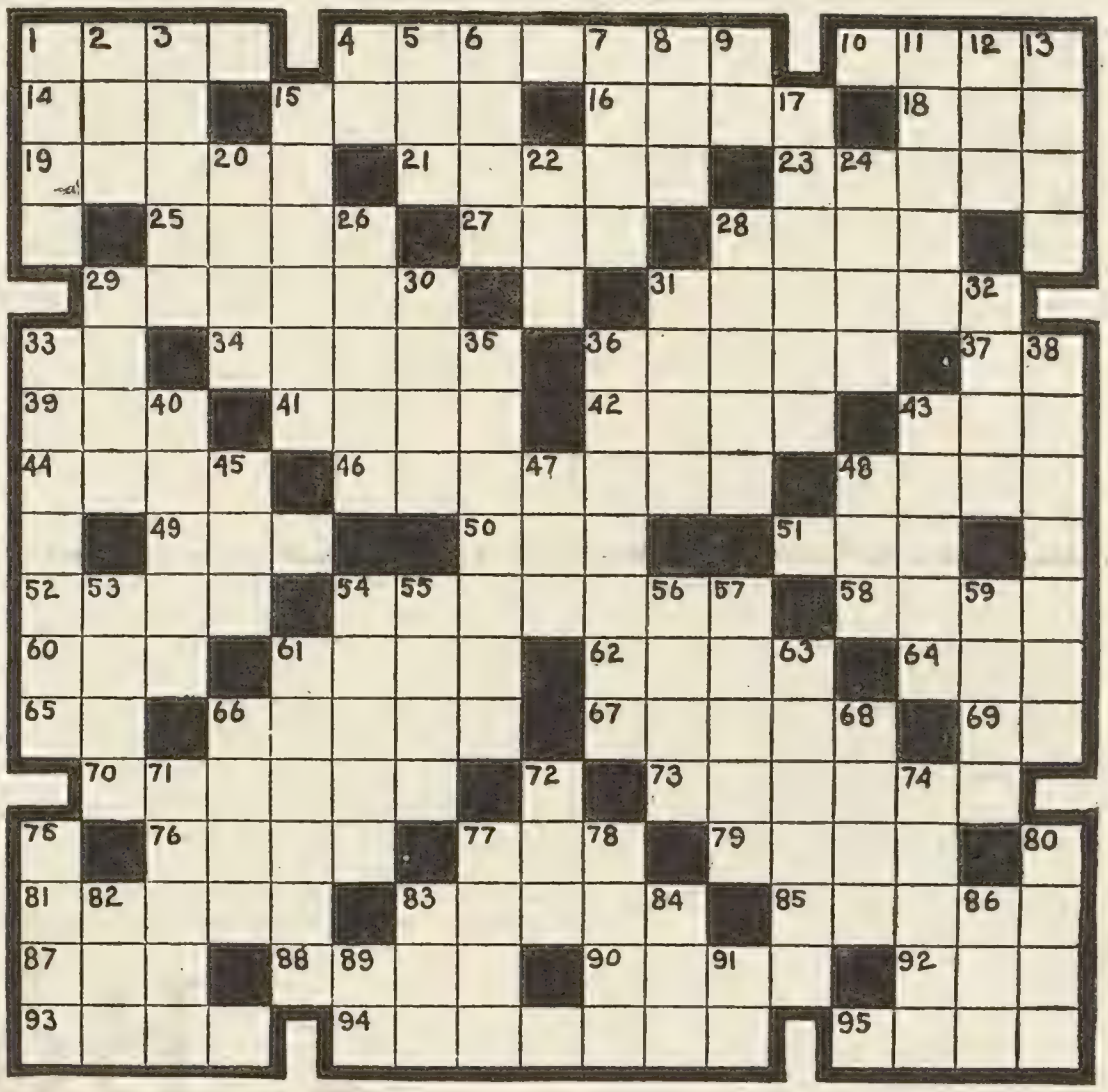
Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name_____

Address_____

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 59

HERE'S a geographic puzzle for our cross-word fans who like to travel. It takes you all the way from the banks of the old Raritan clear around the world to Korea, with a lot of interesting stop-overs on the way. We'll bet you get stuck when you come to the river in Siberia. Remember, if you do, that next week's Liberty contains the solution to the whole puzzle.

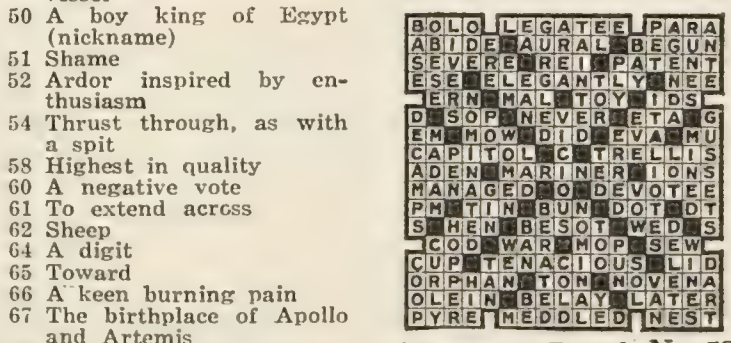


HORIZONTAL

1 Projecting part of a building, especially of a church
4 A river in New Jersey
10 Serpents
14 Substance from which shellac is made
15 Simple
16 To press with a heated implement
18 A rug
19 To barter
21 Chinese coins
23 Shaped like an egg
25 A bird
27 A deer
28 To agitate
29 A faucet
31 A Californian volcano
33 In this manner
34 The whey of milk
36 A young hog
37 Lithium (symbol)
39 A Southern state (abbreviation)
41 Dry or withered
42 To peel
43 A marsh
44 Impertinent
46 An early spring wild flower
48 Hastened away
49 The arrangement of masts, sails, etc., of a vessel
50 A boy king of Egypt (nickname)
51 Shame
52 Ardor inspired by enthusiasm
54 Thrust through, as with a spit
58 Highest in quality
60 A negative vote
61 To extend across
62 Sheep
64 A digit
65 Toward
66 A keen burning pain
67 The birthplace of Apollo and Artemis
69 Postscript (abbreviation)
70 Device for protecting a broken bone
73 Hydrophobia
76 Part assumed by an actor
77 The forward end of a vessel
79 To scream or shriek
81 Bottle for holding vinegar, oil, and the like
83 A member of the lowest class of ancient Sparta
85 Crucifixes
87 A measure of weight
88 Beef fat
90 Edges
92 Word of command used by teamsters
93 To search for
94 To babble
95 A river in Siberia

VERTICAL

1 A type of singing voice
2 Parity
3 Skin of the head
4 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
5 Craft
6 Peruse
7 A thin piece of baked clay
8 One hundred square meters (plural)
9 A negative
11 Clever
12 To strike lightly
13 The stalk of a plant
15 Mingles
17 To put into notation
20 Platform
22 Greek goddess of dawn
24 Device for holding work, as in filing
26 Country in Asia
28 Land bordering a body of water
29 Part of a shoe
30 To revolve
31 Member of a Mongoloid tribe
32 Toward the opposite of the weather side of a ship
33 Sagacious
35 Joining
36 Speckled
38 Writes
40 To adorn
43 A collection of ships
45 A metal
47 An Egyptian goddess
48 A falsehood
53 Members of a branch of the Tai race
54 The backbone
55 To gasp
56 A wide-mouthed jug
57 To postpone
59 Things given to pacify
61 Wading birds
63 Makes serious or subdued in manner
66 The wild plum
68 Storage receptacle for green fodder
71 A dried plum
72 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
74 A funeral oration
75 Things done
77 A letter of the Greek alphabet
78 A plant or herb of any kind
80 At sea
82 Fish spawn
83 A pronoun
84 Until
86 A lair of a wild beast
89 Above
91 A pronoun



Answer to Puzzle No. 58

A Lumber Jack— for March Winds

Let winds blow—this new Lumber Jack with its roll collar and woolly warmth, doesn't care. Every inch a Tom Wye style leader: every step a comfort. And the smart design you've learned to expect in a Tom Wye.

But any old sweater won't do—it must have the Tom Wye Label—your dealer knows.

TOM WYE, Inc., Winchendon, Mass.

Tom Wye KNIT WEAR

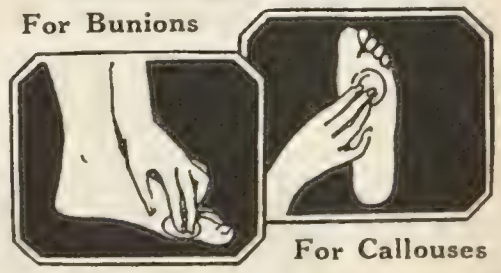
Quick, Safe Relief

In one minute—or less—the pain is gone. The soothing medication in Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads produces this magic result, and at same time starts to heal the deeper tissues. This thin, antiseptic pad removes the **cause** of corns — **friction** and **pressure** — by preventing the shoe from rubbing and irritating the sore spot.

The very **idea** is scientific. Simple to apply—unfailing in their action—cost but a trifle. Get them at your druggist's or shoe dealer's. For **free sample** address The Scholl Mfg. Co., 213 West Schiller Street, Chicago.

Special Sizes for Bunions, Callouses and Tender Spots

For Bunions



For Callouses

Try this safe, antiseptic treatment for painful bunions, callouses, and tender spots. See how quickly it stops the pain and clears up the irritation.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

"Put one on—the pain is gone"

WANTED— Ball Players

No Stars Need Apply

By Hugh Fullerton

Teamwork Is the Big Idea Now Stressed in the Spring Training Camps of the Major Leagues

FIVE hundred and sixty-four ball players, or alleged ball players, are indulging in the annual orgy of spring training for the Major League baseball clubs this spring, in high hopes for the season of 1926.

Of this army of players three hundred and twenty-one were listed with the teams at the close of last season, and two hundred and forty-three (the number may be larger when all have reported) are counted as recruits. More than sixty per cent of those who are rated as recruits are players who have been tried out in preceding years, sent back to the Minors for further seasoning, and recalled, more to protect the property rights of the Major League clubs than anything else. A scant score of them are drafted players and the remainder are purchased players.

The Major Leagues have spent, if the announced figures are correct, about seven hundred and forty thousand dollars for players to replace the worn-out and failed material at hand, which means far more than one million dollars if the expenses of scouts and scouting are counted.

The results, according to the scouts, are slightly more satisfactory this spring than usual and the managers, as always, dispute this, never being satisfied unless the scouts manage to dig up two Cobbs and half a dozen Johnsons for them each spring.

There are nineteen of the old-line regular players, men of the star class, who are passing out of the picture in the Major Leagues—men who have gone beyond the limit of service, and who, if not dropped now, will be as soon as satisfactory replacements can be secured. Washington alone has five of these men; the Chicago Americans at least four, with one great veteran already gone; Brooklyn has three, Detroit two, with the great Cobb himself liable to end his glorious career at any moment.

The New York Yankees, rebuilding after the crash of last year which carried down the entire team, have several veterans slipping, and the mainstay, Ruth, a problem again, since no man is stronger in baseball than his legs.

All winter the sixteen teams of the Major Leagues have been trying to strengthen the weak spots by trades, by purchase, and by the draft from the Minor Leagues, which no longer amounts to much. They have spent fortunes in securing college players and men from the Minor Leagues. According to their own estimates not more than five of the players secured by the efforts of more than twenty-five scouts are certain of making good in the Majors in the regular positions, and probably not a dozen of the more than one hundred pitchers recruited and recalled will be with the teams on June first.

The success of the teams this season depends upon three things—first the luck of developing a young player who will make good from the start and fill a weak position; second, trades by which players who have outlived their usefulness with one club are tried to see whether or not they will fit in with others; and, last and greatest, conditioning and the building up of team spirit.

WITH condition raised to the most important part of baseball, climate and the breaks of the weather during the next few weeks will count heavily. The majority of the Major League teams have chosen Florida for spring camps. Two—Chicago and Pittsburgh—are gambling on California; the others wager on the weather in Texas and the Gulf Coast.

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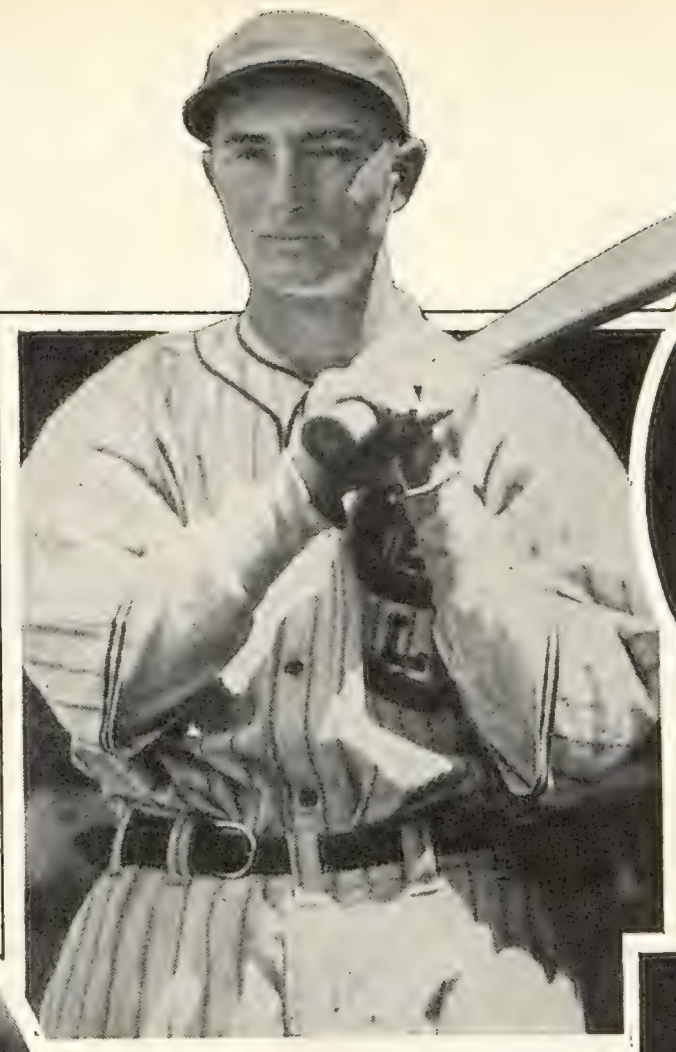
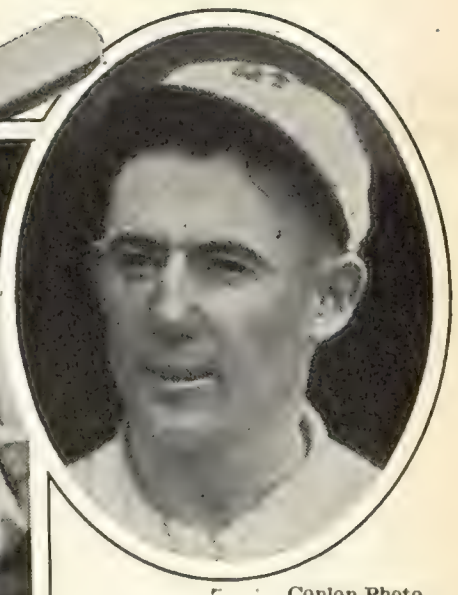
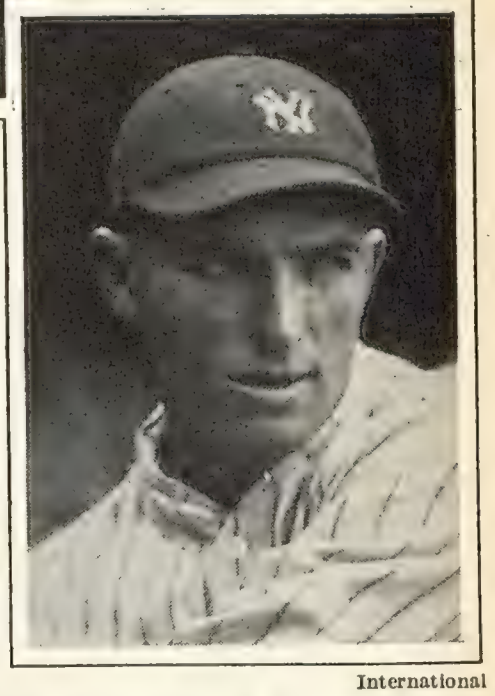


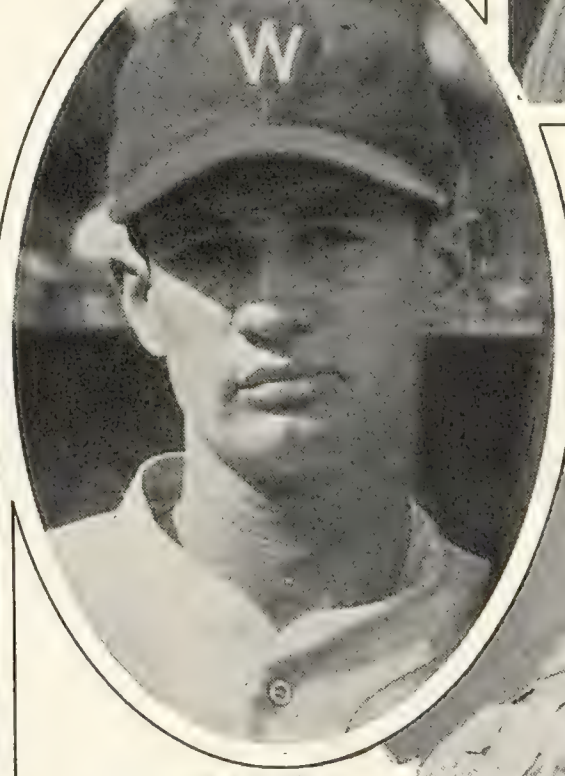


Conlon Photo.
Cincinnati gets this star outfielder—W. N. Christensen—from St. Paul.

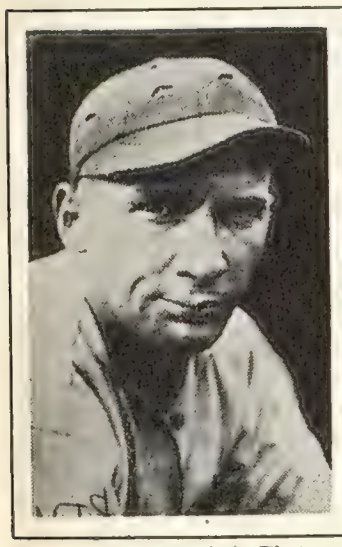


International
This recruit, Mark Koenig, from the St. Paul Club, is counted on to bolster the Yankee infield.

P. & A. Photo.
Paul Waner, outfielder, who with Hal Rhyne cost Pittsburgh one hundred thousand dollars.

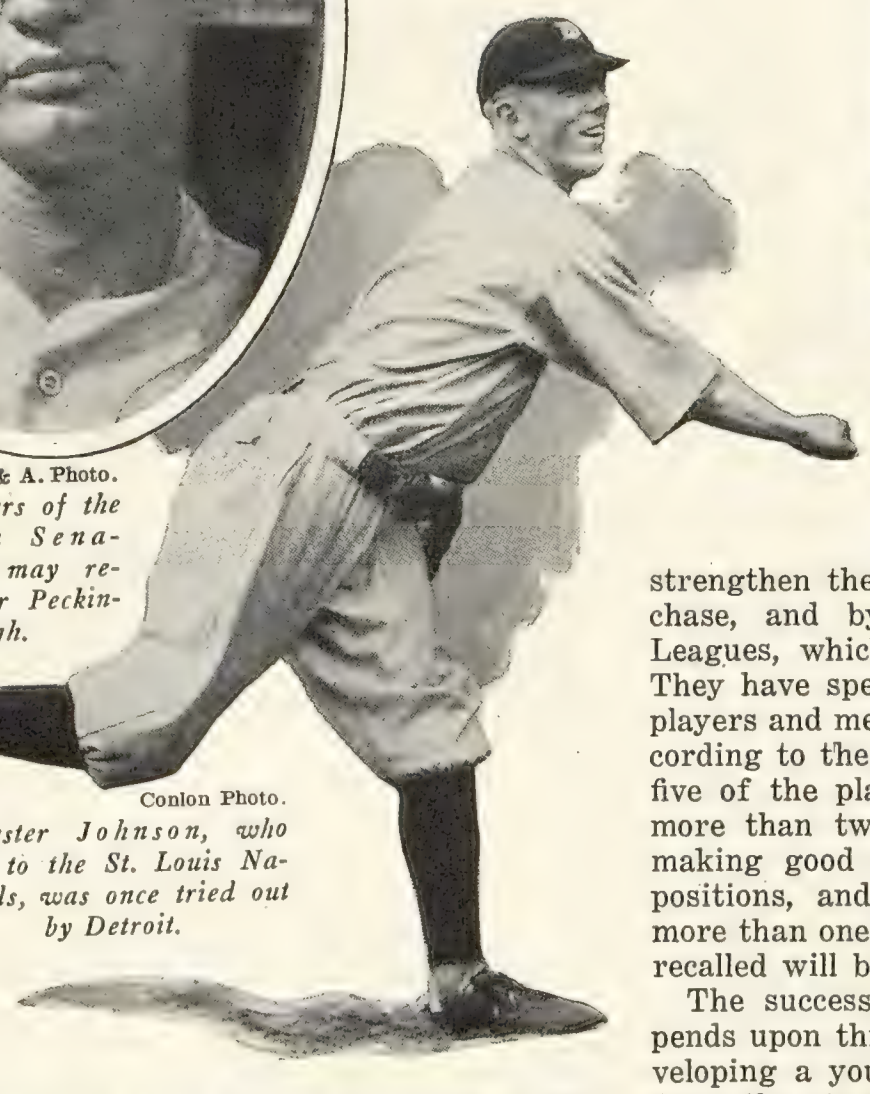


P. & A. Photo.
Buddy Myers of the Washington Senators, who may replace Roger Peckinpaugh.



P. & A. Photo.
Ty Tyson, star Louisville outfielder, corralled by the New York Giants.

P & A. Photo.
Hal Rhyne, San Francisco shortstop, who will join Pittsburgh.



Conlon Photo.
Sylvester Johnson, who goes to the St. Louis Nationals, was once tried out by Detroit.

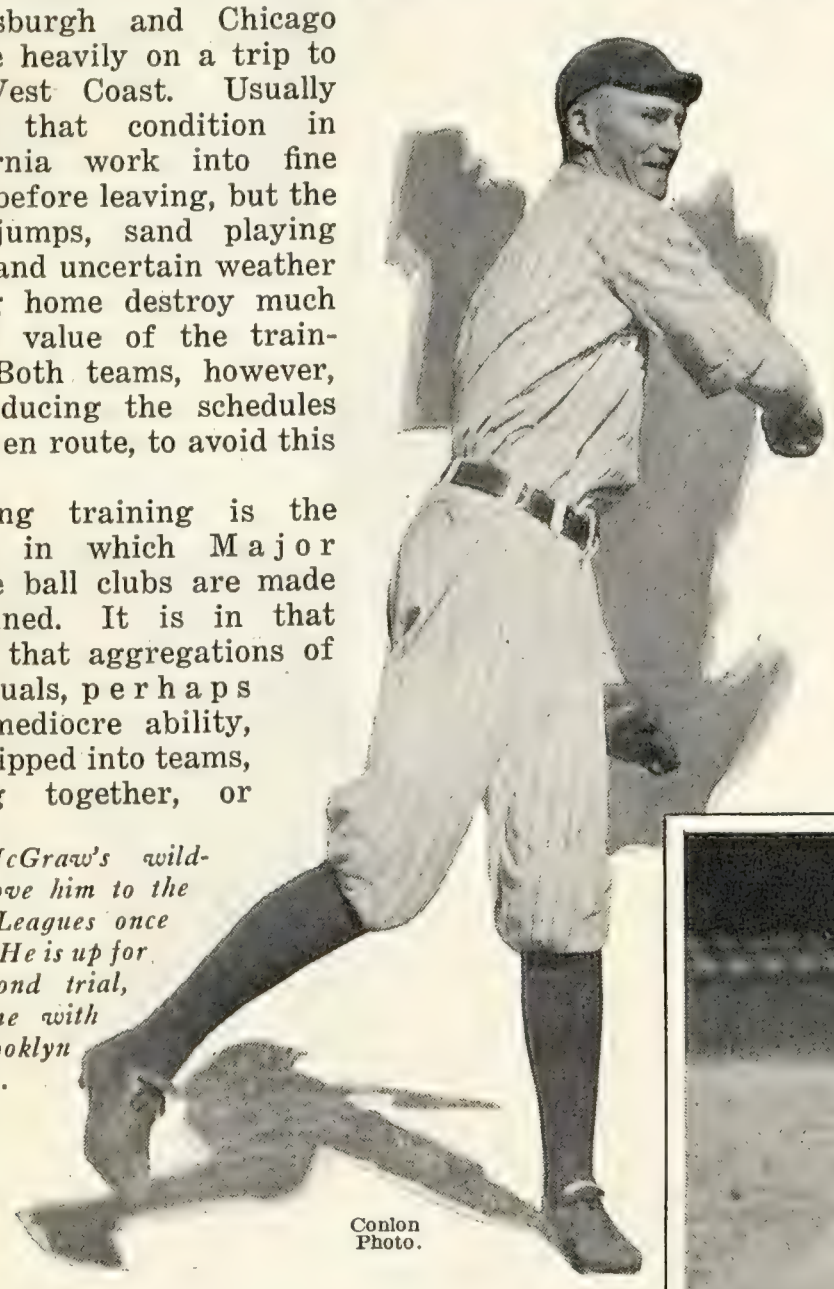
[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

A cold, late spring means a big gain for the teams in California and in the interior of Florida, but more depends upon the kind of weather encountered during the homeward trips. The team that works into condition in good weather far South and then strikes a cold, wet spell en route home is wrecked.

Both the Giants and Yankees suffered that way last spring, Brooklyn was badly hurt, and Connie Mack's Athletics were hit hard.

Pittsburgh and Chicago gamble heavily on a trip to the West Coast. Usually teams that condition in California work into fine shape before leaving, but the long jumps, sand playing fields, and uncertain weather coming home destroy much of the value of the training. Both teams, however, are reducing the schedules played en route, to avoid this evil.

Spring training is the period in which Major League ball clubs are made or ruined. It is in that period that aggregations of individuals, perhaps with mediocre ability, are whipped into teams, playing together, or collections of stars of great individual ability are broken up.



Bob McGraw's wildness drove him to the Minor Leagues once before. He is up for his second trial, this time with the Brooklyn Club.

Conlon Photo.

Managers and coaches no longer seek to win pennants without teamwork. The star system is about ended. The collapse of Babe Ruth last season, which brought the whole championship castle of the Yankees crashing down, showed the danger of putting too many eggs in one basket. The collapse of Hornsby, or Sisler, or Cobb, or Vance, or any one of four of Washington's veterans, would have the same effect. The fact that of the last twenty championships, covering ten years of the Major Leagues, all save three have been won by teamwork rather than by star individuals, has driven home the lesson.

EVERY manager in the Major Leagues complains of lack of first-class players. Every scout to whom one talks mourns the paucity of good material in the Minor Leagues. The public demands a higher grade of baseball and the only solution for Major League managers lies in developing teamwork to the highest possible degree.

Spring practice until the last few years has been one of the jokes of the sport. Ball players always hated it and, aside from securing advance advertisement and spurring interest, it did little good. Usually ball players have been in better physical condition two weeks after the start of the training season than they were when the playing season opened and many of them already were stale as far as interest in their game was concerned.

Efforts to make the training trips pay for themselves usually failed and the attempt to make money by scheduling two Major League teams to play a series of games against each other usually has resulted in injuries and trouble between teams.

The modern idea of establishing fixed training camps, playing sane schedules in a good climate, has grown.

Each club now has its corps of coaches assisting the manager in instructing the youngsters. The old idea that any player good enough to reach the Major Leagues ought to know the game has been abandoned. The Major League managers have gone in for intensive "skull practice," and the training camps this spring resemble schools more than they do athletic training camps.

This spring Connie Mack has his son helping him, and the veteran Bill Wambsganss and others as aids. Brooklyn has established a regular corps with Joe Kelley at the head. McGraw has used the system for years, being in advance of most of the teams in that respect. He used Mathewson, Roger Bresnahan, Johnny Evers, Cozy Dolan, Hughie Jennings, and others to help with his teams and to keep in closer personal contact with the players. Ed Walsh, Joe Sugden, Bill Killefer, Johnny Evers, Spencer Abbott, "Iron Man" Joe McGinnity, Hughie Jennings, Bill Clymer, Fred Clarke, Chick Fraser—a score or more are toiling with the athletes trying to teach them the tricks of the trade.

International Photo.

Tony Lazerri, Salt Lake slugger, who has been purchased by the New York Yankees for seventy-five thousand dollars.

The managers, more this spring than ever, are employing the old pitchers as instructors of the young ones and already the effect is being seen in improved slab work.

Now the great majority report to their teams in fair condition at the start of training. A fat athlete is a novelty. And this spring there is an entirely new situation. More than a hundred Big League ball players spent the winter in the South, the great majority of them in Florida. Scores of players, especially those belonging to teams with permanent training camps in Florida, are interested in real-estate developments in the Southern State.

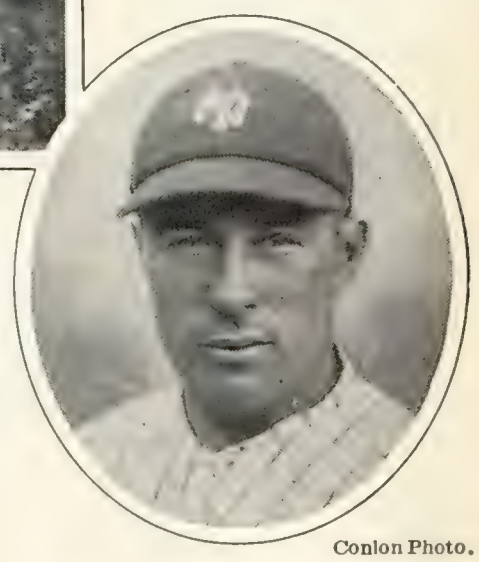
Twoscore Big League players, among them a large number of veterans, have played ball in Florida all winter and with complicated results. They will start the training season in better shape than they have in many years. Whether they will be able to hold the condition through seven months is an important consideration.

Usually players find it impossible to maintain top condition through an entire season. Teams reach the top, go stale, slump, and sometimes come back, though not often. Ordinarily a weak team, by intensive training and by having luck enough to get its pitchers into shape early, has been able to make a good early-season showing before the aging stars of better teams settled to proper playing shape.

IN fact, the playing season could have been divided into three parts: Up to Decoration Day—bad baseball. Between Decoration Day and July 4—slowly improving playing with the good teams moving up. Between July 4 and August 15 fine baseball, after which the weaker teams gradually sank back to their true levels and the good ones pushed ahead.

All that is changed. In the last two seasons the strong teams (with the exception of the Yankees last year) have started in as good shape as the teams of younger men were and have gone to the front quickly and tried to hold there.

Baseball in the Major Leagues has reached a stage of development at which every player must exert himself to the limit in every game and every pitcher must "put something on" every ball pitched. The time is past when a team expected one, or at most two, hard games in each series and could ease up in the others.



Frank O'Doul, ex-Yankee pitcher. He comes up for a trial with the Chicago Nationals, this time as an outfielder.

Conlon Photo.

Nowadays there are no easy games, no easy teams to beat, and few easy batters to face.

The training season now under way will decide which teams get into the World Series next fall.

Ability to get into condition and stay there will count more heavily than individual strength. This is especially true of 1926, with the playing schedule the same and the season shortened almost two weeks.

The strain will be terrific and the effective effort of the trainer will be almost as important as that of the manager.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Prince of Wales gets down to the business of learning to be King of England. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, puts Edward through a rigorous training in listening to long patriotic poems without flinching.

VOLSTEAD, GENERAL ANDREWS, AND WHEELER kept busy running from White House to Capitol prompting the government how to accept Church Temperance Society's move for wine and beer.

FORMER LIQUOR DISTILLER, once famous for his nightcaps, goes on the air with a choice assortment of bedtime stories. He is now a dry goods manufacturer and is filching a little publicity for his product.

SEVERE SENTENCES BEING DEALT OUT AS CHECK TO CRIME WAVE. Judge Ghast in Chicago mercilessly commits Mugsy Blood, notorious bandit and murderer, to the penitentiary in Joliet until he has written "I am a bad boy" one hundred times on the prison blackboard.

GAY, WICKED, PLEASURE-DOOMED NEW YORK in full swing. Scene in a popular night club in the metropolis as revelers recklessly abandon themselves to the pleasures of the dance and the cup.

Why Travelers Prefer The MORRISON HOTEL

The Most Central in CHICAGO

A Corner of the Terrace Garden, Morrison Hotel

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION

The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

THE informal, genial spirit of the Morrison Hotel has given the great institution an individual personality of which every traveler is conscious the moment he enters its doors.

The Terrace Garden And Boston Oyster House

It is expressed in many different forms—in the charming, al-fresco atmosphere of the Boston Oyster House, the famous sea-food restaurant, and, to an equal degree, in the life and color of the picturesque Terrace Garden, the celebrated "dance-and-dine" rendezvous.

1,944 Rooms, $2.50 Up

But, notwithstanding its manifold attractions, the Morrison rents rooms for $3 to $5 that would cost $5 to $8 in any other hotel of high recognition. Subleased stores pay all the ground rent, and the guests enjoy the *total benefit of the saving*.

Features of the World's Tallest Hotel

The closest location to offices, theatres, stores and railroad stations. All rooms "outside," each with bath, running ice water, and Servidor, which gives perfect privacy and security. Garage service for every guest. A housekeeper on every floor. A thermometer outside every window. Pure, "summer resort" air surrounds the 46-story tower. Broadcasting daily from WGES.

Write or Wire for Reservations

MORRISON HOTEL

THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE

and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT

CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

A PAGE ABOUT THE MOVIES

LIGHTS! *ACTION!* CAMERA!

BY ALVA TAYLOR

THE AMERICAN VENUS

Directed by Frank Tuttle — A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Mary Gray ..... *Esther Ralston*
Chip Armstrong ..... *Lawrence Gray*
Hugo Niles ..... *Ford Sterling*
Miss California ..... *Fay Lamphier*
Miss Bayport ..... *Louise Brooks*
Horace Niles ..... *Kenneth MacKenna*

IF you have sore eyes, and you think that a couple of hours of female beauty will cure them, you can't do better than to go to The American Venus. For what with the delicately beautiful Esther Ralston playing the leading role and Fay Lamphier, Miss America of the 1925 Atlantic City beauty contest, as the American Venus, not to mention a number of other 1925 Atlantic City prize winners, all of whom contribute their share of eye medicine, there is no reason why anyone should leave the theater still visually afflicted.

Fay Lamphier

There are not only beautiful faces and figures, shown to good advantage in the merest suspicion of bathing suits, but there are fashion shows de luxe, tableaux, and pageants, until one is dizzy with the display of beauty. All of the pageant and fashion stuff is done in colors, which makes it still more of a spectacle.

The story is fragile, but it serves the purpose of a fictional background for a beauty contest. It has to do with beauty creams and their respective manufacturers and their families, and runs something like this:

The father of Mary Gray (Esther Ralston) makes a beauty cream. But when the story opens he is fast on the road to ruin because his rival's cold cream sells better, his factory is mortgaged, and he can't meet his notes, and the outlook is generally black. Mary is engaged to the son of the rival, but this is soon broken off, which is as it should be, since there is a much nicer young man who is in love with her.

This young man is a wow at publicity, and so when he discovers that Mary has all the tape-measure requirements of the American Venus, he conceives the brilliant idea that if she goes to Atlantic City and wins the prize the career of Gray's cold cream need be worried about no longer. The fact that it is made by the father of the American Venus would be enough to insure its purchase by millions of females between the ages of sixteen and sixty.

Lawrence Gray

Mary has no difficulty in acquiring the title of Miss Centerville, from which average town she hails. And she stands every chance of becoming Miss America. But the rival faction is at work, and by foul play keeps her from being at the final judging. Hence Miss California is awarded the prize. But Miss California has become the bosom friend of Miss Centerville, and so to the newspaper public it is Gray's cold cream that has made her what she is. Hence the rivals are foiled and everyone is happy.

THE YANKEE SENOR

Directed by Emmett Flynn — A William Fox Picture

THE CAST:

Tom Wharton ..... *Tom Mix*
Manuelita ..... *Olive Borden*
Luke Martin ..... *Tom Kennedy*
Juan Gutierrez ..... *Francis McDonald*
Flora ..... *Margaret Livingston*
Doris Mayne ..... *Kathryn Hill*

EVERY now and then, if you feel as I do, you must have your dose of Mexican haciendas, sombrero wearing, dusky-skinned villains, a Mexican beauty, and the American element mixed in somehow. In this case the American part of the program is supplied by Monsieur Tom Mix and Tony, the wonder horse. Any scenario provided for Tom Mix must have plenty of action for Tony. Tony and Tom are as fine pals as ever horse and man can hope to be, and it's a pleasure to see them together on the screen.

As for the material offered by the story, it is as good as the average Mexican story can give us. There is the faithful old situation of a repentant grandfather who, having cast off his daughter because she married an American, finally locates the grandson and begs his forgiveness for the wrong he did his mother, Tom is to look after his declining years and inherit the Mexican hacienda.

Tom Mix — Kathryn Hill

The foster son, who leads a life of outlawry, is extremely put out when the young American senor arrives to take charge of things. With the aid of some of his outlaw chums he does his best to have the Yankee senor put out of the way, but Tom and Tony are too clever for them.

There is also, to make the story all the more familiar to you, a rather snippy American fiancee, who takes a little trip down to Mexico to look over the hacienda that she expects to marry, but who in the end leaves the scene of action unengaged to the Yankee senor, much to everyone's joy, especially that of Manuelita, the charming Mexican "poor relation" of our hero, who marries him when the American girl leaves.

If you like Tom Mix and Tony, you'll have a good time watching them thwart the Mexican villains.

THE RECKLESS LADY

Directed by Howard Higgin — A First National Picture

THE CAST:

Mrs. Fleming ..... *Belle Bennett*
Colonel Fleming ..... *James Kirkwood*
Sylvia Fleming ..... *Lois Moran*
Count Feodor ..... *Lowell Sherman*
Ralph Hillier ..... *Ben Lyon*
Sophie ..... *Marcia Harris*

THERE'S good entertainment in The Reckless Lady, a picture that might also have been called When It's Carnival Time in Monte Carlo. For there's a generous sprinkling of confetti and parades of grotesques. Belle Bennett, the reckless lady, and Lois Moran, are mother and daughter again, both having made their hit together in Stella Dallas in that relation.

Lois Moran

In this picture Belle Bennett plays a mother who, due to a little indiscretion during the war when her Colonel husband was at the front, finds herself wandering from pillar to post with her daughter, hiding from the husband so that he cannot take the daughter from her.

She manages to provide bread and butter, not to mention Monte Carlo villas, for self and daughter by means of her winnings at the casino.

Lois Moran is the daughter brought up in such seclusion and shelter that she doesn't know a philanderer when she meets him. And so when one carnival evening a stranger strolls in, asks to use her telephone, and ends up by taking her out into the confetti storm, how is she to know that this polished stranger is no other than the man who ruined her mother's life?

This philandering individual is ably played by Lowell Sherman, expert in this line.

James Kirkwood, as the husband, spends his time making indignant and renunciatory close-ups when he discovers his wife's little mistake, following her to "the ends of the world" to get his daughter from her evil influence, and finally taking her to his heart when he sees that she loves him only.

Ben Lyon is the young man from Grand Rapids, Ralph Hillier, who meets the young lady during her escapade at the carnival and falls in love at first sight, deciding that she shall go back with him to Grand Rapids, even though he has only ten days to devote to the courtship and the wedding.

James Kirkwood

And since Sylvia prefers Ralph to the philandering Count, she agrees to share the Grand Rapids furniture business with him.

Belle Bennett certainly has the mother-hunger emotions down pat, and besides being a good actress is an extremely good looking blonde. Lois Moran was a lucky find. James Kirkwood, Lowell Sherman, and Ben Lyon you know.

It's a better cast than story. But you may enjoy some of the good old situations in it.

Eight and Eighteen

What Will Ten Years Tell?

BEWITCHING at eight—with every tooth a pearl. What will her mirror reveal when she is eighteen? Care or neglect—*now*—will tell the story—*then!*

Childhood beauty and charm are more easily preserved than *restored.* For beauty's sake—for health's sake—do not allow your children to grow up careless about their teeth. The first step toward decay is *thoughtless* neglect. Insist that *your* children brush their teeth—every day—for such a habit formed in childhood becomes the daily custom of a lifetime. Encourage your children in the formation of this life-long good habit by providing them with

SPEARMINT
TOOTH PASTE

An agreeable and efficacious first *aid* to good *teeth,* good *health* and good *looks*—the first *step* in *preventive* dentistry. Tested by twelve years' faithful service in thousands of homes.

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Oysters—Their Use *and* Abuse *as a* Food

By ETHEL SOMERS

OYSTERS are an excellent though expensive food. Like other marine foods, oysters are rich in iodine, the goiter preventive. Government investigation has proved oysters, in fact, to rank among the richest of iodine-bearing foods. The frequent use of oysters should then be of especial interest in the feeding of young people in those districts where disorders of the thyroid gland are prevalent.

National, State, and municipal inspection and supervision of oyster marketing, from their source to ultimate consumption, have made oysters a safe food even when served in the raw state. Cooking, of course, doubly insures their sterile qualities. The inspection is now as rigid and the product guaranteed as wholesome as any of the other government-inspected foods passed to be eaten raw.

Being, therefore, sanitarily wholesome, ideally healthful, and of definite therapeutic value, you can confidently bring on the oysters! Serve them as the minor course or appetizer in the raw state, or cooked as the main dish. Heated but not boiled oysters are delightfully tender. Boiling toughens them and thereby diminishes the ease with which they are digested.

Oysters are adapted to a variety of methods of cooking as is shown below. Frying, stewing, broiling, scalloping, braising, and baking are all possibilities with the oyster. Even to the Oyster Chop Suey you will find these recipes delicious. This was borne out by the fact that among twenty-five experimental chop suey recipes tested in the Liberty Kitchen, the Oyster Chop Suey was almost unanimously awarded the first prize. It is simple and wholesome. Try it for yourself!

Broiled Oysters on Toast

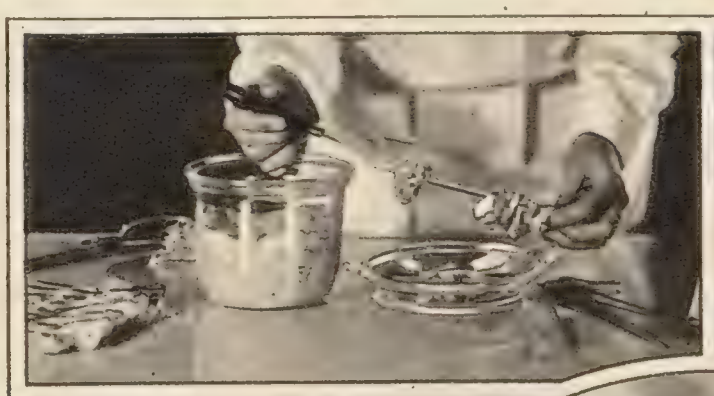
2 doz. large oysters
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 doz. small squares bacon
Bread crumbs
Parsley to garnish

DRAIN and *dry* the oysters, which when used for broiling should be select fat ones. Using six skewers put four oysters (one individual service) on each, separating the oysters by squares of bacon cut approximately one inch square from sliced bacon. Dust the whole with a coating of finely grated fresh bread crumbs. Place on a broiling rack and broil under a high oven flame or over a clear flame, leaving them about one-half minute to a side. Serve at once on rounds of buttered toast on hot plates.

Oyster Cocktail

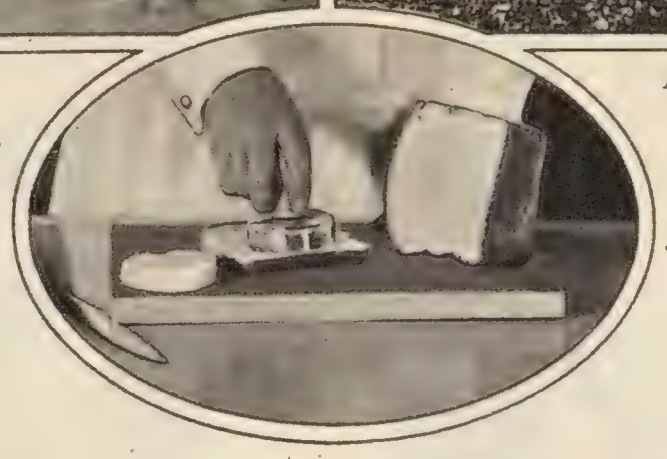
3 doz. cold raw oysters
4 drops tabasco
1 cup tomato sauce or catsup
⅛ teaspoon onion juice
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire
4 lemons, juice only

PLACE six oysters in each of the individual cocktail glasses. Chill thoroughly and just before sending to the table cover with a chilled dressing made by mixing the other ingredients. Served with celery and thin finger sandwiches of brown bread, these cocktails will be popular.



Put oysters on skewers, separating them by squares of bacon.

Broiled oysters on toast provide a delicious light luncheon.



Rounds of toast are cut with a biscuit cutter from slices of bread and then toasted.

Oyster Chowder

1 pt. oysters
1 cup finely chopped celery
2 cups cold boiled rice
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup boiling water
2 egg yolks
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt

CHOP the oysters. Place a layer of celery in the bottom of a buttered baking dish or saucepan, then a layer of rice and a layer of oysters. Sprinkle with seasonings. Repeat until the materials are used up. Add the boiling water and cook gently or bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Beat the egg yolks and mix them in the milk. Add this to the chowder and mix well. Serve hot.

Fried Oysters

2 doz. large select oysters
2 eggs
Fine crumbs, bread or cracker
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon boiling water
Deep hot fat

RINSE the oysters quickly and dry on a clean cloth, handling them as little as possible. Catch the oyster in the muscular part with a steel fork, dip it in the water, egg, and salt beaten slightly and then in the crumbs. Avoid too much crumbs as these dilute the oyster flavor and if coated too heavily they may fall off in the fat in the cooking. Immerse in a fry pan of fat or, better, oil, two inches deep and not quite smoking hot (375 ° F.). Fry until brown and crisp, which will be in about three minutes.

Oyster Patties

¼ cup butter
¼ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cups milk
1 cup cold cooked fowl
1 pt. oysters
½ cup minced celery

MELT the butter. Add the flour and seasonings. When mixed smooth, gradually stir in the milk. Add the cut celery. Cook and stir over the flame until thickened. Then cook over water fifteen to twenty minutes to thoroughly cook the flour. Add the fowl cut into cubes one-half inch to a side. Heat the oysters in their own liquor until they are plump and ruffled on the edges, but do *not* at any time permit them to boil. Add them to the creamed mixture. Serve hot in patty shells or on hot toast.

Oyster Chop Suey

2 tablespoons butter
1 cup chopped onions
1½ cups sliced celery
1½ cups mushrooms
} or 3 cups celery
2 cups bean sprouts, if desired
4 tablespoons Chinese sauce
1 pt. oysters

MELT the butter, add the onions, and cook until savory and brown. Take care not to scorch them. Add the diced celery, bean sprouts, if used, and sauce. Cook until celery is tender. Add the oysters and cook until the edges curl. Serve hot with Chinese boiled rice.

Au Gratin Oysters

2 cups oysters
2 cups celery
5 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 cups fine crumbs
¼ cup oyster liquor

DRAIN the oysters. Boil and strain the liquor. Beat the eggs and add ¼ cup of the oyster liquor, cooled before adding. Dip the oysters in the eggs, then in the crumbs, and arrange them in a buttered baking dish, crowding them together. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and celery cut fine. Cover with another layer of oysters. Season, add celery and parsley, and repeat until the baking dish is filled, putting oysters on the top. Scatter one tablespoon of butter over the top, add the remaining crumbs and any of the egg mixture that may be left. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven (400 ° F.). Serve hot from the casserole.

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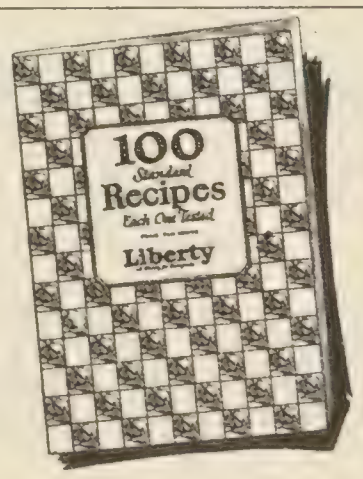

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3-13-26

Tailored Suits Use Leather Trimmings

By Mary Brush Williams

SHE is indeed a dapper young representative of our times and fashions as she trips past the perfumery shops of the Place Vendome and the liveried front doorways of Worth, Paquin, et al., through the gray drizzle in the afternoon of an early Paris spring. She is costumed in a tailored suit, and the jacket of it is made to represent a navy officer's top coat. It is in dark blue cheviot, trimmed with brass buttons and has a strap across the back. Topping her clipped locks (which have reached the awkward age of three months and the thatched-edge appearance) is a cap in the manner of the navy officer's uniform too. But considered in the terms of the undecorated feminine headwear of the present, it is a little sensational in its trimming.

To be sure, it bears only the conventional pin across the front, but that pin in its design bears a message, and what it says in brass letters is S O S.

The local sign of spring this, in and round Paris—a pert new tailored suit (in lieu of a robin). But full well we know that at the time of year no amount of individual comment on highly specialized and sensational costumes such as the girl's navy suit can recompense us for the breathless news of the fashions themselves. And here they are, as interpreted by O'Rossen, who usually has the say, more or less, of what the tailored suit is to be. According to his custom, practically all of his woolens are of English manufacture, the prevailing tones being beige, gray blues, and blue grays. Most of them are of very fine mixture and not tweedy or homespun in effect.

Word has it, you know, that the other houses are planning to do things to kasha—to modify it, to speak more technically—and that is to say, to make it thinner, smoother, with more of the twill predominating. Mr. O'Rossen would only appear to be keeping in line with the times.

He is using a great deal of leather as trimming and some of the broadcloth tailleurs are enlivened with collars and buttons of velvet.

A model called Monsieur Beaucaire, with the jacket of violet velvet and the broadcloth skirt of the same shade. O'Rossen.

His big success, Monsieur Beaucaire, has a velvet jacket and a broadcloth skirt. He sanctions both single- and double-breasted effects for his jackets and his long coats. The beltline is suggested at a point that is just a shade higher than last year, but no more than a shade.

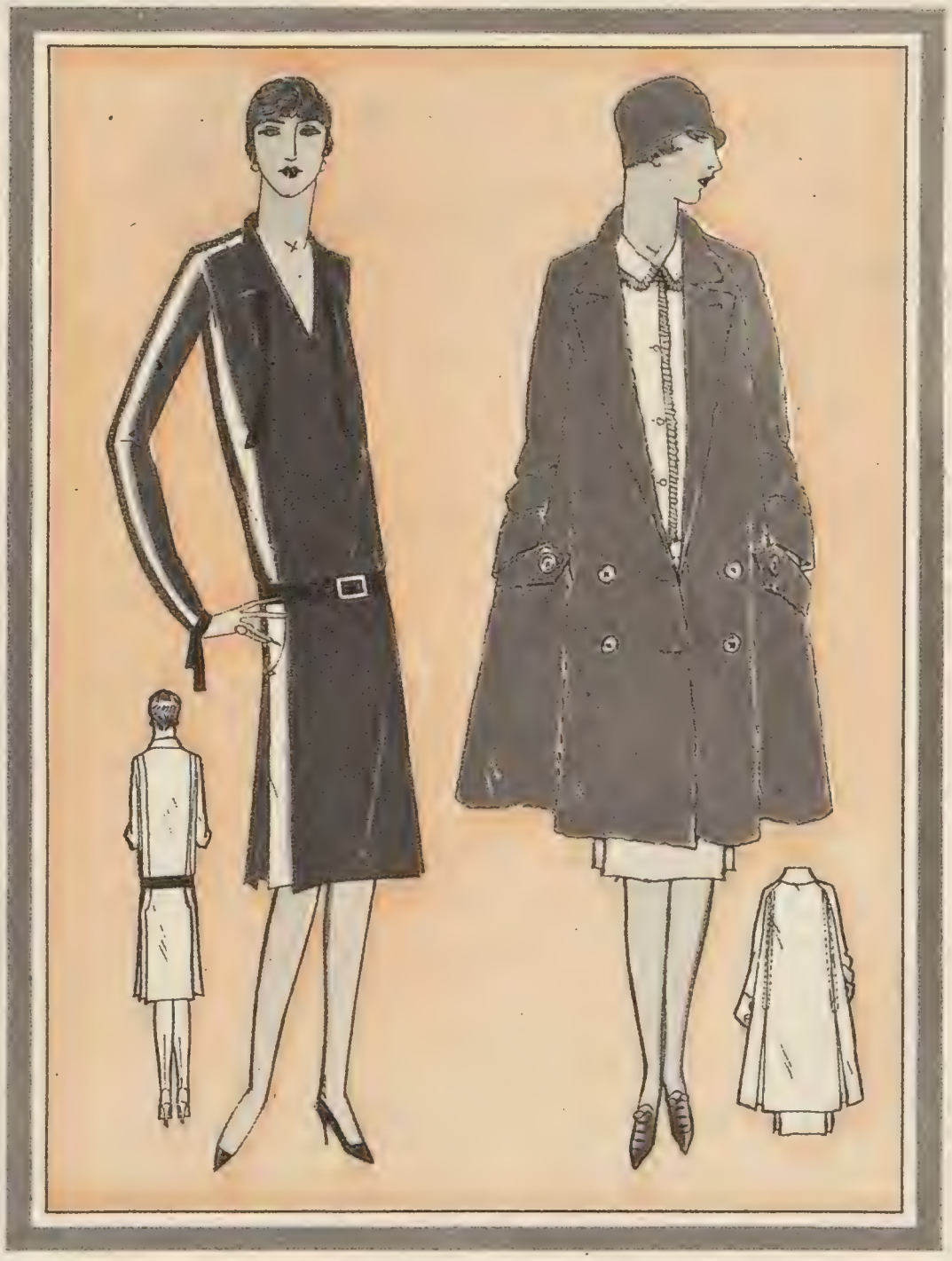
This is interesting as information, for the dressmakers—Monsieur Jean Patou, in particular—seem to be bent on lowering the waistline just a little. It only goes to prove what we are always preaching—that we can get Paris to sanction us in almost any kind of a line we prefer these days, and the fashion consists in wearing clothes with sureness and skill.

Fairly high waists for tailored suits and dresses, with slightly lower ones for frocks would appear to come as near making up a rule as one would dare formulate.

O'Rossen's tailored frocks are of serge (which is the world away from kasha), silk, and light-weight mixtures. One is a true sailor rig for Deauville later on or Biarritz almost any old time. The blouse is straight like a jumper and has a square, shallow sailor collar edged with an inch-wide band of white kid. It has three pointed pockets, likewise edged with kid. The skirt is side plaited all of the way around. Mr. O'Rossen would appear to be favoring the nautical this year in fashions.

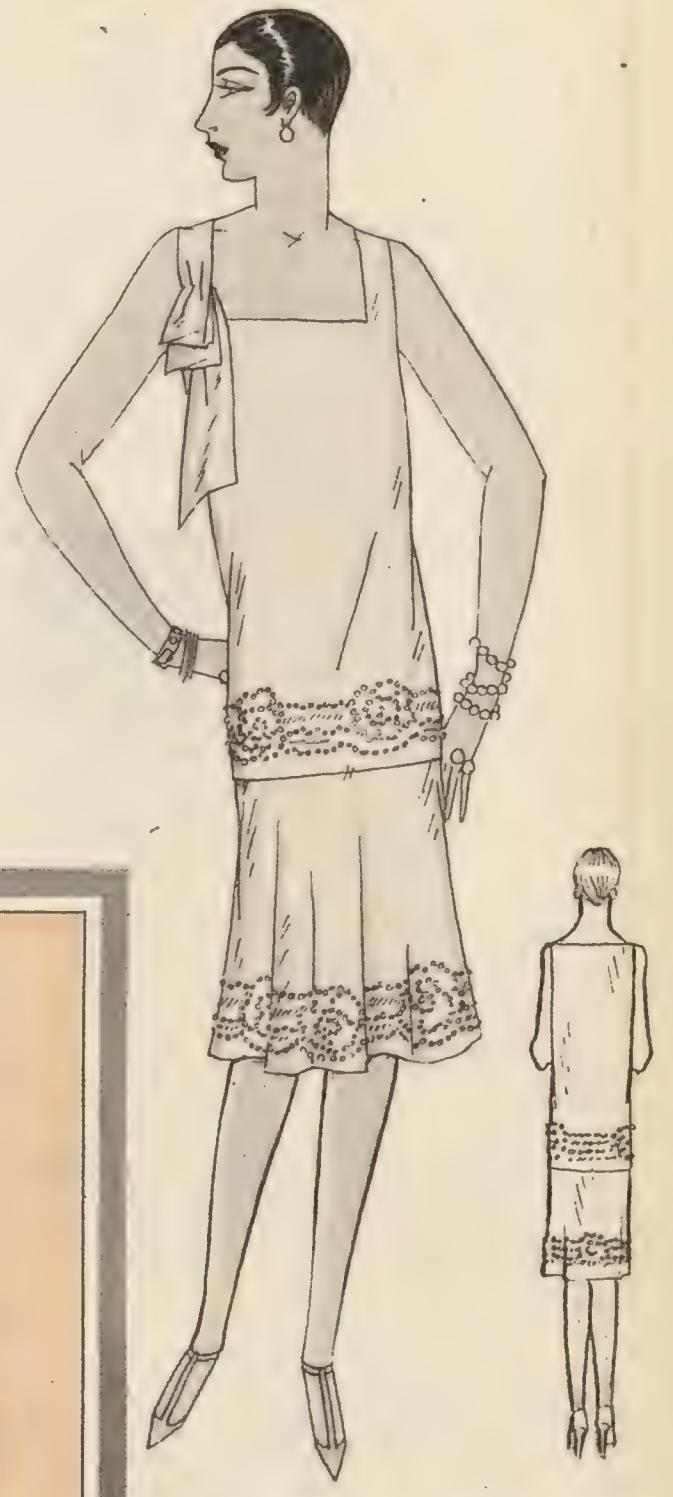
You know how they have been making seams in little pressed-up ridges and, on the other hand, how sometimes the lines turn in. We showed one on a frock by Renee, in which these lines looked like the nervous system of the dress. The French call them nerves, I believe.

These little lines O'Rossen is still using on his suits and coats, as he did last year, although not to such an extent. His blouses are of three types, one of which is the old Victorian style with the end tucked inside the belt. Another is the long, straight jumper, and there is also the one with the same long line, the lower edge of which is shirred onto an elastic and worn inside the skirt.



A tailored frock in a shimmery silk of bois de rose color, trimmed with strips of brown suede on the collar and the cuffs. There is a suede belt. Four plaits are at either side of the skirt. O'Rossen.

A topcoat for spring of thick wool in pale butter color, trimmed with large white pearl buttons. There is an inverted box plait from each shoulder in the back. The coat is double-breasted. O'Rossen.



A new model of an evening jumper frock in ivory crepe satin beaded with crystal. A narrow ribbon belt of the satin may be tied about the hips. The skirt is slightly circular at the front. Jean Patou.

Exquisite Fabrics Rule *in* Flaring Lines

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

By PATRICIA

CREPES and soft supple silks are being generally employed, since they lend themselves to the present mode of flares. Printed crepes and flat crepes predominate. One glance at these stunning frocks reveal fascinating details—interesting neck-lines with a variety of flares. Many truly beautiful colors are used this season. The fabrics are so exquisite that little or no trimming at all is needed.

A sports frock with simple, slender lines, fashioned of light-weight tweed in burnt orange shade, is shown in design No. 2321. Brown silk braid is used for the tie, and also laces the front inverted plaits. It can also be made with long sleeves. It's an excellent model for street and business wear made of navy blue flat crepe, printed silk crepe, toast tan velours jersey or violet blue fine twill. The pattern may be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

Printed silk crepe is employed in the charming afternoon frock No. 2665. Plain crepe in harmonizing tone, used for the convertible collar, gives an added touch of trimming. The scalloped treatment at the waistline is noteworthy. Other smart fabrics are bluish rose flat crepe, Brittany blue crepe Elizabeth, printed chiffon, and wool rep in new colors. The pattern may be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3¼ yards of 36-inch material, with ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

A stunning frock of red crepe Roma with molded bodice and flaring sides is seen in design No. 2646. Dark blue grosgrain ribbon is used for the tie. Note the little turnover collar. Printed silk crepe, wool rep in a rich burgundy shade, flat crepe in Hollywood green, and black crepe satin are also suggested. Pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3½ yards of 40-inch material.

The frock pictured in design No. 2558 is a youthful interpretation of navy blue georgette crepe, with smart jabot, new sleeves, and circular tunic of navy and tan printed crepe. It's dressy enough for any smart afternoon function, yet simple enough for street wear.

You'll like it, too, fashioned of silk crepe, printed crepe in modernistic design, flat crepe in opal gray, and black crepe satin, with the reverse side used for tunic and jabot. Pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material, with 2¾ yards of 40-inch contrasting.

A chic, serviceable frock of claret kasha is shown in design No. 2581. It has a border and trimming in dull burgundy shade and black. The narrow belt is of black suede with gold buckle. Its straight line, with long tight sleeves and boyish collar, gives a tailored effect. Inverted side plaits furnish necessary fullness to skirt. Covert cloth, wool velours jersey, light-weight tweed, flat crepe, printed crepe, and crepe Elizabeth are also smart for this model. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 2⅛ yards of 54-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

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WHO ARE THESE PRESIDENTS?

Can you rearrange these pictures correctly and name them?

This is _____
(Write Name of President Here)

Years of Administration _____ to _____

Set No. 9

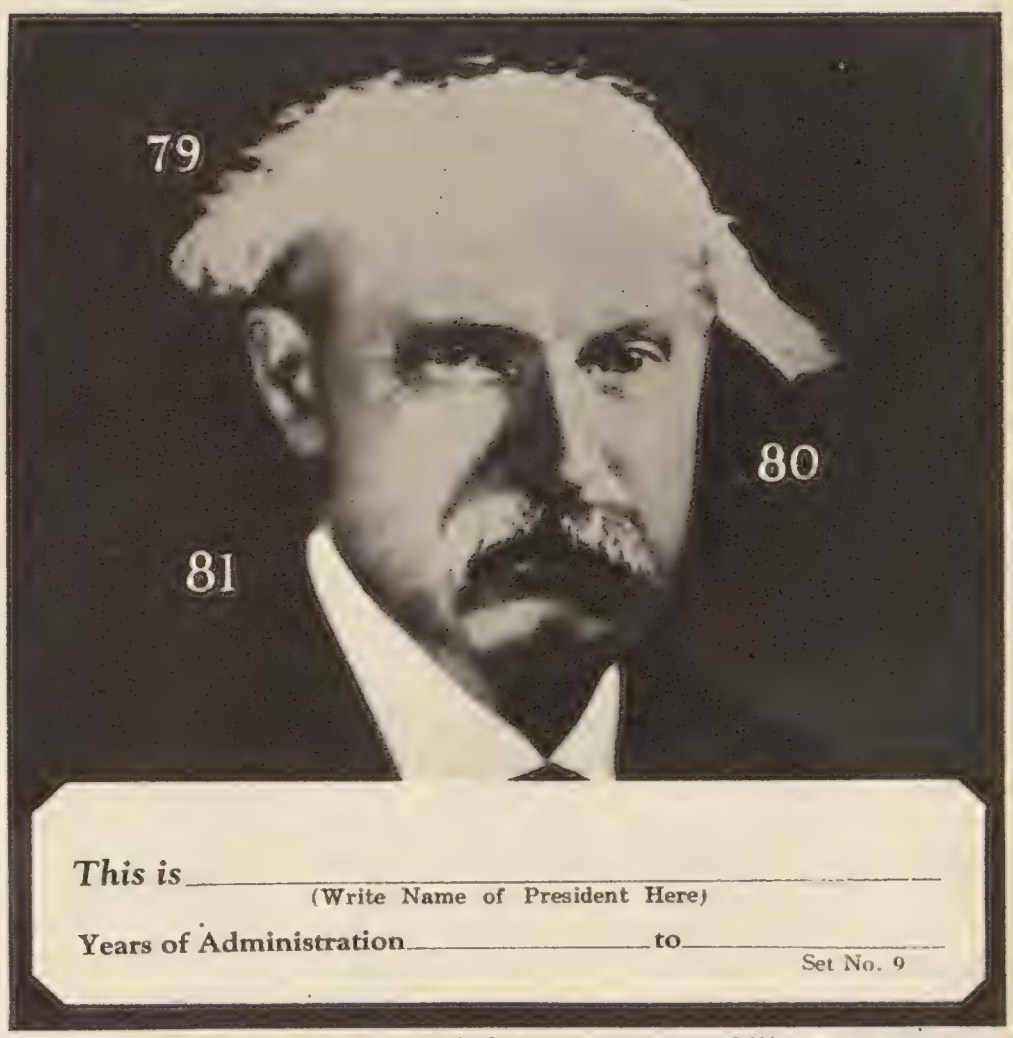
The forehead is of a defeated candidate for mayor; the eyes and nose are of one under whom the Treasury was authorized to keep its own funds; the mouth and chin of the only candidate before the convention which named him.

This is _____
(Write Name of President Here)

Years of Administration _____ to _____

Set No. 9

The forehead is of a tax reducer; the eyes and nose are of a President in whose administration two foreign powers signed a treaty in the United States; the mouth and chin of one who defeated his successor in the Presidency.



This is _____
(Write Name of President Here)

Years of Administration _____ to _____

Set No. 9

The forehead is of one who called Congress to stabilize the currency; the eyes and nose are of a man popular with those whose bill he vetoed; the mouth and chin of one whose Secretary of State was secretary to a former President.

CAN you cut apart the three Pictures of Presidents of the United States printed here and put them together right? Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes for best answers to the Patriotic Game of Presidents.

Try it! It's easy. Just an entertaining and educational patriotic game to familiarize everyone with all the Presidents in American history.

RULES

1. Every week for 10 weeks a Set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States is being printed in Liberty.

2. Each Set of Pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the Pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete Sets of Pictures.

3. This contest is open to everybody, everywhere — men, women, boys and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. The Composite Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Warren G. Harding, 1921-1923.)

5. In all, 29 Pictures will be printed —one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of 29. Then send them to "Presidents," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York City. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Pictures must be in by midnight, 21 days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6. *Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by Post Office Department.* Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

The Prizes

1st Prize	$5,000
2nd "	1,000
3rd "	500
4th "	250
5th "	200
Next 80 Prizes at $25	2,000
Next 1355 Prizes at $10	13,550
10 Prizes to teachers at $250	2,500
1450 Prizes, totaling	$25,000

7. Accuracy and neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the Pictures from the originals and assemble the Pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its Offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The Judges will be a Committee appointed by Liberty. The Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

To Teachers

One of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American History among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest children in this educational game, and to inspire them to consult their parents and teachers.

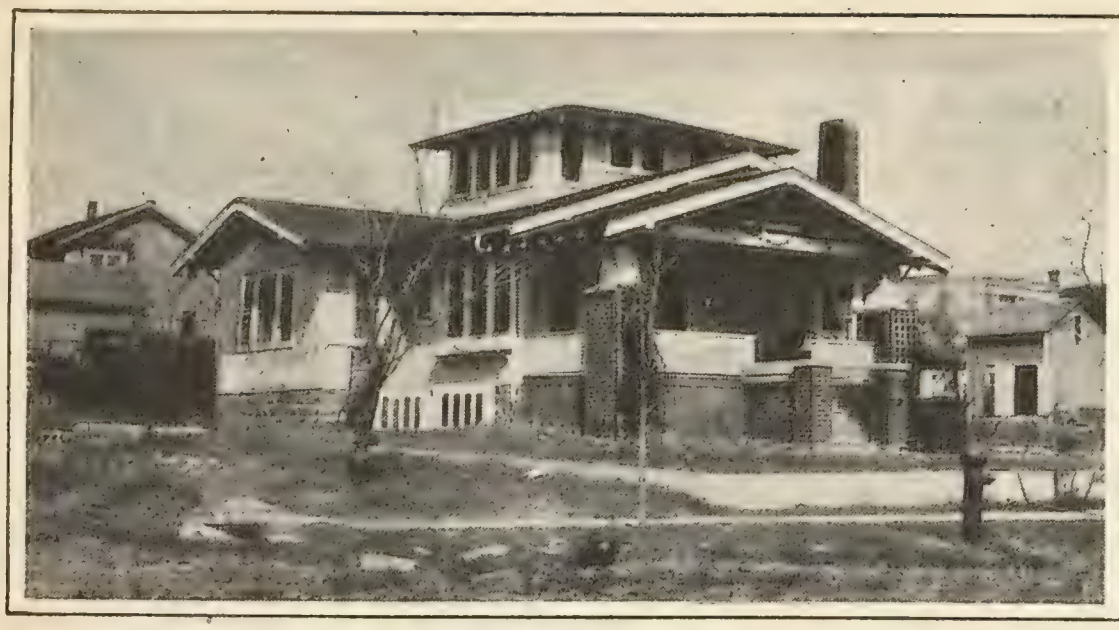
Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest, we will award a special prize of $250 each. a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private, and parochial schools, so when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher, and his grade.

The 3 Presidents in Set No. 9 Are Among These:

Jefferson	Coolidge	McKinley
Van Buren	Roosevelt	W. H. Harrison
Grant	Pierce	Harding	Monroe

The Last Set of Presidents' Pictures Will Appear in the Next Issue of

Liberty



This is the type of house the Osages were forced to live in.

And this is the sort of dwelling they wanted to be happy in.

The Black Curse *of the* Osages

How Unhappiness, Violence, and Murder Have Followed the Gush of Oil That Brought Vast Riches to an Indian Tribe

By

HOMER CROY

STRANGE and mysterious events have taken place among the Osages in Oklahoma. Seventeen of that little tribe of Indians have bitten the dust in the approved manner when the white man wants what he wants. They have been shot in lonely pastures, bored by steel as they sat in their automobiles, poisoned to die slowly, and dynamited as they slept in their homes—all because of the curse that has fastened itself upon the tribe.

The curse came in earnest in 1922, when Anna Brown of Gray Horse was found dead in a lone canyon on Three-Mile Creek with a bullet hole ranging downward through her head. Her skull is now in the possession of the United States Department of Justice. Everybody knew that she was wealthy in addition to the annual oil money that was pouring in to her. A feeble attempt was made to solve the mystery, and then it was dropped and not a great deal thought about it, for in that section an Indian more or less doesn't count much. There is a general feeling that the sooner they are got rid of the better.

A few weeks later Henry Roan Horse, Anna's cousin, was found dead in an automobile with a bullet hole through his head and no clews.

The following week Charles White Horse, a relative of Anna's, was found dead in a pool of blood.

Again: George Bigheart, a strapping, husky Indian, began to feel ill and at last was taken to a hospital in Oklahoma City, protesting that a certain powerful cattleman in that section must not see him. But the cattleman insisted that he was coming to see him and George Bigheart, terrified, telephoned for his lawyer. The lawyer came and what happened nobody knows—at least no one will tell—but the next day the Indian died, suddenly and mysteriously, frothing at the mouth.

The next day the lawyer got on the night train for Pawhuska, but he never arrived in Pawhuska. He put on his night clothes and turned out the light and got into his berth. That was the last time he was ever seen alive. The next day his body was found on the railroad right of way with a pistol hole through his head. A pistol shot had been fired on that train and a body pushed through a window, but no one had heard or seen. Or so they said.

Other things began to happen in that land of sudden and mysterious death. There was Henry Grammer, champion rope-thrower of the world. He had aroused the enmity of powerful interests in Oklahoma, and he knew more than he should know. One day he was out in his car driving when the steering gear became unmanageable, the car ran off a culvert, and he was killed. Certain people in that section, it is said, are handy with tools, and so another mystery was added to the growing list.

To the strangeness of it was added the fact that all these deaths occurred among Indians who had money or among whites who stood in the way of that money passing into white hands.

Living in Fairfax, Oklahoma, was a white man of the name of W. E. Smith who had an Indian wife. One night his house suddenly leaped into the air and came down a pile of debris—dynamite. Smith and his Indian wife, who was going to receive oil money, were killed.

There was an investigation in January, and probably there will be another to determine why seventeen innocent Indians have gone to their happy hunting-grounds by methods that would have made Sitting Bull seem like a ministering angel of mercy.

The roots of this curse go back to the time when the Osages were poor and happy—long before they became rich and miserable: for they are now the richest people per capita in the world.

The Osages—there are about twenty-two hundred of them—were living in peaceful contentment in southern Kansas, getting forty dollars a year each from the government. The Creeks, a more vigorous and more demanding tribe, lived in a miserable part of Oklahoma given over principally to alkali, rattlesnakes, bunch grass, and hoot owls. The Creeks complained to the government about the land they had been given and put up such a vigorous protest that the government moved them to another location and picked up the unprotesting Osages and dropped them down on the cast-off land and pronounced it their new home.

The land was not nearly so good as the land they had just been taken off, but the Osages said nothing and all went more or less well until 1915, when two men in greasy jumpers walked back and forth over the hills prospecting, digging, and studying formations. The men went away and rig-builders came, and soon kerosene engines were puffing and snorting where once the prairie dog had set up his little domain. There was a gurgle, a rumbling, growing louder and louder, a mighty retching, and a black fountain came roaring up—a gusher.

THAT year each and every member of the Osage tribe received $826.06; and the next following year the amount climbed to $2,608. The Osages have what is known as the "blanket" system of sharing oil rights. That is, it doesn't make any difference whose land oil is discovered on, it belongs to the tribe.

Their troubles now began; the curse began to tighten its grip. First it began to affect the young Indian boys. They became restless; they wanted to see the world; they wanted to have a good time; they wanted fire water and fire water and Indian don't mix.

Money continued to pour in—black gold, gurgling and rushing and roaring up from the alkali hills. It was now $10,000 a year; and last year, the fiscal year of 1925, each and every Osage on the books received $13,200 in good, old-fashioned money. In a family of four or five, with each one drawing, this means a tidy income.

So far so good; but this spending money can also be helped out by the process of inheritance. For instance, if a member of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$1,000.00 WIN Solve this Puzzle!

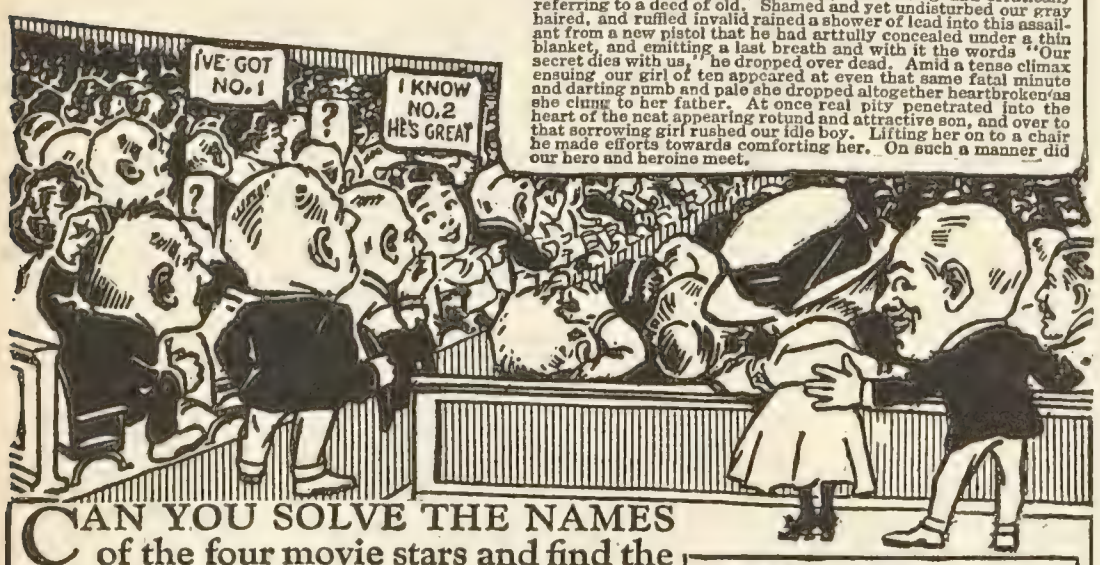
WHO ARE THEY ?

① GLORIA + ☀ = ? ② WILLIAM ♡ = ?

③ MARY ↗ + 🚗 ? ④ ELAINE ↗ + 🥛 = ?

FIND THE HIDDEN OBJECTS!

A nice pale gray old American appeared ill as he nestled on the narrow bed. At early dawn in gladness a well appearing son dashed in. Then a grotesque appearing, old overdressed, angular man entered, a ten year old girl at his heels. This old erratic attractive stranger walked over and addressed an entreaty to that aged man, nagging, hammering and erratically referring to a deed of old. Shamed and yet undisturbed our gray haired, and ruffled invalid rained a shower of lead into this assailant from a new pistol that he had arttully concealed under a thin blanket, and emitting a last breath and with it the words "Our secret dies with us," he dropped over dead. Amid a tense climax ensuing our girl of ten appeared at even that same fatal minute and darting numb and pale she dropped altogether heartbroken as she clung to her father. At once real pity penetrated into the heart of the neat appearing rotund and attractive son, and over to that sorrowing girl rushed our idle boy. Lifting her on to a chair he made efforts towards comforting her. On such a manner did our hero and heroine meet.



CAN YOU SOLVE THE NAMES of the four movie stars and find the hidden objects in the movie prologue shown above? It will be lots of fun; you may win $1,000. You will receive 100 "points" toward the $1,000 for each movie star's name you solve,—also "points" for finding the names of hidden objects which can be made up from letters appearing in the prologue in consecutive order, such as ice, leg, pear, hen, etc.

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY! 500 Points Wins $1,000.

It is not necessary to buy anything to win big. Just go ahead and solve this puzzle and mail in your answer at once for the $1,000 and many other free cash prizes, —100 in all. Someone will win them. You may win the $1,000 as well as anyone, But, You Must Try. Only 500 "points" wins 1st prize. Go Ahead and Win!

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Thru this novel contest we are merely advertising our new Fountain Pencils, most marvelous pencil ever invented. Lead feeds out automatically as you use it. You will like our pencil. They make wonderful gifts. Silver $3; Gold $5.

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Send In Your Answer Now!

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EXTRA Prizes Each Day! Beside the 100 leading Cash Prizes (over $2,000) the Primary Judges will each day during the contest award so-called Merit Prizes, 'Good Luck' charms. Try for one of these Extra Prizes and also win the free $1,000 Cash Prize!

$2,000.00 IN PRIZES

Prizes	Class A	Class B	Class C
1st Prize	$1,000.00	$200.	$20.
2nd "	300.00	100.	15.
3rd "	100.00	80.	10.
4th "	60.00	20.	5.
5th "	25.00	10.	4.
6th to 10th	10.00	5.	3.
11th to 50th	7.50	4.	2.
51st to 100th	5.00	3.	1.

Class A-$5 pencil order or 5 affidavits
Class B-$3 pencil order or 3 affidavits
Class C-Mail no order or affidavits

Prize Money on Deposit at Millers & Traders Bank, Minneapolis

READ THESE RULES

1. Contest is open to all except employees of this company.
2. 100 points will be awarded for each movie star's name you solve. Final judges, three prominent Minneapolis citizens, in no way connected with this company, will award 100 more points to whoever sends in the largest, nearest correct list of names of tangible objects found in the movie prologue above, formed of letters following each other in consecutive order; second best list will be awarded 99 points, etc. 500 points wins 1st prize; 499 points, 2nd etc.
3. Names of objects can be made up from letters that appear consecutively in any word or words or sentence. Any letters appearing consecutively may be used in names of more than one object. Name of any object may be used as often as it appears. Your list of objects must be in the order they appear in prologue.
4. No hyphenated, obsolete, compound, slang or foreign names of objects will be permitted. Webster's New International Dictionary will be used as authority. All tying contestants will receive full amount of prize tied for.
5. Contestants may "Qualify" under Class "A" by sending in 5 affidavits proving they have shown our free circular, explaining the 10 superior features of our pencil, to 5 persons or by sending in a $5 pencil order. Under Class 'B', 3 affidavits or a $3 order is required.
6. Entries mailed and postmarked up to midnight, Apr. 10, 1926 will be accepted. "Qualifying" under Class "A" and "B" may be done up to midnight Apr. 24, 1926. List of 100 winner's names and 1st prize winner's list mailed to all under Class "A" and "B" and others on request.

[THE BLACK CURSE OF THE OSAGES
Continued from Page Seventy-five
]

family dies the next of kin gets the money. There is Mollie Q., an Indian woman, who through this process of inheriting what is called headrights, now draws down the not-to-be-sneezed-at sum of $135,000 a year. Mollie has never been a hundred miles away from home in her life.

With the increase in the oil money the curse began to tighten around the Osages, for the whites were now camping on their rich trail.

THERE is an institution in Oklahoma known as a guardian—a person corresponding in a way to a guardian for a minor. The idea is good—but there are guardians —and guardians. Most of the guardians were selected from people immediately around the Indians, on the principle that they could keep their benevolent eyes trained on the guileless Indian and help him to spend his money to advantage. Soon the Indians, beginning to learn the ways of the white man, found that they could not buy without their guardians telling them where to buy. They must buy their automobiles where the kindly guardian said and they must take it to be repaired to the garage he wished it taken to. But sometimes the guardian gave them the choice of two cars, or of two garages. Oh, he was most helpful! And when the car got banged about a bit, the guardian told the Indian that he would permit him to buy a new car.

Pawhuska, the so-called capital of the Osage Nation, began to flourish with splendid jewelry stores, with display windows that would make Fifth Avenue rub its eyes, with cut-glass bowls and cloisonne vases. It so happens that everything that glitters attracts an Indian's eyes and it so happens that the local people know this, and also a trick or two about Indian psychology. An Indian probably is the most loyal person in the world. If he once believes in you nothing high or low can shake that faith. An Indian goes into a bright and glittering store in Pawhuska, or in any of the near-by towns, and buys a watch. He pays a fair price for it, but nothing extravagant. He carries it; a few weeks later he comes stolidly into the shop and says, "Him no tick."

The jeweler brings out his trays.

"All right, John," says the obliging gentleman. "Take any one there and it won't cost you a cent."

John takes it and goes happily away. Nobody in the world can now wean John away from that merchant—hasn't he just demonstrated how honest he is? In a few days or weeks John comes

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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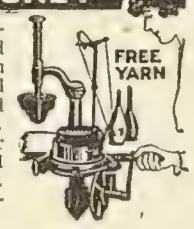

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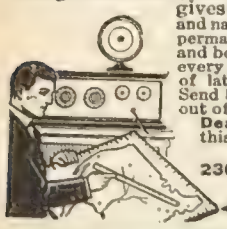

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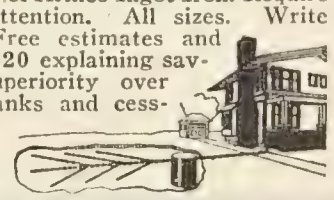

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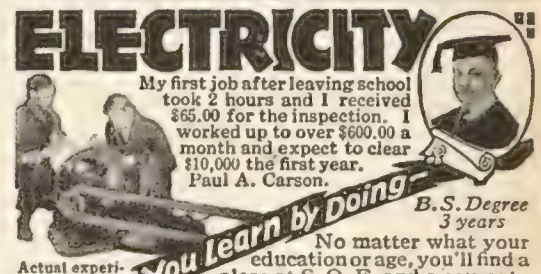

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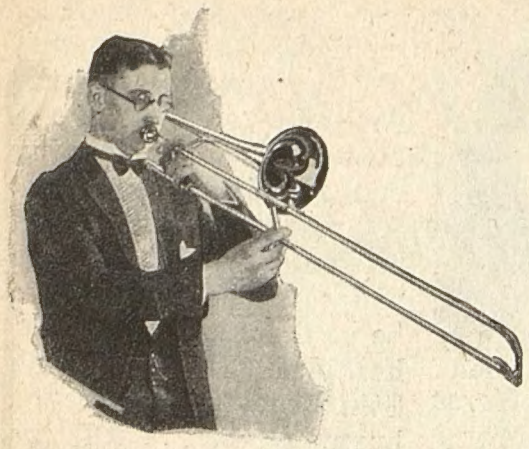

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

back to buy something else. Maybe it is a ring, maybe it is a brooch, it doesn't matter what. The merchant tells him the price and John's trusting hand goes into his pocket. The number of failures among the merchants in this section selling high-priced luxuries to Indians is surprisingly low.

The Indians' money flows away almost as fast as the oil flows up. While I was there a couple of

P. & A. Photo.

W. K. Hale

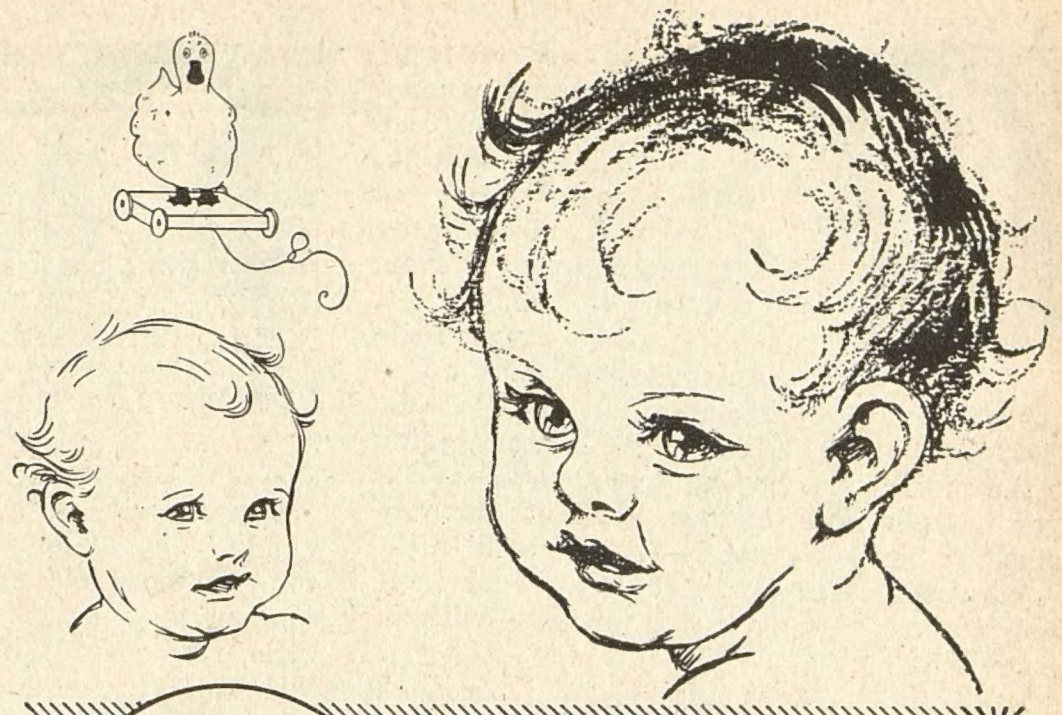
army aviators rigged up an old airplane and came to Pawhuska. They charged twenty-five dollars for five minutes' ride. The Indians lined up with the money in their hands. The airmen took them up and just before the time was up they would ask them if they wanted to ride more, and so another five minutes would go by, and then another. When the Indians came down they were amazed at how much of their money had taken wings.

Before I went to Pawhuska I was told that it was a town of eight thousand, and I expected to see a small, dreary, one-horse town. I was never more surprised in my life, for instead I found marble office buildings, smart Fifth Avenue looking shops, and magnificent custom-built cars rushing by—prosperity is the keyword. But well it may be; for since the coming of oil $180,000,000 has been dumped into that little town.

Everywhere are lawyers—lawyers to the left and lawyers to the right. An interesting thing to note here is that under the old guardianship law a lawyer could be appointed to handle the estate of an Indian and he was allowed one-fourth of the estate for managing it. Last year, however, this law was set aside and legal tears were shed all over the county.

With the fabulous money brought by their oil, the Indians began to buy high-priced cars, and to drive up and down the red mud roads of Oklahoma like the wind. Now and then wrecks occurred; the cars had to be taken to the garages; huge bills piled

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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P. & A. Photo.
Anna Brown

[THE BLACK CURSE OF THE OSAGES Continued from Page 77]

up. More money winged its way. The Indians took up baseball and betting. Outside teams came in and the Indians loyally bet on their own men. And more money took wings. There was little the Indians could do to spend their money; they liked ice cream and going to the movies and buying fancy clothes. But even in their fancy clothes they were not welcomed at the better hotels—not allowed in the dining-room. They were outcasts and their money was getting away from them without doing them any good.

THE money continued to pour into their laps and with it came new schemers, new crooks. These were the floaters, the backwash of the oil fields, uneducated, rough men, many of whom were convicts; for the Osage country is the stamping place of the bad men, bandits, card sharps, former cow-punchers now looking for an easy living, gamblers, and roustabouts. Indians love to gamble—and so do most of the whites in Oklahoma.

But there is more than one way to skin a cat. The whites began to sell diamonds, jewelry, rare vases, and fine rugs and tapestries to these simple people. The whites built houses for them, and it increased the death rate of the Indians. What the Indians really wanted to do was to live outdoors, in tents; they liked to live in their village with their pets around them, their coyotes and raccoons and talking crows. The whites sold them expensive sets of knives and forks, the latest and most expensive from Fifth Avenue—and the Indians put their food in a big yellow bowl and, squatting around it in the yard, reached in and ate with their fingers, while the knives tarnished in the kitchen. I have seen them use the big cut-glass bowls the merchants had sold them to wash their vegetables in, and cloisonne vases to hold their baseball bats.

P. & A. Photo.
Rita Smith

They bought pianos and talking machines. Then came the radio. The prices some of the Osages paid for radios are extraordinary.

The Indian girls are pretty up to a certain age, attractive creatures in spite of their white-people clothes. Rough, swearing, illiterate men came with smiles on their faces, met the Indian girls, and the trusting girls were flattered—they were being courted by white men. There would be a short, perfervid romance and the Indian girls would find themselves married to these rough drillers and rig-builders, or coming home with unwanted babies. The men got their oil money, spent it, robbed them, and then deserted them. But the girls could not go back to their tribe; they became outcasts, wanted neither by the Indians nor by the whites.

Constantly one sees things in Pawhuska that wring the heart. One Sunday when I was in Pawhuska, I saw two Indian girls coming down the street, between them an Indian child of five or six years. The girls were pretty and attractive and were decorated with feathers and the bright bits of color that Indians love. Two or three young white men had come out of a pool parlor and, with their coats over their arms, were loafing along the street, smoking and talking. They were rough, uncouth men, off on a holiday. Immediately all eyes swung to the Indian girls, the men nudging and winking at one another.

P. & A. Photo.
Chas. White Horse

One of the men spoke to the girls, but without replying they continued their way down the street. The child, however, said something I could not hear and stopped the girls before the window of a candy store. There they stood for a moment looking in. Quickly leaving his companions, one of the men approached the girls, removed his hat with a sweep, and led them and the child into the store. A few minutes later they came out, the child carrying a bag of candy.

The Indian girls shyly smiled up at the white man who had been so gallant, as they thought. They talked a little, the girls obviously pleased by the attentions of a white person, and then they all turned and walked back past the group of white men. As he passed, unseen by the Indian girls, the gallant one gave his friends a huge, satisfied wink. They passed out of my sight and that was all I saw; but I could imagine the rest. He had made the acquaintance of the girls; he would introduce one of his friends—and another little Osage tragedy would be started on its way.

Many of the Indians engaged white chauffeurs for their expensive cars. It appealed to them to have their ancient enemies in this humble capacity. And what chauffeurs they were!—the scum from the oil fields, men without collars, a bone button dangling where a collar should be. But Indians are not good judges of white men. These chauffeurs often treated their employers with open insolence—would not get out and open the doors for them.

P. & A. Photo.
Lizzie Q.

THERE was John Stink; he is an example of the curse that has fastened itself upon these simple people.

John Stink was a plain, simple "blanket" Indian. One day he fell ill of smallpox. He grew worse and worse; the medicine men of the tribe came with their incantations, but John Stink sank lower. Finally he was taken outside the Indian village to die, the medicine men said their last words, and he was consigned to the Great Spirit.

But by some miracle John Stink did not die, although deserted by his people and shunned by the whites. He lived and finally was able to walk and go about. But he could not return to his own people because to them he was dead. Hadn't the greatest medicine men in the tribe pronounced him dead and consigned him to the Great Spirit? And he was dead in the eyes of the tribe; none of the other Indians would have anything to do with him. He could not be received back into the tribe and so he became an outcast.

John built himself a little tin hut out of oil and gasoline cans, and began to gather dogs around him; they were his only companions and he lived for them with the passion for animals that an Indian has.

Once a week John went to Pawhuska to buy food and smoking tobacco. One hot August day he started on the two-mile walk to Pawhuska, his dogs leaping and running about him. A mad-dog scare had broken out in Pawhuska and the constable was to be paid for each dog that he killed. He spied John Stink moving along the burning road with his rich argosy and descended upon them with his popping pistol. At first, amazed and incredulous, the Indian begged the constable not to harm his pets—he would take them back to the country immediately, he promised. But only the popping pistol replied.

P. & A. Photo.
Henry Roan Horse

AS one after another of his dogs lay twitching in the dust, John Stink almost went mad. At last there was only one dog left and it ran frightened and cowering under the porch of a house. Getting down on his knees, the constable poked the pistol between the slats and again nobly discharged his duty. But the dog was not quite dead. John Stink, now cursing the whites, picked up his last dog and started for his little tin cabin. But it died in his arms.

Since that experience John has hated all white men. He now lives in solitude, speaking to no one—a lonesome, bitter, rich man with an income of $13,200 a year.

The Osages became richer and richer and more and more the bad men of the Southwest were attracted to them. But overcharging the Indians for diamonds and automobiles and marrying their girls to get their money was too slow. The curse threw out a new black shadow. They began to *kill* the Indians. Anna Brown was the first to go and the murders continued until seventeen were disposed of.

P. & A. Photo.
Mollie Burkhart

The question comes, Why, if all this is true, aren't the guilty whites punished? A most natural and logical question, but the thing is to get witnesses.

The government procured indictments of W. K. Hale, wealthy rancher, and John Ramsey, a farmer, charging them specifically with the murder of Henry Roan Horse, and an additional indictment against Hale for the alleged dynamiting of W. E. Smith's home.

More than a hundred witnesses were summoned, but they were afraid to testify.

There was a hitch in the prosecution against Hale at the January 23 hearing, when the Federal court sustained a demurrer charging that the indictment had failed to specify whether the killing had taken place on restricted Indian land. As the jurisdiction of the government depends on this point, a new indictment must be obtained. The government prosecutors are endeavoring to show that Hale inspired and paid for the killing of John Roan Horse, W. E. Smith, and the Smith family.

In the meantime the curse goes on. Where it will end no one knows. The Osages grow richer each year, and where there is sugar the flies collect. Indian oil protection extends to 1946, and for twenty years more the Osages will have money—that is, unless the red hills no longer spout black.

THE END

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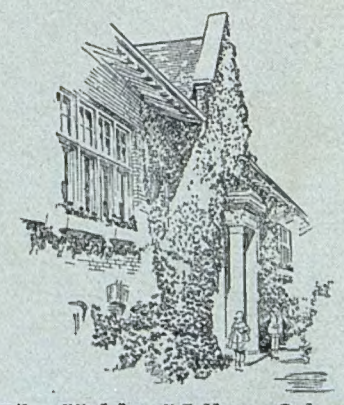

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